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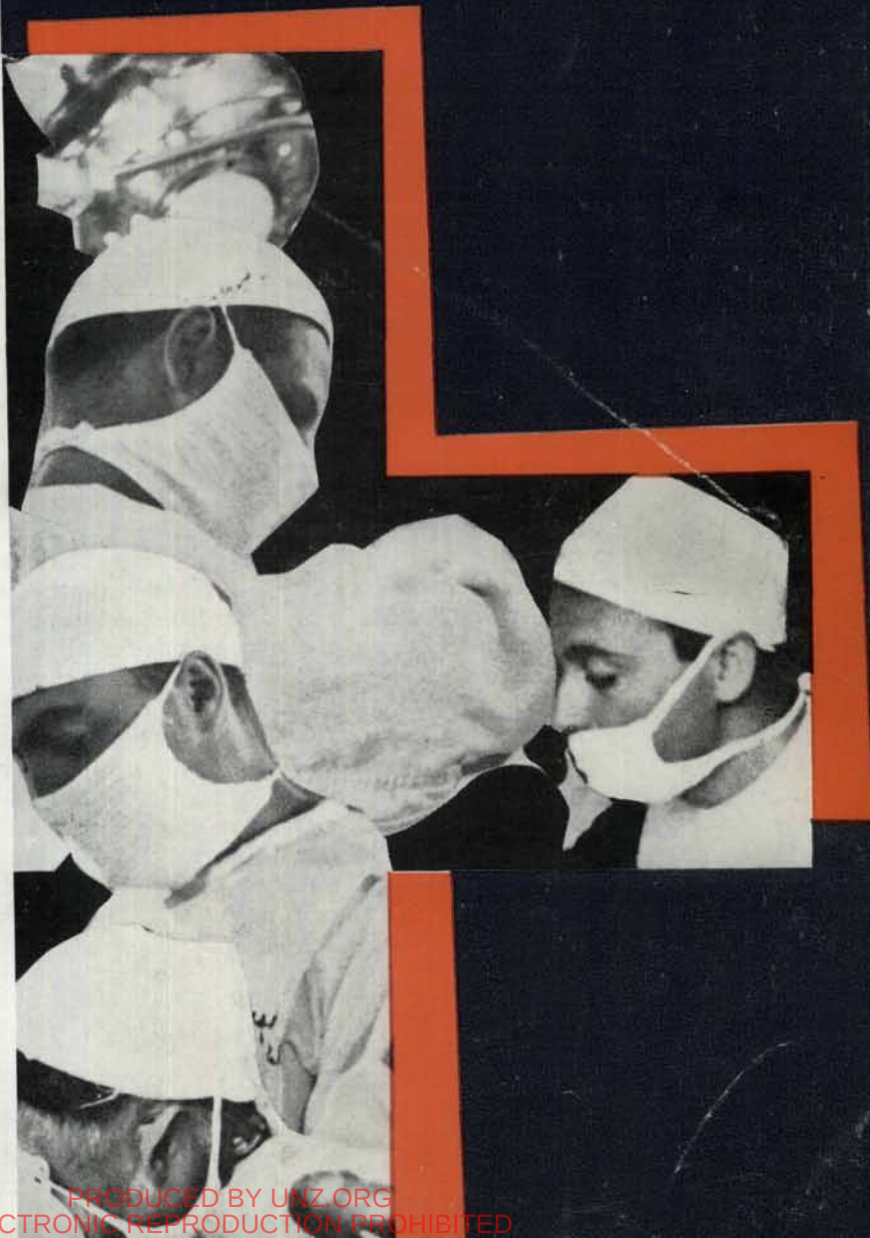
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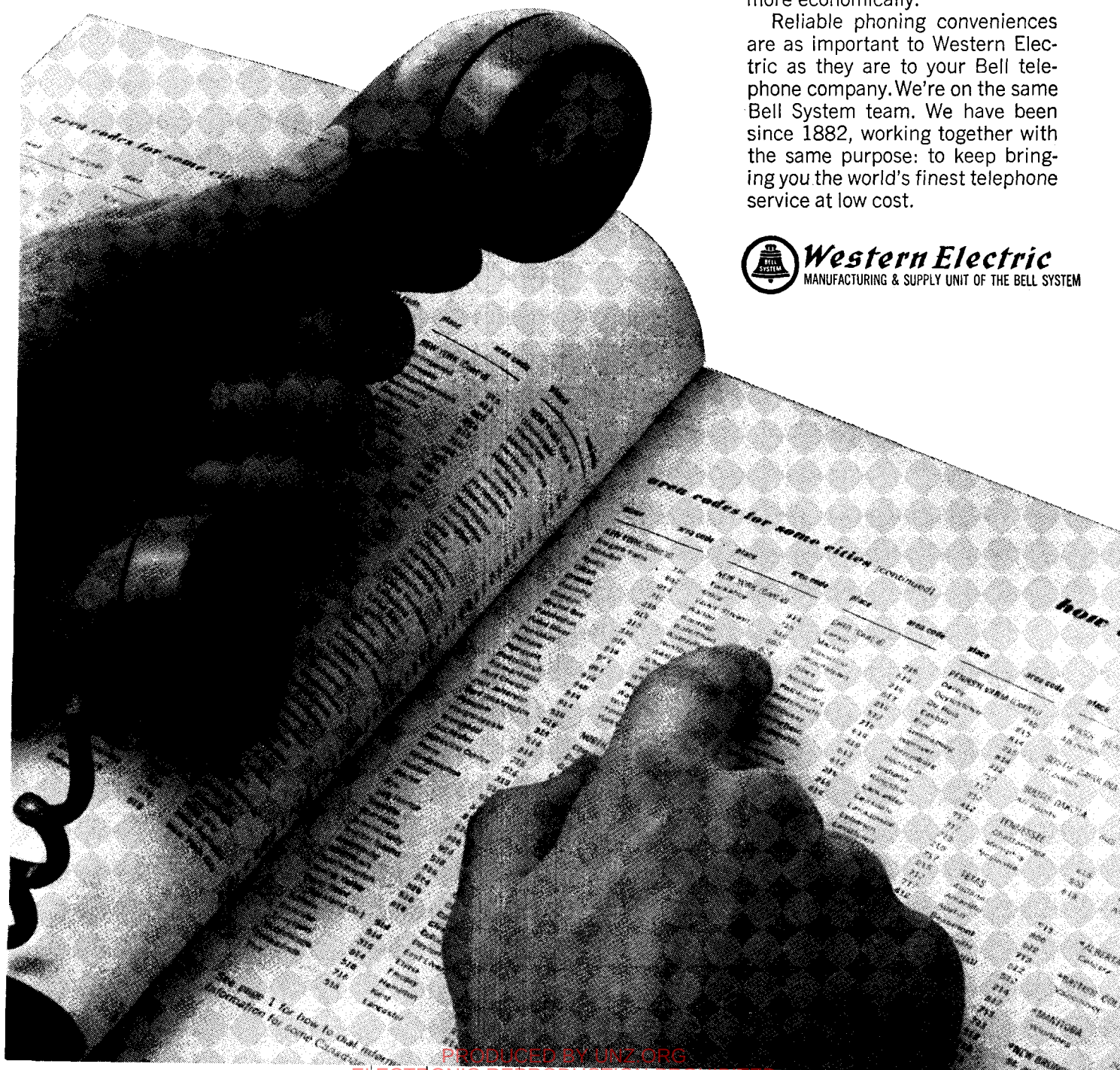
Second, there might be no such convenience as Direct Distance Dialing if Western Electric, for decades, had not been committed to the Bell System's goal of continually providing better, more versatile service. Close-knit planning, design, manufacture and operation give you new services faster — and more economically.

Reliable phoning conveniences are as important to Western Electric as they are to your Bell telephone company. We're on the same Bell System team. We have been since 1882, working together with the same purpose: to keep bringing you the world's finest telephone service at low cost.



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JULY

ATLANTIC

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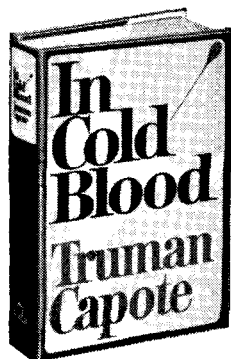
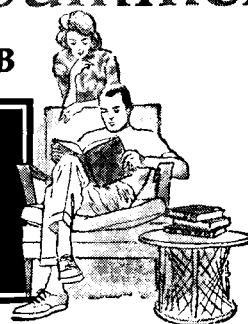
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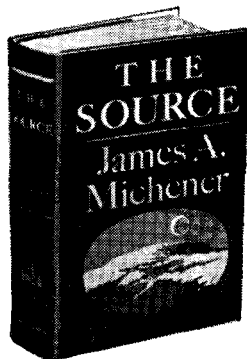
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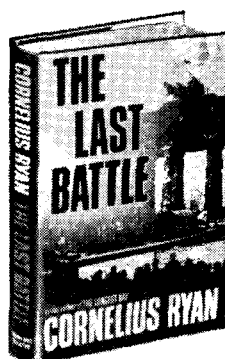
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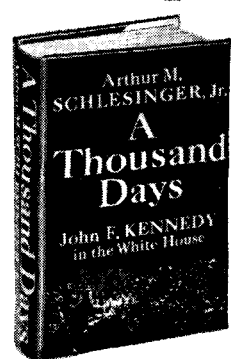
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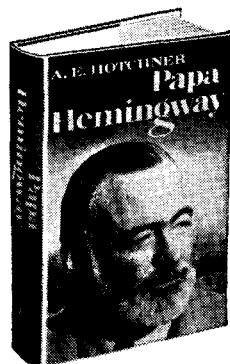
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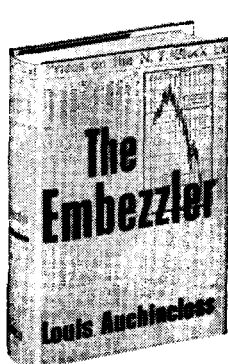
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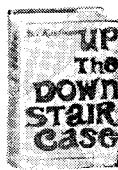
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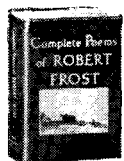
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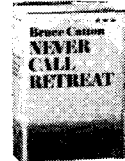
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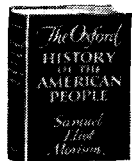
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How to Build a Missile Submarine: A report from General Dynamics

REQUIREMENT: "Build a missile base that can be hidden under the ocean; that can keep moving so swiftly, so quietly, that it cannot be found. Although it will never be used unless the United States is first attacked, build it so that it and its crew can be kept so fit, so efficient, that it can respond instantly should the order come."

ANSWER: The SSBN—Submarine Ballistic Nuclear—more commonly known as the Polaris submarine.

The nuclear-powered submarine has revolutionized naval strategy. Freed from dependence upon the atmosphere or refueling, such a ship can remain submerged for months on end. The addition of a ballistic missile that can be fired from beneath the sea creates an invulnerable deterrent against attack.

General Dynamics delivered the United States Navy's first submarine, the Holland, in 1900. Since then we've built 250 undersea vessels for the Navy, including the first nuclear-powered submersible, the Nautilus.

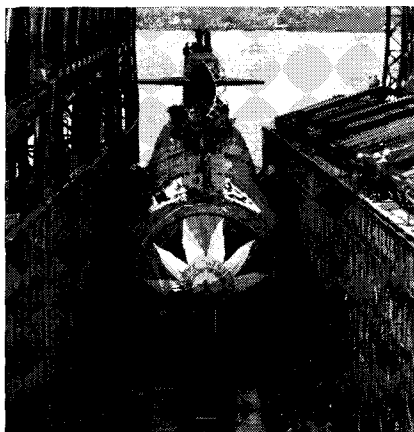
But the Navy's Polaris submarine, the most complex ship yet devised, has also created a revolution in shipbuilding. Questions of seaworthiness and habitability that must be factored into any ship are multiplied a thousandfold.

Jigsaw puzzle:

The first essential in building a missile submarine is the integration of literally millions of parts, all of which must be

designed to work together as a unity within the 425-foot length of the fish-shaped ship. Here are a few:

A nuclear reactor, turbines, gyroscopes, marine propulsion equipment, sixteen nuclear-tipped Polaris missiles, fire-control and navigation systems, water distillers, air purifying equipment,



A new Polaris submarine being launched by General Dynamics.

computers and defensive weaponry.

Navigation and weapons control alone involve six different sonar systems, fourteen different radio systems, two or three Ship Inertial Navigation Systems, a LORAN (Long Range Aid to Navigation) system, a TRANSIT system (for contact with satellites), star tracking facilities and almost forty computers. All these, scattered throughout the ship, must be tied together into one central control for instant reaction.

The ship must even carry its own spares, more than 30,000 different listings, each representing several sizes.

But creating a complete Polaris submarine system involves far more than a fitting job.

How do you join metals to withstand terrific pressures? How often does a man turn in his sleep? How do you keep a missile platform rock-steady in a rough sea? How do you muffle the noise of moving parts? How do you keep air fresh in a sealed environment?

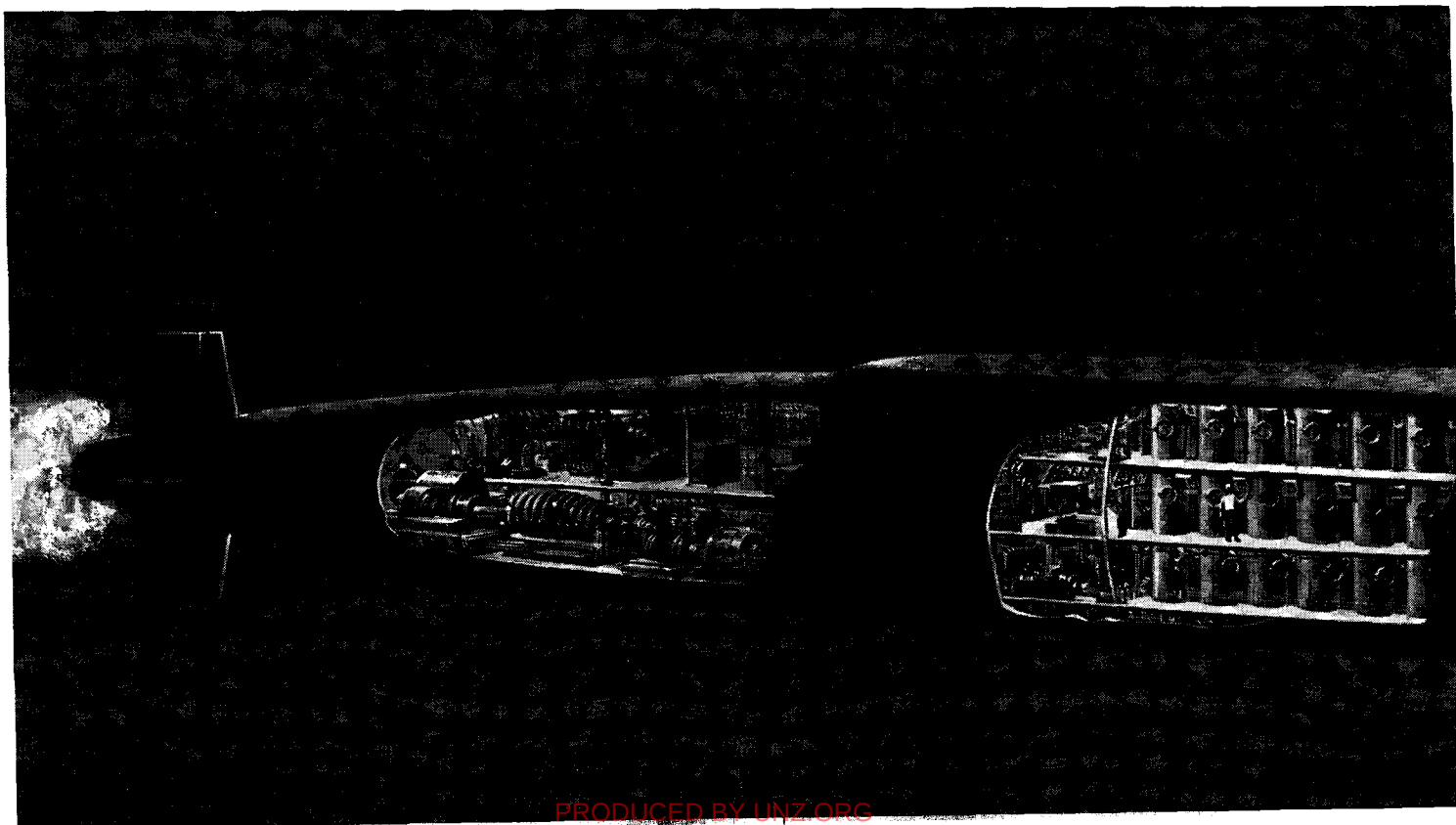
Steady and quiet:

SSBNs are built of HY-80 steel, an alloy that can withstand stresses of up to 80,000 pounds per square inch.

But when the first ship was being built of HY-80, the metal behaved differently on outdoor building ways than it had in prior laboratory tests. The answer turned out to be one of the simpler ones. Indoor metallurgical laboratories had been warm. Outdoors, the weather got cold. Now strip heaters warm steel hull sections to a constant 200 degrees, regardless of weather, throughout the joining process.

To launch a Polaris missile successfully, the ship must be as stable a platform as solid earth, maintaining precise depth no matter how rough the sea. Making this possible was one of the toughest single design problems.

A submarine is controlled through a combination of rudders, planes (some-what like the wings of an aircraft), and



ballasting. To rise or descend, the ship must take on or force out ballast, in the form of tons of water. Ballast in various areas of a ship is continually being changed to maintain trim. An elaborate sensing and control system was developed to coordinate all parts of the complex in a perfect and delicate ballet.

In the depths, a nuclear submarine can be located mainly by sound. Anything that moves is soundproofed or cushioned. Shaft vibration of electric motors is reduced to less than ten-millionths of an inch. Hull openings, through which thousands of gallons of water must flow within seconds, are designed to minimize turbulence noise.

The millions of parts are supplied by some 11,000 industrial companies and Government agencies.

To insure total reliability, General Dynamics makes more than 50,000 tests—radiographic, ultrasonic, chemical and hydrostatic—on the ship's systems, not counting those on electronics and weaponry. Even nuts and bolts must be standardized and inspected.

Making it livable:

Extended submerged patrol also created new questions of habitability. More than 75 percent of the total space inside a missile submarine is taken up by equipment or stores. In the remaining area some 140 men must live and work, comfortably and efficiently, for 60 days.

The submarine's galleys, not much bigger than the average suburban kitchen, are organized to store, prepare and serve more than 800 full-course meals or snacks every day. Compact equipment distills 10,000 gallons of potable

water daily. Laundries, pianos, ice-cream machines, are adapted to fit the available space.

Even sleep became a design problem. A seven-inch differential in the original space between multi-tiered bunks lets a crewman toss and turn normally to rest tired muscles.

On patrol the undersea sailor is rarely more than 150 feet from an operating nuclear reactor, yet shielding is



Crewmen on a Polaris submarine conduct a missile launch drill.

made so effective that the submariner absorbs less total radiation than he would under normal surface conditions.

Breathing easy:

With nuclear propulsion, engines no longer need air, but men do.

The average young adult male breathes in about two pounds of oxygen each day; breathes out about two and one quarter pounds of carbon dioxide. In a sealed atmosphere the air could

quickly become poisonous. The first nuclear submarines still surfaced periodically to refresh the air. When sustained submersion became the rule, air regeneration became necessary.

Oxygen is electrolytically processed from water. Banks of scrubbers, precipitators and catalytic burners remove the carbon dioxide and the 300 or so contaminants that can build up within a nuclear submarine.

Enough air conditioning to cool a small town dissipates the heat generated by machinery and human bodies. At the end of a long patrol, the air aboard a missile submarine is far cleaner than that of the average American city.

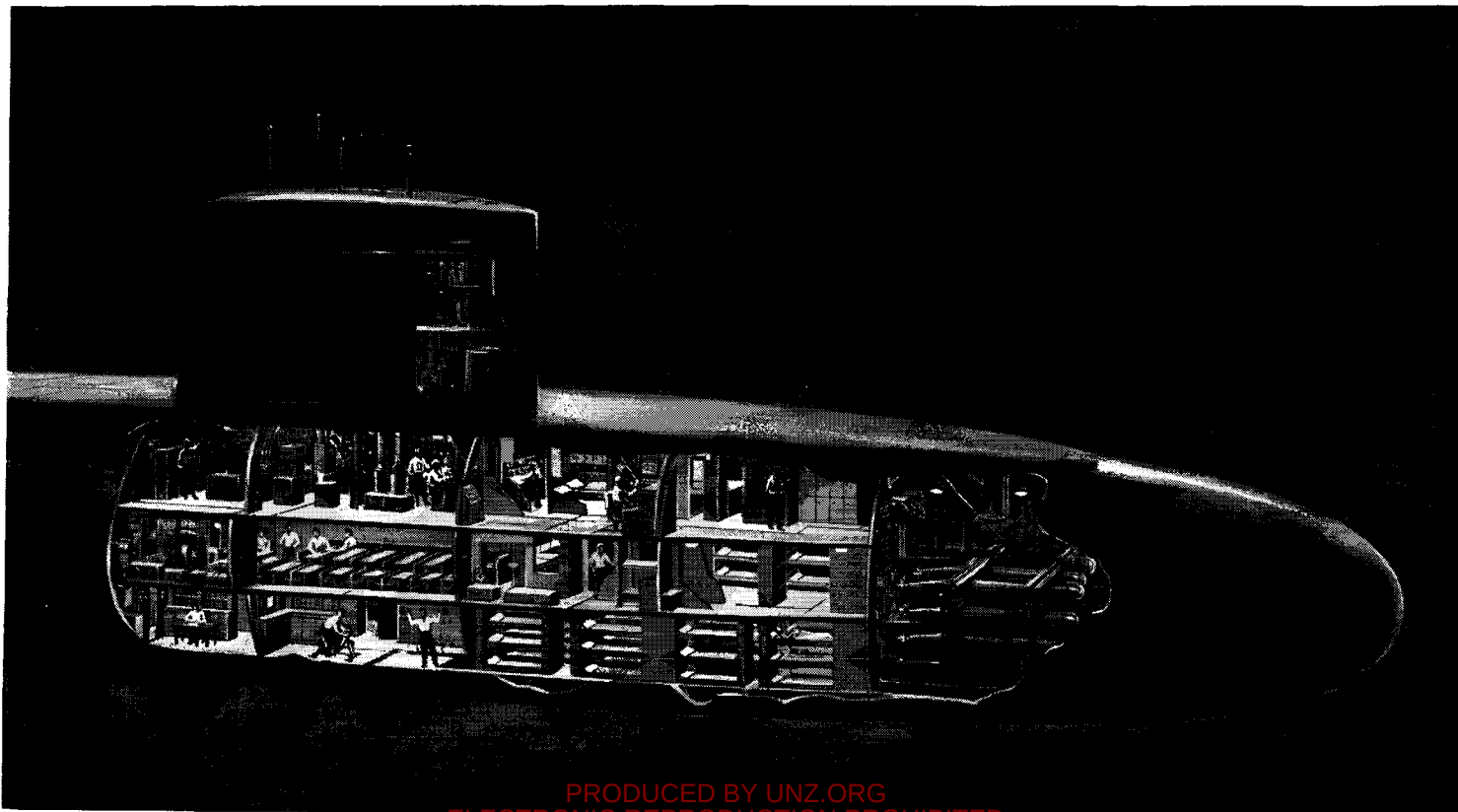
General Dynamics delivered the George Washington, the first Polaris submarine, in 1959. This month we launch the Will Rogers, the forty-first of these extraordinary ships that help the United States Navy guard the peace of the world.

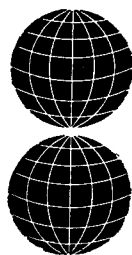
Between the George Washington and the Will Rogers, a number of evolutions have taken place. New generations of submarine ships may be as much an advance over current models as the Polaris submarine is over the old Holland.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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WASHINGTON

LYNDON B. JOHNSON relies on polls more than any other politician since Thomas E. Dewey. Surveys are conducted for the President on almost every possible question. Studies are made for him in every part of the country and on a variety of issues. Various cities are surveyed to see how much support he has from different economic and ethnic groups now, compared with the actual vote for him in 1964. Whatever Washington experts may think, the President is convinced that the polls are accurate.

They tell him that his own popularity remains high despite the deep concern about Vietnam and about rising prices. Polls that pit Johnson against possible Republican rivals all point to the conclusion that if he were running this year against Nixon, Scranton, Rockefeller, Romney, Hatfield, or Goldwater, he would win with a large margin. And where does this Texan seem to be most popular? On the Atlantic seaboard, where intellectuals are supposed to be most critical of him. One recent poll which the President has read to countless visitors showed that in Massachusetts 88 percent of the voters accorded him a favorable report; 76 percent of Massachusetts voters favored him over Senator Goldwater two years ago.

When pollsters specifically ask voters whether they approve of the way the President is handling Vietnam policy or the problems of the economy at home, the vote in his favor drops substantially. In mid-May the Gallup poll found that 47 percent approved the way the President was handling matters in Vietnam, 35 percent disapproved, and 18 percent expressed no opinion. A poll taken somewhat earlier by Louis Harris showed that 53 percent of those polled disapproved the way the President was handling Vietnam. On the question of the job Johnson is doing to control the cost of living, the unfavorable vote rose to a startling 69 percent.

But on neither of these issues does the GOP have any clear alternatives. Opposition to spending on Great Society programs has only a very limited appeal to the voters. The same Harris poll that found 69 percent giving Johnson a negative rating on his effort to control the cost of living was four to one against cutting Great Society programs.

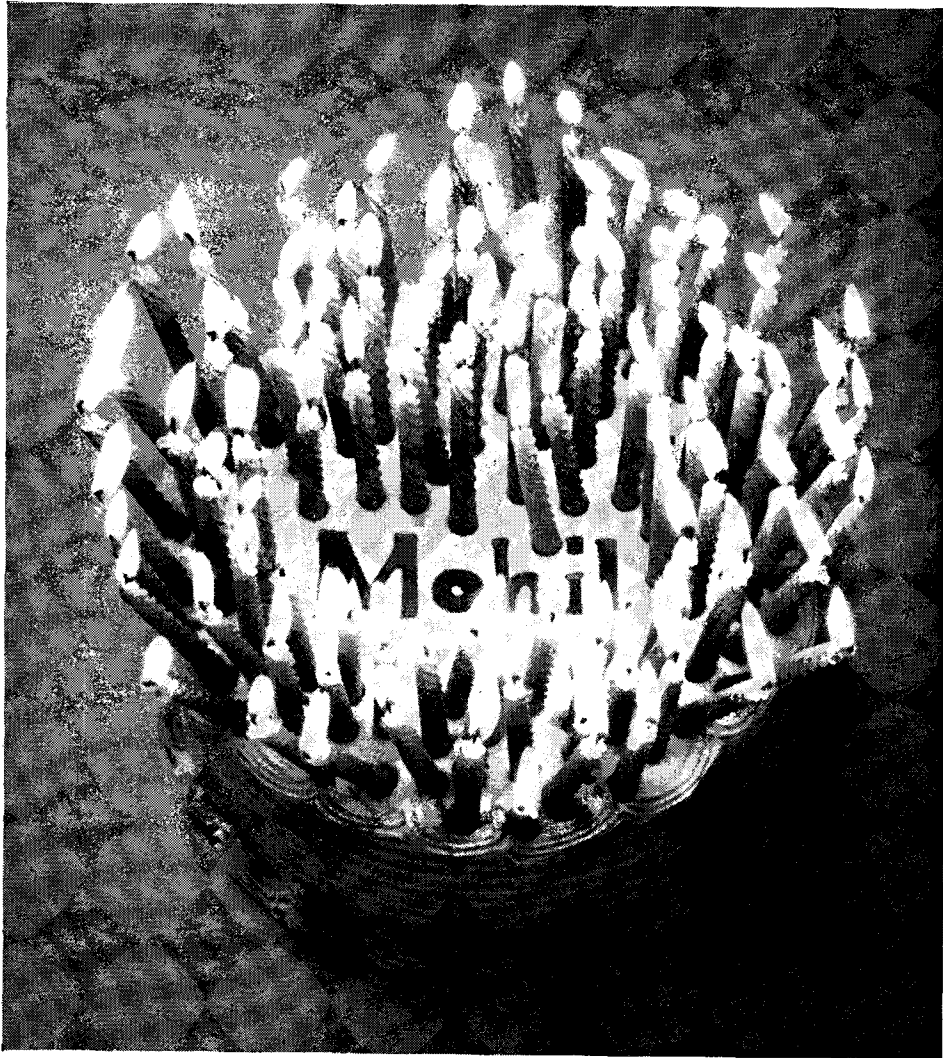
Both polls continue to give the President a favorable but declining vote of confidence overall, and some political experts are for the first time suggesting that Johnson could be defeated in 1968. No one would have considered such a thing only a few months ago. The President seemed to be invulnerable, and the GOP in a hopeless position.

Perhaps Johnson's recent extreme sensitivity to criticism may be explained by his own realization that his political strength is slipping. As late as February he was saying, in public at any rate, that debate on Vietnam was a healthy course in a democratic society. But a couple of months later he was beginning to attack all his critics broadside. In one week's time in May he made three major speeches assailing his critics.

The question now is whether Republicans can capitalize on the discontent in November. Their plan at the moment on Vietnam is to attack the Democrats as a party divided, which it is. But how many votes this will win for Republican congressional candidates is in doubt.

On the other hand, housewives disturbed by rising prices may be more easily influenced to vote against the party in power. In 1946, with discontent widespread throughout the country over wartime controls, Republicans offered an alternative, and the country gave them an overwhelming vote of confidence. But this is hardly 1946. Nevertheless, the opposition party, under

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Report on Washington



normal circumstances, should be able to pick up as many as 60 House seats this year and to win a few more Senate seats.

Division both sides of the aisle

Few Republicans are so optimistic, and few Democrats are so pessimistic. The chief reason is that the GOP does not have a clear policy on the issues that count. Neither has it recovered from the divisions that almost destroyed it two years ago. Moreover, the Democrats in Congress have carried out most of the party's domestic platform pledges, and the President has established a reputation for accomplishment. He is clearly not an unpopular President or a handicap to his party yet.

In the Senate, where a third of the members must seek re-election, the President believes that the Democrats, who now hold 67 seats to 33 for the Republicans, will gain rather than lose seats in November. (Not one of the President's Democratic Senate critics on Vietnam is up for re-election this year.) It happens that in the seats to be contested more factors favor Democrats than Republicans — and unless everyone is mistaken, the country still is overwhelmingly Democratic. The President has promised to campaign in all parts of the country, Vietnam permitting.

While Democrats are divided over Vietnam, Republicans are almost as divided over the liberal-conservative issue as they were in 1964. The so-called "peace" candidates in the Democratic primaries are matched by the right-wing candidates who are harassing established GOP candidates. The John Birch Society has been active in local contests west of the Mississippi.

In Washington State, Republican Governor Daniel Evans and his supporters have waged open war on the John Birch Society. Whether his fight with the Birchers will help or hurt Republicans in the state in November remains to be seen. Evans was responsible for a resolution adopted by the Republican state committee outlining criteria to "draw the line between responsible conservatism and irresponsible extremism." In a number of other states, right-wingers have challenged moderates in the Republican primaries.

As for extremism in the Democratic Party, many national leaders are convinced that except for perhaps two Southern states, Mississippi and Alabama, the worst is over as far as the party's historic division over Negro rights is concerned. A White House poll recently showed that the President would command support from only 28 percent of Alabama voters. A Mississippi poll is not available, but it would probably show about the same degree of unpopularity. Other polls show that the President's support is a surprising 56 percent in Louisiana and 49 percent in Georgia (both Goldwater states in 1964), and 69 percent in North Carolina.

Yet despite Mrs. Wallace's overwhelming victory, changes are taking place in Alabama, as the primary vote demonstrated. It was the first test of America's new Voting Rights Act, with nearly 200,000 Negroes voting for the first time in their lives. It was one of the first Deep South contests where candidates did not openly espouse segregation.

While most of Alabama's white candidates ran on records of segregation, none campaigned openly against the Negro. Many who had segregationist records actively bid for the Negro vote. Even the Wallaces did not abuse the Negro in the campaign. They know that in the future — in fact, as soon as the election in November — they must take into account the Negro vote.

Trade with Eastern Europe?

Partly because of the election-year atmosphere the President was almost persuaded by his political instincts not to make his request to Congress this year for authority to negotiate most-favored-nation tariff agreements with the countries of Eastern Europe. Even when he finally made the request in May, the President recognized that Congress would be unlikely to act on it in this election year.

The day after the request, Chairman Wilbur D. Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee announced that he was opposed to the bill and would schedule no hearings on it.

Supporters of the legislation believe that it is one of the most important measures now before Congress. It would encourage the slow thaw in Eastern Europe, which both Eastern Europe and Western Europe want and which the United States has every reason to encourage. Most-favored-nation treatment simply means that the same tariff cuts granted one nation are granted to all. It is a longtime principle of American trade policy, denied only to the Communist countries. Exceptions have previously been made for Yugoslavia and Poland.

The steel industry's return
on net worth compared to
the average of other American
manufacturing industries is...

25-50% above average

0-25% above average
average

0-25% below average

25-50% below average

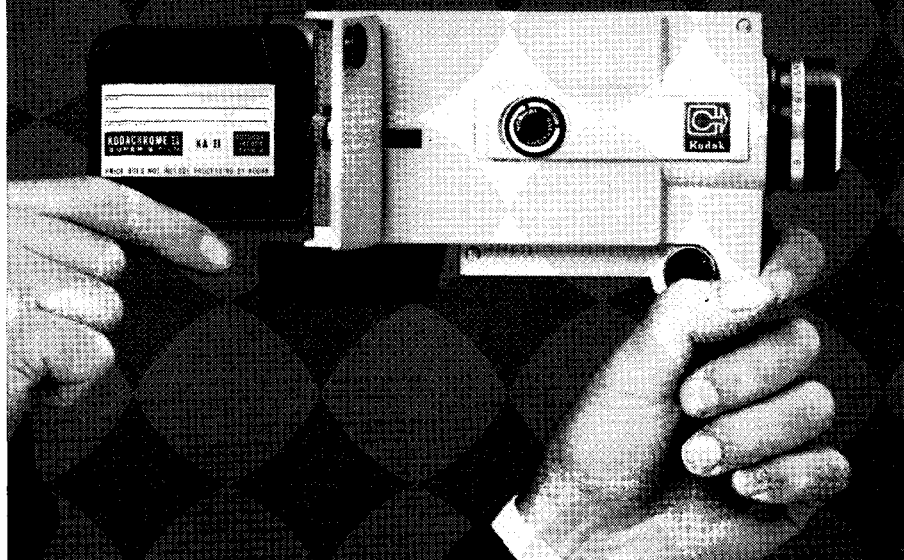
**9 out of 10 could not answer this question correctly.
How about you?**

The First National City Bank of New York publishes annual studies of the leading American manufacturing industries. It shows that steel industry profits in 1965 were 31% *below* the average of the 41 industries surveyed . . . despite the fact that in 1965 the steel industry set an all-time high for production. To improve this situation, U. S. Steel is spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year for new, more efficient facilities.



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TRADEMARK

And
instant loading
is only the
beginning...



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Report on Washington

Recent news from Rumania, which shows it chafing under Soviet dominance, suggests that the time is appropriate to encourage East-West exchanges. Part of General de Gaulle's appeal in Western Europe is his promise to work for a detente. Yet Wilbur Mills has decided in this instance, against the advice of the President and the Secretary of State, what the foreign policy of the United States should be.

It is ironic that at the time Mills handed down his decision, a large Yugoslav trade mission was being welcomed in the United States because American officials, concerned over the balance of payments deficit, seek larger exports to Yugoslavia.

No one argues that better relations with Eastern Europe would result in enough new trade to improve substantially our payments problem. It would be helped, but the political effects are the more important ones. Because of Vietnam and the still unsettled lend-lease arrangements with the Soviet Union, a tariff agreement with Moscow still is a long way off. But agreements could be negotiated with several Eastern European countries.

Passage of the Administration bill would not automatically grant most-favored-nation treatment to any country. It would authorize the President to negotiate agreements, thus putting him in a position to win significant concessions in the process.

Cutback in spending

After the House Appropriations Committee denied a presidential request for \$19.7 million for continuation of work on Project Mohole, the President made a special request to Congress to restore the funds. About \$25 million already has been spent on this ambitious project to drill deep into the earth's crust.

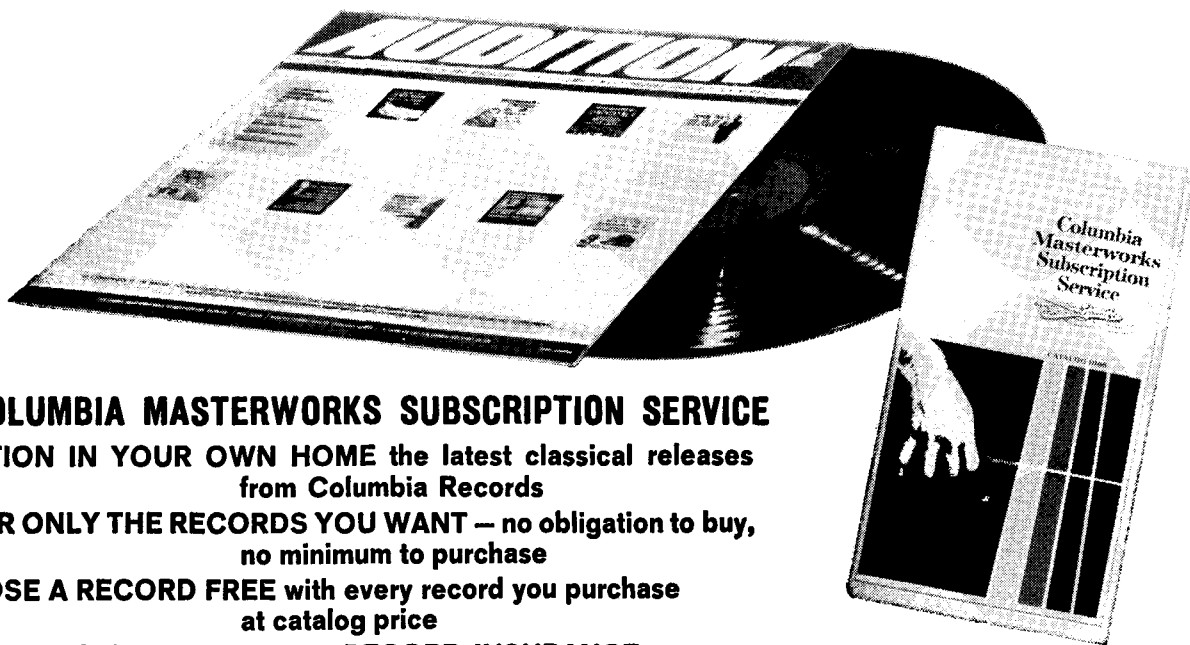
Scientists and Administration officials think it would be a real waste not to go ahead on the project. But the Appropriations Committee was reflecting the general feeling in Congress and in the Administration that nonessential projects must be delayed until there is peace in Viet-

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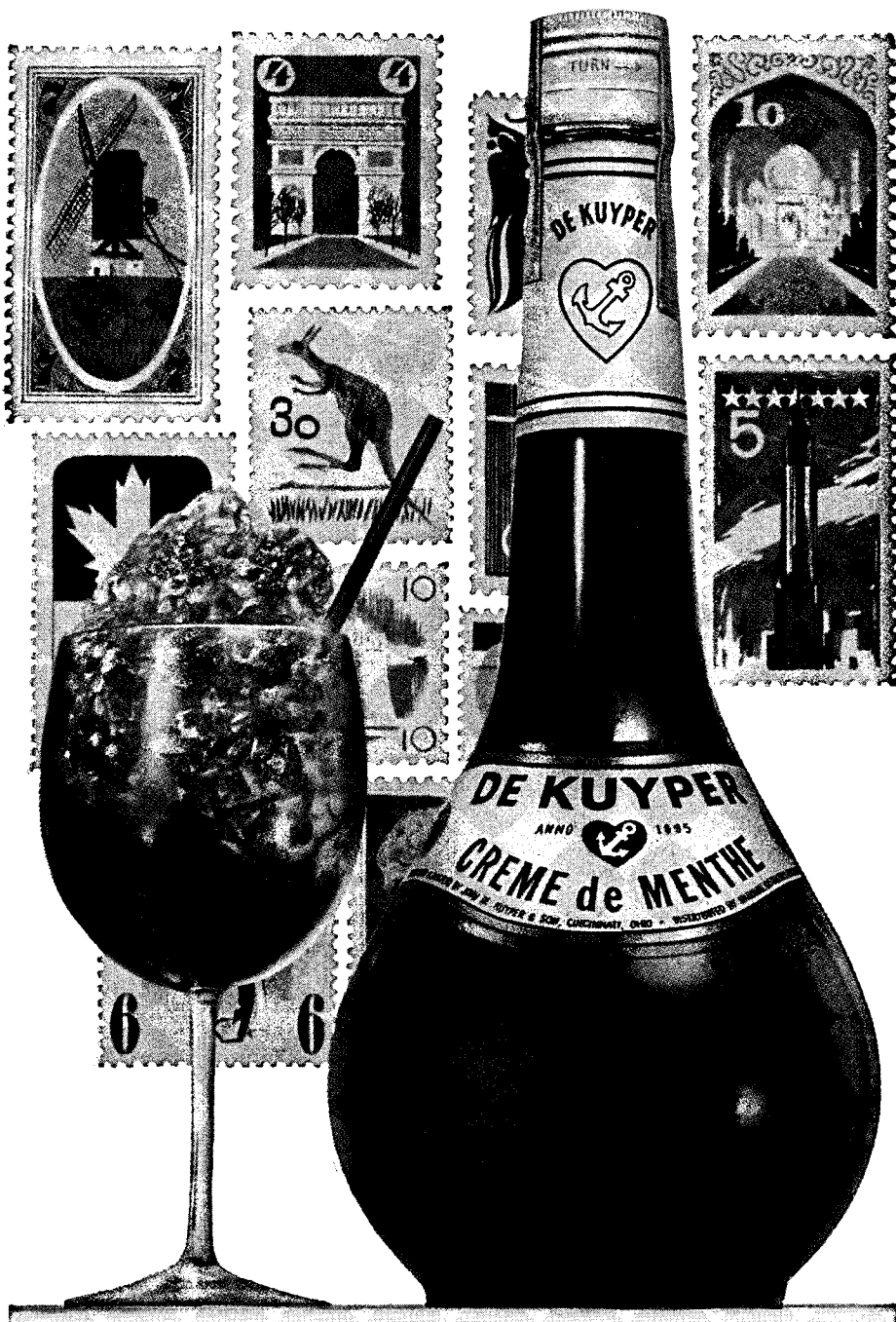
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Report on Washington

nam. The President has tried to argue that the war has not seriously cut into other programs, but it has, and Mohole is only one of them.

The President himself has imposed a hold-down on the space program that could have serious consequences. At a time when he has proposed a treaty to govern man's exploration of the cosmos, he has given away part of his bargaining power by curtailing America's role in space. Despite the President's own long interest in the space program, his Administration has allowed the Russians to move even further ahead.

James E. Webb, the NASA administrator, recently testified before the House Committee on Science and Astronautics that in the past year the Russians "have progressed very much more rapidly . . . in terms of clear indications of what they can do, will do, have the capability to do, than we have." Webb estimated that the Russians are two years ahead of the United States in space power.

The President's request for \$5 billion for the space program in fiscal year 1967 "provides no more than is essential if major projects are to proceed," Webb testified. "It provides for the future only enough to maintain, and not close off this year, opportunities to use for constructive purposes the assets in know-how and facilities we have been at such pains to acquire." The budgetary trend has been "downward now for three years," while the Soviet program "shows every evidence of a continuing major commitment to long-term, large-scale operations in space," Webb told the committee.

LBJ's tight reins

The charges that President Johnson is carried along by his advisers and is not in full command of the government have been made by responsible men who ought to know better. Every President is to an extent at the mercy of his advisers and the intelligence they give him. But Johnson is by nature suspicious of all advisers. He completely trusts no one. He has an elaborate system of

double-checking on the people who constitute his official family. He keeps his advisers on the tightest leash possible, and he knows the strengths, weaknesses, and biases of every one of them.

The President acted quickly and impetuously in the Dominican Republic, but not on Vietnam. He took a strong stand for military and economic aid to Vietnam during his trip there in May, 1961, as Vice President. He prodded President Kennedy to do more than he did to help the Diem government. But when Johnson became President, he hesitated for a considerable period of time before committing large American forces in Vietnam. He had advice on both sides of the question, and he decided to make a clear stand in defense of Vietnam. Only history can say whether he was right or wrong. But there can be no doubt that it was Johnson's decision.

The President personally makes all the important governmental decisions and far too many that are unimportant. He is not a prisoner of a few. His advisers are no more than advisers. For good or ill, President Johnson is the government of the United States today. Everyone else is a subordinate.

Mood of the Capital

The old cliché about political bedfellows has hidden the fact that nothing causes so many disrupted friendships as politics. Developing a catalogue of political divorces has become a Washington parlor game. The President has fallen out with a host of old friends in the Senate — Fulbright, McCarthy, Hartke, and others. McGeorge Bundy and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., have thrown barbs in public. Dirksen and Ford have been divided by Dirksen's loyalty to a Democratic President. (That is a friendship that has survived partisanship.)

Robert Kennedy and Nicholas Katzenbach are reportedly scowling. Walter Heller has upset Gardner Ackley, his successor on the Council of Economic Advisers, by his advocacy of a tax increase. The farmers think the Secretary of Agriculture is more interested in low prices for consumers than high prices for farmers. And the ADA thinks Hubert Humphrey has betrayed it.

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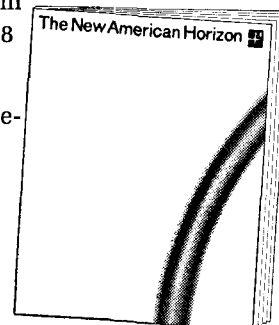
Take education. The huge increase in the number of school-age children means new schools, new desks, new libraries, new books, new teaching tools and techniques. Expenditures for education in 1975 are estimated at \$61 billion, compared with \$38 billion last year.

New federal health programs also promise great benefits to business. Medicare payments in the first full year alone should total something like \$3.5 billion for 19 million senior citizens. There'll be new hospitals and nursing homes, too. And a parade of new drugs.

Then there's the challenge of urbanization—the slums, the transportation snarls, the problems of water and air pollution. Federal funds for community development are estimated at \$1.2 billion next year, and expenditures will increase in the years ahead.

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THE normal acceleration of the Australian political pace in an election year has been given jetlike impetus this year by the retirement of Sir Robert G. Menzies. After a record sixteen unbroken years in office, he stepped down in January, and Harold E. Holt, an urbane fifty-eight-year-old lawyer long ago turned professional politician, took over as leader of the Liberal-Country Party coalition. Septuagenarian Arthur A. Calwell, who leads the opposition Australian Labor Party, is well aware that Holt, for all his journeyman qualities, lacks the eloquence, the brilliance, and the charisma of Menzies. Calwell also knows that this is his own last chance of moving from the opposition benches to lead the government.

Although no date for an election has been set, Calwell has already mounted what promises to be the bitterest campaign on record. At the same time, he has found himself strongly challenged by his more personable but by no means less ambitious deputy, E. Gough Whitlam, like Holt a lawyer who set aside his more lucrative legal practice to make a career of politics. In a showdown within the Australian Labor Party, Calwell won the right to lead his party into the election; but his victory did nothing to bridge the divisions within the Labor ranks or to persuade Calwell that his assault on the government should be anything but full-scale, all-out, and hang the consequences.

In a country traditionally much more concerned with the parish pump than with international affairs, the most burning issue is not, as one might expect, the lethargic state of the economy, or even public weariness with an excess of conservative and never very inspired government. Calwell has chosen to couple current public uneasiness about the Vietnam war with traditional opposition to conscription for overseas service.

Troops to Vietnam

According to the polls, most Australians favor the government's decision to send troops to Vietnam. But most also oppose sending the twenty-year-old conscripts, who now account for about a third of the 4500-man Australian task force.

These contradictions have deep roots in Australian political history. In World War I, Australian volunteers flocked to Europe and the Middle East, and more than 60,000 lost their lives, heavy casualties for a country with a population then of less than 6 million. Maintaining the flow of reinforcements for the inexhaustible demands of the Western front by voluntary enlistment was too uncertain for safe military planning, and the government of the day appealed by referendum for approval to introduce conscription for foreign service. Though the appeal was supported by the opposition, the people rejected conscription, and the country was split as it had never been split before.

Calwell, who comes from the ranks of Irish Catholic emigrants among whom opposition to conscription was strongest, is seeking to draw on the same well of emotionalism to unseat the government at the election. The important difference today is that whereas the anticonscription campaign in 1914-1918 crossed political lines and was officially supported by no major party, Calwell seeks to translate inflamed public sentiment into party votes.

Heavy casualties among the conscripts in Vietnam during the critical month preceding the election might well tip the scales. But at this stage a combination of long-term Australian security fears and short-term lack of confidence in Labor's capacity to manage its own affairs in a responsible way seems likely to prevail over moral considerations of whether conscripts or volunteers should be sent to Vietnam.

For most Australians, the Vietnam issue is much simpler than it is for Americans. Vietnam may or may not be vital to the interests of the United States; very few Australians indeed doubt that the American military presence in Southeast Asia is vital to Australia. With keen political judgment, Holt decided to pay an early visit to Vietnam. His visit was intended to persuade the Australian public of the enormous value to the country of its U.S. alliance.



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Report on Australia

The Australian contribution to the Vietnam effort of a two-battalion task force, plus auxiliary services, a hundred military advisers, a squadron of transport aircraft, several medical teams, and economic aid under both the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization and the Colombo Plan, is small in comparison with the American commitment. On a per capita basis, however, it is substantial. The fact that Australia honored its moral obligations under the ANZUS treaty (Australia, New Zealand, and the United States) to help its senior partner in resisting aggression anywhere in the Pacific is understood both in Canberra and in Washington. Thus, as Australians see it, their participation in the Vietnam war is an essential contribution to a life insurance policy.

By industrialization and the rapid development of its own extensive resources, Australia may one day reach the stage where it will be able prudently to pursue a much more

independent foreign policy. For a long time to come, however, its security will depend on its alliance with the United States. Just how this alliance should best be maintained is, naturally enough, the subject of argument; but even the extreme left wing of the Labor Party accepts the fact that the premiums to maintain this policy must be paid in one form or another.

Ties with America

Sir Robert Menzies was a Queen's man and an Empire man, but during his long term of office Australia greatly strengthened its American ties. The process shows no signs of tapering off. Although Australia has agreed to pick up a greater share of Britain's defense burden in the Southeast Asia area and will eventually provide Britain with an alternative to its military base in Singapore, the reality of international life is that Britain sooner or later will join the European community, and its influence in the Asian and Australasian region can only continue to decline. To understand this is also to understand why

Holt in his first critical months in office showed such determination to push ahead with conscription.

A quarter of a century ago Australia knew little and cared less about the United States. With the fall of the "impregnable bastion" of Singapore to the Japanese came the sudden shocked appreciation that the United States, and not Britain, was alone capable of coming to Australia's defense in its hour of greatest need. The arrival of the American forces to fill the gaps left by the Australian commitment serving in the Middle East and elsewhere began an association with the United States that has spread far beyond the formalities of an expedient military alliance.

Capital inflow

In a very real sense, the United States and Australia have discovered each other. There are new frontiers of development to be explored in Australia, and the Americans are foremost among the explorers. An American geologist's advice recently led to the discovery of a vast oil field under Bass Strait, separating Australia from the island of Tasmania, and is expected to net him hundreds of millions of dollars on his percentage of the gross. General Motors pioneered the Australian automobile industry, and in the process, built itself into the most lucrative of all Australian companies. Kaiser Steel, American Metals, and Utah Construction and Mining are some of the American companies with major holdings in Australia's iron ore industry. Discoveries since 1960 have increased known reserves of ore forty-fold to 15 billion long tons. Outback, in the dry plains of the west and north of the Tropic of Capricorn, Americans have found Texas-sized space for cattle ranching and wheat farming, and investment from the United States continues at a rate not noticeably affected by Washington's administrative controls on capital outflow.

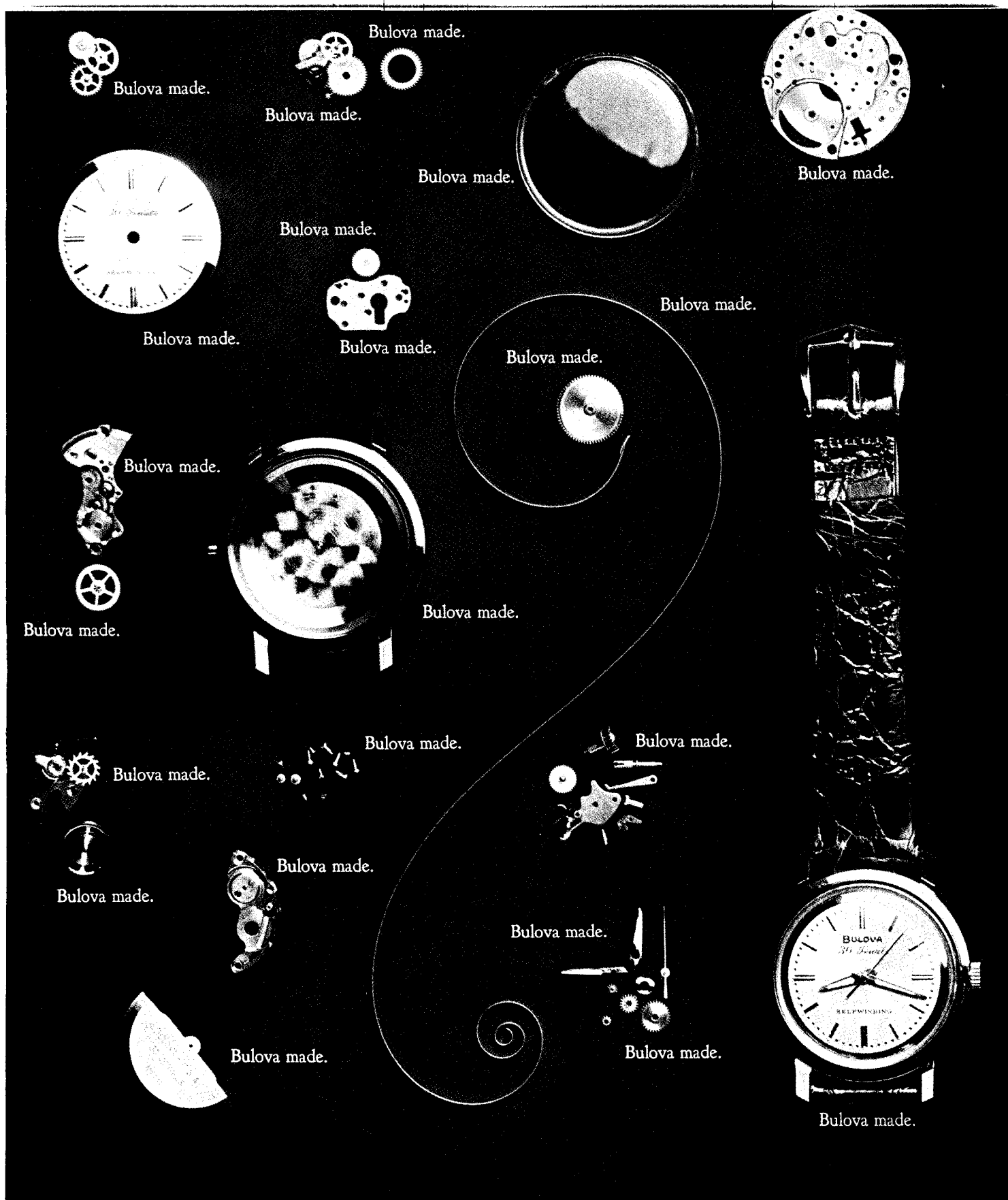
Almost nonexistent before World War II, this sort of investment has grown by leaps and bounds since. In the six-year period from the end of 1949 through 1955, investment more than trebled, rising from \$161 million to \$494 million. A year ago it passed the \$1.65 billion mark.



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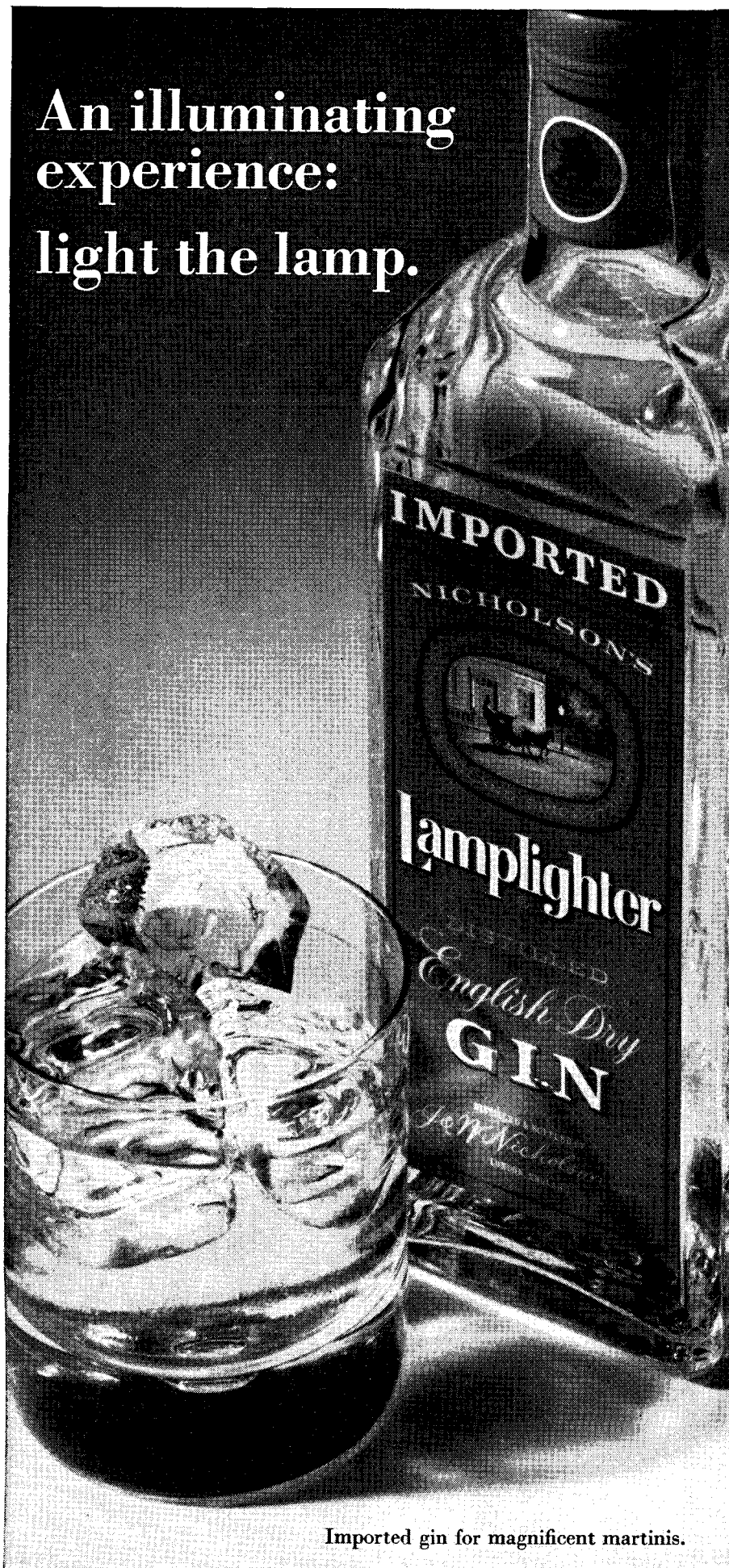
Of course, this isn't the only way to deal with famine. But the fact is that right now Olin fertilizers are helping one acre of American farmland do the work of four and more acres. And there's no reason why this can't be done for farmlands everywhere.

After all, with the peace of the entire world at stake, only the foolish would ignore a threat of international famine. And although we, as a nation, may try to feed the hungry everywhere, the day will come when we just can't.

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Report on Australia

Understandably, the volume of this capital inflow is controversial. Eventually, some economists fear, the flight of canaries out through the open door of the cage will exceed those coming in to roost. This, in Holt's view, is a calculated risk. The government has rejected the advice of an expert committee that the capital inflow should be restricted to a level of about \$330 million a year, and that there should be selective controls on foreign investment; nor is the government prepared to do more than encourage foreign investors to grant Australians a share in the equity.

While Holt concedes privately that there are risks in this policy, he is dedicated to rapid development and will not let anything stand in its way. He is determined to prevent Australian defense expenditure from rising to levels which would undermine economic growth and divert manpower excessively into nonproductive activities, and he also wants to maintain a political climate in which the foreign investor will always be welcome.

New blood

Welcome, also, are the skill, know-how, and experience that go with the capital. During his long years of preparation for the prime ministership, Holt fought in the Cabinet for a consistent developmental program based on two essential prerequisites: new capital and new manpower. He believed that the effective promotion of both depended on long-term planning and confidence—that the flow of immigrants should not be curtailed, for instance, because of an economic recession. As a result, more than 2 million migrants, most of them from Europe, have come to Australia in the past twenty years.

Until Holt took office, the government had steadfastly held out against Asian immigration. A few distinguished Asians were allowed to enter Australia for permanent residence, but though there was no apparent racial prejudice, and though thousands of Asian students attended Australian schools and universities, the basic principle was that immigrants should be white. The "White



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Report on Australia

Australia" policy, as these restrictions were habitually referred to in Asia, weighed heavily against Australian efforts to promote trade and friendship with its neighbors.

Under Holt's new laws, Asians and non-Asians admitted for permanent residence are both entitled to apply for citizenship after five years (the qualifying period used to be fifteen for Asians). A more significant change is that the qualification for Asian entry has been changed from "distinguished" to "useful." Applications for citizenship by Asians resident in Australia and qualified under the new rules have been surprisingly few, but Australian embassies in Asia report heavily increased inquiries.

How the government plans to cope with the hurdle of Negro immigration from the United States remains to be spelled out. Only 1400 Americans migrated to Australia in 1963-1964. Another 1800 followed in 1964-1965. If the increase continues, and predictably it will with the gold-rush momentum of new mineral discoveries in the north and west, the problem of Negro migration can no longer be dodged without the ultimate risk of damage to Australia's relations with the United States.

To Americans paying a brief visit to Australia there is much to remind them of home. The Texas analogy comes easily to mind. Yet most Americans resident in Australia do not share these impressions. The superficialities are all there—much of the architecture, television, the automobiles, the Bar-B-Q's, the jukeboxes, and the teen-agers. Yet Australian society lacks the community-mindedness of American society.

Australians are, in fact, as unlike the British, who gave them birth, as they are different from the Americans, on whom most believe they are dependent for a future. A common language helps immensely, of course, but in the long run, mutual considerations of defense are likely to play the most significant part in determining relationships between Australia and the United States.

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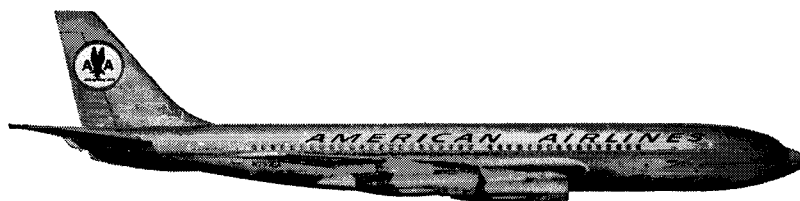
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THERE has been wide-ranging speculation recently as to how far the United States can push in Vietnam before meeting a direct military response from Communist China. The steadily increasing U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia has been debated, demonstrated against, and bitterly denounced, and Peking itself has added to the clamor with frequent pronouncements that the Chinese people will assist their Vietnamese brothers "whatever the cost."

If we were to read only official Chinese Communist statements, we might understandably characterize the men of Peking as bellicose. But it is perhaps wise to recall the words of China's most illustrious military strategist, Sun Tzu, who laid down the precept some 2300 years ago that all warfare is based on deception. A skilled general, he insisted, must first of all be master of the art of confusing and deluding the enemy. Mao Tse-tung drew heavily on Sun Tzu in setting forth his own military doctrine, and as a result, many questions in regard to China's intentions and its military strength are unanswered: Is China really bent on militarily subjugating Southeast Asia? Is its huge People's Liberation Army actually being deployed for an encounter with the United States? Is Peking truly spoiling for a military confrontation with America?

As a closed and tightly regulated nation, China does not lend itself to easy understanding. Those in search of answers must rely heavily on official Peking statements, on the occasional capture of classified documents, on frequently dubious refugee reports, and on the intelligence provided by the cameras of spy satellites and the reconnaissance planes that probe the mainland from Taiwan.

Land, sea, and air forces

In terms of numbers, the land, sea, and air forces of China are not the largest in the world. But *in toto*, they are enormous. To begin with, the People's Liberation Army (PLA), which includes all three branches of the military, totals 2.7 million men — third largest after the Soviet Union (3.15 million) and the United States (about

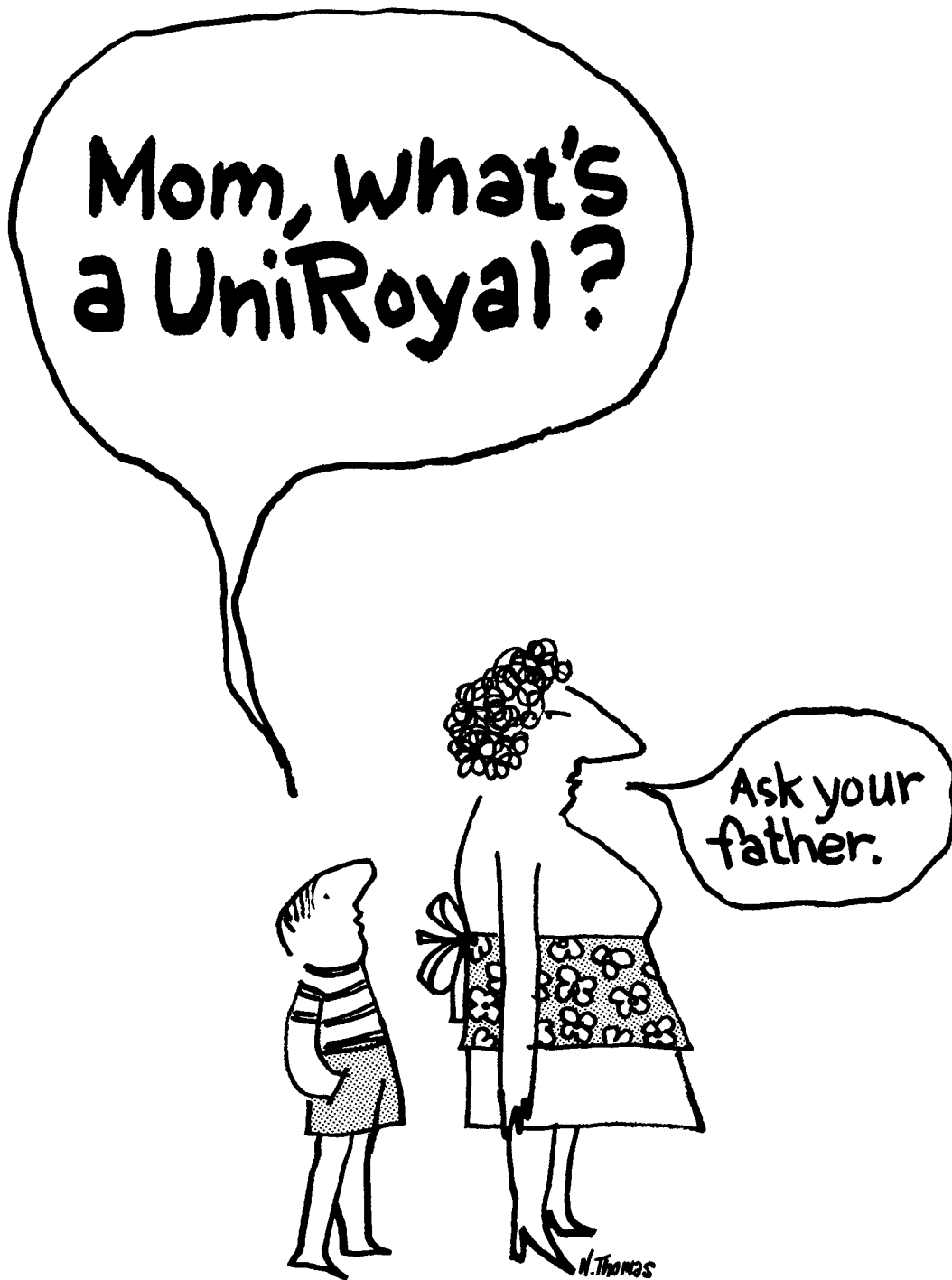
3 million). But behind the PLA are some 300,000 to 500,000 Public Security Forces (secret police) and an estimated 12 million militiamen.

By far the most impressive and important branch of the PLA is the ground force, which totals 2.5 million men, divided into about forty armies of 40,000 line troops each plus support troops. Basically a light infantry force, the armies are short on heavy artillery, trucks and other military vehicles, heavy engineering equipment, and tanks. But in terms of light weapons, the Chinese soldiers are armed with excellent grenades, automatic rifles, machine guns, mortars, and recoilless rifles, many of which have been seen in action in Vietnam.

With tough and highly disciplined soldiers, the PLA has proved that it has tactical mobility; its strategic mobility, however, is of a low order. China's north-south rail communications are reasonably good, but lateral lines are few. There is no modern highway system, which would be of little use anyway without sufficient transport.

Although the PLA Air Force is the third largest in the world, having some 100,000 men and 2500 aircraft, it is basically obsolete. Most of the planes, including the 1800 to 2000 jet fighters and bombers, are old Soviet models. There are an estimated 800 to 1000 MIG-17's of Korean War vintage, which form the backbone of the Chinese Air Force. These are supplemented by about 500 older MIG-15's, now serving mainly as patrol and training aircraft. Some sources say there are up to 100 supersonic MIG-19's and possibly a couple of dozen MIG-21's. Continuing problems for the Air Force are spare parts and aircraft fuels. It is believed the Chinese have cannibalized 300 to 400 jet planes during the past five years owing to parts shortages. But the lack of jet fuel which had forced PLA pilots to cut their monthly flying time has been somewhat alleviated as a result of heavy investment in the petroleum industry.

The Navy consists of some 120,000 to 140,000 men, with 1000 ships divided into three fleets.



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Red China's Army

Most of the vessels are twenty to thirty years old, and China's naval experience is extremely limited. Certainly the most important part of the PLA Navy is its submarine fleet. The Chinese are believed to have thirty submarines, including two of the Soviet G class, which is capable of firing ballistic missiles. But it is unlikely that the Chinese have operational missiles for them.

In any evaluation of Chinese Communist military potential the role of the militia and Public Security Forces must be considered. Little is known about them, but in a time of national emergency the Public Security Forces could be expected to augment the regular forces in carrying out intelligence and subversion. As for the militia, Peking claims an effective force of 50 million men and women; most China-watchers set a more realistic figure at 12 million.

The most significant feature of China's military force is its deployment. Exact figures are secret, but Western military informants insist that the general situation has not changed appreciably since China withdrew its forces from Korea in 1958. American military sources deny any significant buildup on the Vietnam border. They say the Chinese apparently have not altered their view of the most strategic areas: the northeast industrial base, the areas across from Taiwan, and the Soviet border.

Nuclear capability

As for China's much-talked-about nuclear weapons and missile program, speculation is questionable, to say the least. The Japanese, for example, reckon China has a capacity for fifty atomic bombs a year, based on production estimates of known Chinese reactors. They also believe it is possible for Peking to test a hydrogen device sometime during this year. Independent Chinese observers in Hong Kong share the Japanese view.

But Western analysts tend to be more skeptical of China's ability to make rapid strides in the fields of rocketry and atomic weapons. "The Chinese are not likely to have a

military capability that includes nuclear weapons and missiles in the foreseeable future," one American source says flatly. "Nuclear weapons and missiles are an age beyond these people." Perhaps, but underestimating the enemy can be a fatal mistake. China's first atomic test on October 16, 1964, came as no surprise, but it shocked more than a few observers to learn that the device had used uranium 235 and not the more easily obtained plutonium.

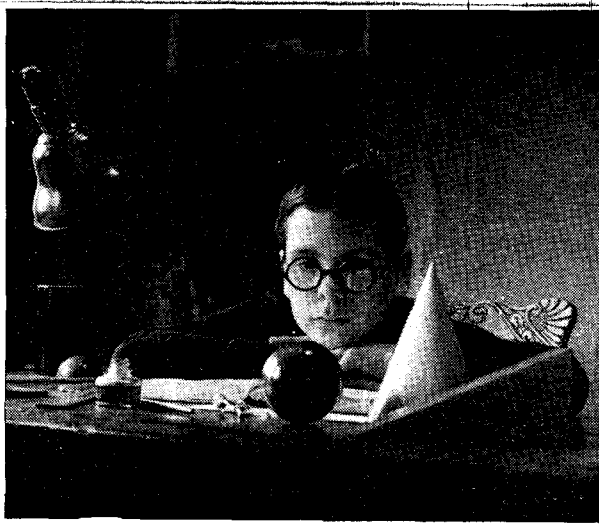
There has been considerable debate over what it is costing Peking to produce atomic weapons. Certainly the manpower drain is heavy, for China simply does not have large numbers of highly trained scientists and technicians. Diverting large sums of money to the nuclear program creates a strain, but analysts now are generally of the opinion that with the Chinese Communist gross national product estimated at \$70 billion, the nuclear weapons program represents a very small percentage of the GNP.

Missiles

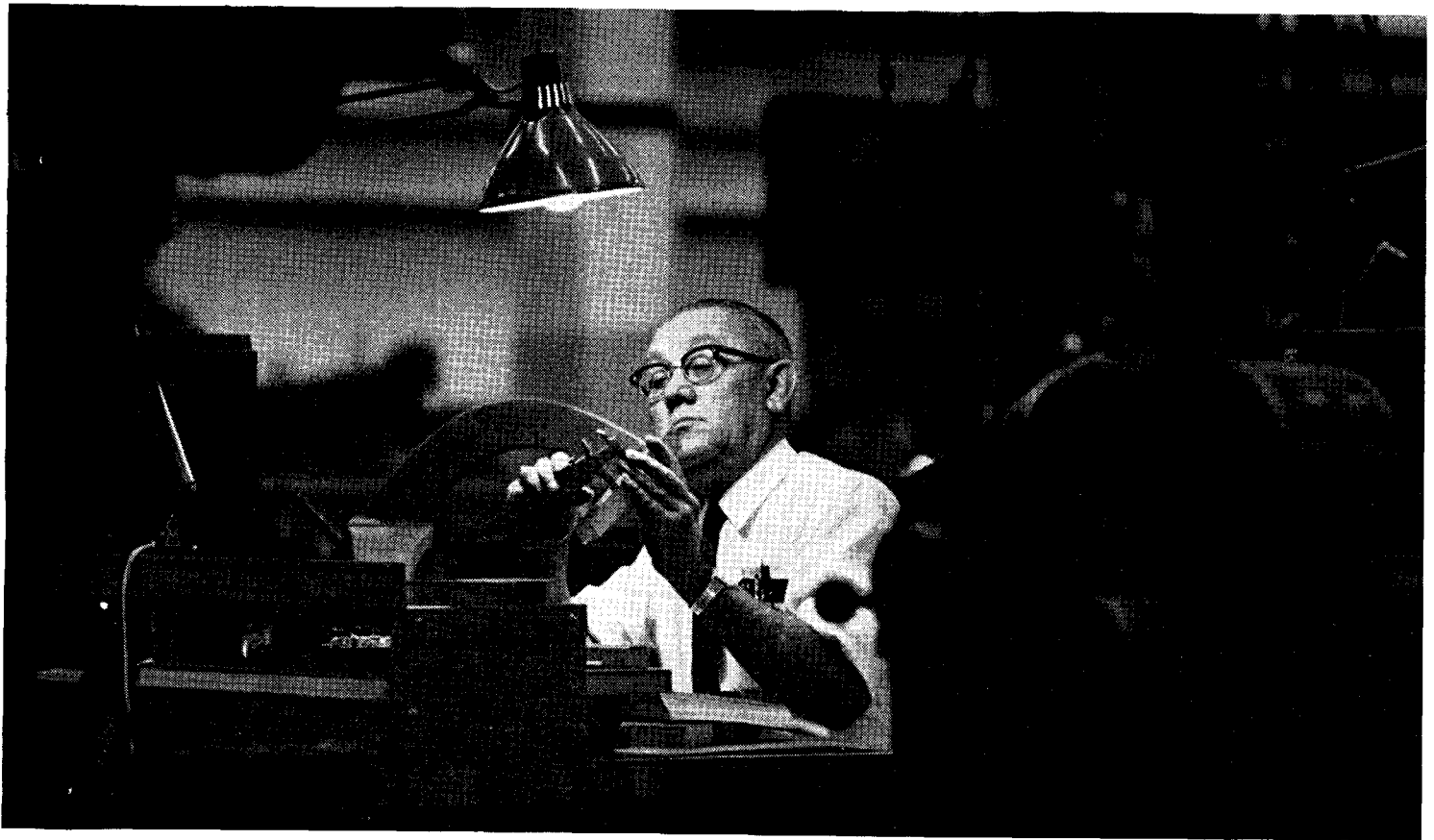
Considerably less is known of China's missile development program than of its nuclear effort. Former Soviet Premier Khrushchev, however, did remark to Ambassador Averell Harriman in 1959 that Russia had supplied China with a variety of rockets. Japanese sources report that Chinese scientists were testing a 500-to-700-mile-range missile as early as 1963. Though Western sources are dubious of such reports, it is common knowledge that the Chinese have a missile-testing range running from Ch'uch'uan in Kansu Province to the Lop Nor nuclear-test-ground desert in Sinkiang, a distance of some 500 miles.

More than likely the PLA has at least a few anti-aircraft missile units using Soviet SA-2 rockets (or SAM's, as they are known in Vietnam). The other missile units now operational are supposedly using the Soviet version of the American Honest John artillery rocket, which has a 15-mile range. In any case, Western experts emphasize, such units are few in number and would not be particularly useful in a Sino-U.S. military confrontation.

There is little doubt that Peking has exerted considerable effort



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Suddenly this orderly world so full of promise came crashing down in the inferno that was World War II. Louis and

his wife, Elizabeth, joined the vast army of displaced persons, and for six long years they drifted through the ruptured cities of Europe.

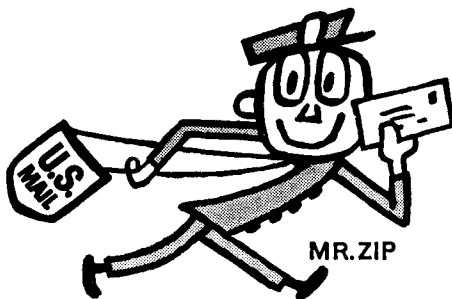
After much difficulty, the Simonffys were able to make their way to the United States, and the pieces started to come together again. First came a job as a drafting clerk, then a better one

as a draftsman, and finally, in 1950, a job with General Motors. Today, Louis Simonffy is one of the ablest and most respected toolmakers in the Company.

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Red China's Army

on building up and modernizing the PLA. In addition to spending large sums on nuclear and missile development programs, the Chinese have invested heavily in providing high-quality conventional armaments. How much emphasis is placed on military hardware is perhaps best seen in the fact that five of China's eight ministries of machine building are concerned with military needs.

Despite this investment in munitions, armaments, and modern weaponry, Western military authorities insist that Chinese logistics industries are still few in number and highly vulnerable to air attack. "Today," says one analyst, "the PLA does not have even a primitive capability for operations involving combined land, sea, and air arms." Another military specialist says, "In a conventional war, inside China, fighting within 200 meters of the enemy, the Chinese army would be tough. Outside of China, or fighting over distances of more than 200 meters, no. It's not that their troops are not good. They are. But they simply lack sustained logistics support and mobility."

As a result of these shortcomings, American military authorities believe, the Chinese would be hard-pressed to maintain a large force beyond their own borders. The Korean example, they say, does not really apply. In the Korean conflict, the Chinese forces were backed by Soviet assistance. In addition, China's own fledgling logistics industry was not touched. As for the Sino-Indian clash in 1962, China's only other excursion beyond its own borders, the drive was limited in size and duration. The Chinese forces simply made a quick jab and then retreated before provoking intervention by a major power.

Despite Peking's blustering, Chinese troops remain defensive. And it is not without reason that Chinese taunting of the United States invariably says, Attack us if you want, come on and fight in *China*. As the Chinese leaders know, their only hope of defeating the power of the United States would be to make their stand on terrain they know best,

where the population would be friendly and where they could employ guerrilla warfare.

Barring the use of nuclear weapons and biological and chemical warfare, it would take only a short time for American forces operating at optimum strength to reduce the Chinese military to dependence on the rifle, the grenade, and the bayonet. Lacking strategic mobility and an industrial backbone, the Chinese Army would have to fight a "people's war."

Training guerrillas

Since the appearance of Defense Minister Lin Piao's much publicized lengthy article last September, "Long Live the Victory of People's War," training emphasis has been directed to the individual, to squads, and to companies — the basic guerrilla units. The training is rigorous. There is much field work, with various units receiving instruction in jungle and mountain warfare. Special attention is paid to fast-paced marching and to infiltration techniques.

The soldiers are constantly reminded that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong have shot down supersonic jets with rifles, disabled tanks with hand grenades, and seriously crippled crack U.S. troops with bamboo splits and spiked booby traps. The soldiers are taught to continue firing their rifles and throwing grenades while charging enemy positions. They are exhorted to charge fast, keeping their eyes glued on the enemy without wavering in the face of enemy fire. "It is the tradition of the PLA not to withdraw from the battlefield when slightly wounded and not to cry out when seriously wounded," the young recruits are told.

Being a member of the PLA has become a considerable honor. With a current induction rate of 750,000 a year, the Chinese leaders need to take only 10 percent of those of draftable age (18 to 22). Thus they can be highly selective, and they are. The elimination of ranks in the PLA in June, 1965, was an attempt to keep the Army in the revolutionary fold. When the Communists fought their way to victory over Chiang Kai-shek, their armies were rankless. The same was true in Korea.

The Chinese leadership declared that once again "Our cap insignia are Red, the collar badges are Red, and our thinking will also be Red."

If allowed to fight on its own terms, the Chinese Army is a formidable opponent. But as with all armies, there are grounds for complaint and there are complaints. Many of these involve family problems, such as long separation from wives and children, and the tight restriction on early marriage. The Chinese press on occasion refers to soldiers who are willing to "rest on old assets," instead of maintaining "revolutionary freshness." There is talk of soldiers who feel there should be more stress on military affairs and less on politics. But even with this grumbling, analysts in such outposts as Hong Kong reject reports of widespread unrest in the PLA. "The Chinese leaders want perfection in the Army," one observer explained. "So they cite examples of things that stand in the way of perfection. These get misinterpreted as signs of greater problems than actually exist."

Most China-watchers agree that Peking's military policies have been characterized by their caution. The Chinese leaders probably will not intervene directly in the Vietnam war unless they feel China itself is threatened. A more likely approach, and one that Mao has long propounded, is to stir discord and upheavals in scattered parts of the world in order to tie down as many U.S. troops as possible and force Washington to overextend itself.

If the United States and China somehow did become engaged in a major war, Peking's defensive strategy almost certainly would be based on the concept of a protracted "people's war." The Chinese would not expect it to be a short encounter, as information on their likely moves indicates. With the initial American assault, the militia would form a front line using hit-and-run guerrilla tactics. The main-force PLA would slowly withdraw toward the interior, perhaps to the mountains in the northeast, where there are rumored to be subterranean munitions dumps and munitions works. Drawing the U.S. forces deep into the interior, the PLA would then try to cut them apart, piece by piece.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Our backward medical schools

SIR:

I was very pleased to read Dr. Stephen M. Creel's article, "Our Backward Medical Schools," in the May *Atlantic*, and find myself in agreement with him on many of his points. Many medical schools are today undergoing intensive re-evaluation of their curriculum, teaching methodology, and overall educational policies.

Indiana University Medical School, for example, with the largest medical student enrollment in the United States — 220 entering first-year medical students — is in the process of adopting a bold new curriculum and an interlocking statewide undergraduate intern-residency and continuing postgraduate medical education program. Two faculty committees have spent almost two years designing these new programs.

EDWARD A. TYLER, M.D.
Indiana University Medical Center
Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR:

As a second-year medical student who is deeply interested in the history and future of American medical education, I feel that Dr. Creel's article deserves a critical answer.

Most important, I take issue with the author's view of our "backward" medical schools. There is nothing backward about them. In fact, they are generally far superior to medical schools found on any other continent.

Compared with the graduates of our modern medical schools, the practitioners of 1900 were, with few exceptions, very poorly trained.

Does Dr. Creel prefer the ratio of 150 1900-vintage practitioners per 100,000 citizens to the present ratio of about 117 better trained, better equipped physicians per 100,000 people? He ought to have written less about the exaggerated problem of our doctor shortage and instead addressed himself to the real need for redistribution of available medical manpower. Only when a solution is found to the problem of the migration of physicians and nurses from the countryside to the better-equipped city medical centers will the shortage be alleviated.

The portrayal of medical students and schools is often inaccurate. What may be true for some medical schools certainly does not hold for all. For example, fully one quarter of my classmates were liberal arts majors in undergraduate school, and we do not now learn in the competitive, cutthroat atmosphere which does exist during the premedical years in some colleges and which Dr. Creel would have us believe exists nearly everywhere during the first two years of American medical education. Many of the financial injustices of the past are being remedied, as are some of the weak points in medical school curricula. Medical educators are not as resistant to change as Dr. Creel implies.

DONALD CHRISTIE, JR.
Rochester, N. Y.

SIR:

As a practicing internist and cardiologist also involved in the business of trying to recruit practitioners, I agree with Dr. Creel that many potentially good practitioners are

being eliminated by the chemistry teachers in college and that the intimidation that goes on during the internship destroys so much self-confidence that it can lead many to take a long residency just to get their confidence back. And some who lack the brilliance or imagination to make *real* contributions are so shaken by the internship that they stay in research for the rest of their lives, becoming what are called "research bums."

PAUL H. PFEIFFER, M.D.
Waterville, Me.

SIR:

Dr. Creel tells of the many fields potential medical students are entering rather than medicine, and says there is a decrease in the percentage of college graduates going into medicine today.

According to the Association of American Medical Colleges, for the academic year 1965-1966 there were 89,657 applications for the 8612 available places in American medical schools. Foreign medical schools are equally difficult to get into. (The United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Pakistan, India, and Ireland accept practically no American students for medical studies.) The interest is high, but the number of openings is low. What we need are more spaces in medical schools, not programs to encourage more to enter the field.

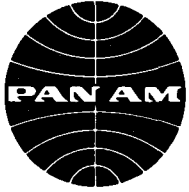
RICHARD M. LACKRITZ
Delaware, Ohio

SIR:

On the basis of Dr. Creel's article, it may well be possible not only to understand but also to justify the

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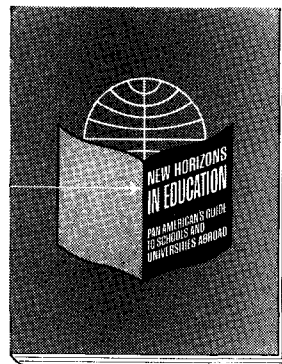
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FRANK WELSH
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I am glad you published Dr. Creel's article. Most of us have shared his thoughts at one time or another and realized that someday something must be done. The urgency is increasing, and the time is not so far off when an interested public will insist that American medicine meet its obligation to society.

JOHN D. WINEBRENNER, M.D.
Louisville, Ky.

SIR:

The need is not so much for new doctors as it is for better distribution, a problem complicated by the fact that many areas are incapable of maintaining a doctor even at a minister's salary. Also, many wives of young doctors are unwilling to live in the cultural deserts which exist in some rural and mountain areas. I know at least eight or ten young men who have left poor and more sparsely populated areas for the cities because their wives refused to live in a small town that offered none of the cultural advantages of an urban center.

A second reason for malfunction and maldistribution in the medical profession is that the medical schools do not turn out as many medical men as they should. Faculties in medical schools don't grow on trees, and good medical school faculties are just as rare as other highly specialized professional people. It isn't just a matter of having the dollars to put up the buildings; one has to have good men to run the schools.

VERNON O. LUNDMARK, M.D.
Seattle, Wash.

SIR:

Dr. Creel's assertion that students in order to succeed must become automata conflicts with my experience of the pleasure with which house staff and faculty regard an ambitious student who asks reasonable questions and is able to give an intelligent account of his patients' illnesses and therapy.

Further, there is a vast amount of medicine to be learned in the first year after graduation, and whether the new M.D. is called in-

tern or resident seems to me immaterial.

RICHARD DORSEY, M.D.
*Intern, Medical College of Virginia
Richmond, Va.*

SIR:

I am in vigorous agreement with several points in the article by Dr. Creel, but there are many statements therein of doubtful validity.

While it is true that most premedical students do major in chemistry or biology, this is a matter of choice, not necessity. During the time I have been premedical adviser here, several students majoring in English, mathematics, psychology, or history have been accepted by several medical schools, and I have yet to have a student whom I considered qualified rejected by any medical school on account of his major. Two premedical students from this university who majored in music were accepted, and by different medical schools.

Medical educators in general are not "reluctant to overhaul and modernize their training programs," as charged by Dr. Creel. There are a number of experiments in medical education in progress besides those mentioned by him. And the accelerated pilot program has not been 100 percent successful. A fair number of those taken into the six-year program directly from high school do not have the emotional maturity to withstand the rigors of the first year of medical school.

JACOB SACKS
*Chairman, Premedical Advisory Committee
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark.*

Views of the GOP

SIR:

David S. Broder's thesis in "The Struggle for Power" (April *Atlantic*) is based on a premise which most people within the Republican Party will not accept, i.e., that the principles of liberalism are acceptable terms for government of the United States. A recent Gallup poll found that 69 percent of the Republicans in this country classify themselves as "conservatives," while only 14 percent call themselves "liberal."

Thus Mr. Broder's analysis and conclusion have merit for only 14 percent of the GOP. The 69 percent who are conservative do not look on Governors Scranton, Rockefeller, and Romney, as well as Mayor Lindsay, as "Responsibles," "the

relatively few men who are still trying to expand the party's base to the point where it can again compete effectively for the presidency." Instead, the majority of the party would view these men as responsible only toward their own political future, and irresponsible to the majority of the party, who would follow the path of conservatism.

While not denying the role of self-interest in the so-called "Influentials'" actions, I believe that these men adhere strongly to a concept of politics and government which may not be the most popular on a given November day, but which is representative of the traditional philosophy of the party and which is also the majority will of Republicans. These men may well choose a minority position in national politics, but at least they will have the comfort of doing what they believe is right. Their first responsibility as citizens and representatives of the people is to promote an honest and correct philosophy of government, not merely to win elections.

I would also remind Mr. Broder that the conservatives of the Republican Party, whom he believes are irresponsible, provided labor and money when presidential nomination after nomination went to the liberals. For the first time in thirty years the party nominated a conservative in 1964, and the liberals deserted in droves. This is responsibility?

It would seem that Mr. Broder's advice to the party is to abandon conservatism and embrace a pragmatic opportunism that will win elections. My advice to Mr. Broder is to register and vote Democratic, as the Democrats have been following that philosophy for years.

BRUCE R. WILSON
New York City

SIR:

Please allow me to congratulate Walter Pincus on an unusually perceptive and brilliant article about the Republican Party ("The Fight Over Money," April *Atlantic*).

As an American, I believe that what he wrote will help to strengthen our two-party system of government.

As a Republican, I believe his article will help constructive Republicans all over the country to set goals for a better party, which will help us achieve a better America.

MARK V. MARLOWE
Lexington, Ky.

SIR:

Of course, Nieman Fellows have a certain stripe, so it would be only natural to expect that Tom Wicker's "report" on Richard Nixon ("The Unhappy Warriors") in the April issue of your pseudo-intellectuals' delight might just turn out to be an early "Stop Nixon" hatchet job. For sheer lack of objectivity and venom this article should rate some sort of Sigma Delta Chi award for holding high the pundits' banners on behalf of "liberal" causes.

E. G. OLSZYK
Milwaukee, Wis.

Atlantic poetry

SIR:

It was a joy to find that both the April and May issue of the *Atlantic* had poems which drove me neither to the dictionary nor to distraction.

John Ciardi's "Talking Myself to Sleep at One More Hilton" (April) made his insomnia worthwhile for both him and your readers. Peter Davison's "The Destroyer" (May) was refreshingly coherent.

However, I must confess that I gave up the struggle to punctuate the poem by W. S. Merwin ("The Finding of Reasons," May). Such poems remind me of the advertisement for a cake mix which says that the company graciously allows the housewife to add a quarter of a pound of butter to the mix. When a poet cannot take the time and energy needed for punctuation, I for one will not take the time to find the meaning in what he has written.

LOIS GRANT PALCHES
Centerville, Mass.

SIR:

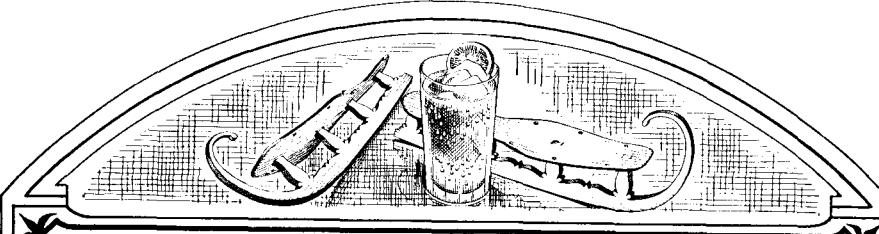
John Ciardi's poem was wonderful; true and sad and beautiful. Thank you for printing it.

MAGGIE RENNERT
Washington, D. C.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

To my utter disgust, the *Atlantic* ran an article by Conor Cruise O'Brien entitled "Africa's Answer to Schweitzer" (March). How illogical can you people be? Is Mr. O'Brien an African? No. Is he black? No. That an Irishman can be thought of by you as giving any African's view about anything is simply mad. Why, even Ian Smith of Rhodesia is more qualified to



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Susan Spotless says:



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give an African's view (his own), as he is, by birth, African.

Please insert a bit more logic in your articles. Or can we expect an American view of the Vietnam war written by Ho Chi Minh next?

WILLIAM BRICE
Kingston, Jamaica

SIR:

As co-chairman of LENA (Lower Eastside Neighborhoods Association) and co-chairman of LENA's Housing Division at the time of the Tompkins Square Housing controversy, I believe a response to some of the charges made against LENA by Arthur R. Simon ("New Yorkers Without a Voice," April *Atlantic*) is necessary.

The article was correct in that the final decision of LENA's board was to oppose the plan proposed by Mr. Simon's group, insofar as it affected those few blocks selected by the city for redevelopment. What was not mentioned in the article was that the board first voted to support this plan. The controversy between the city and Mr. Simon's group revolved around the feasibility of retention of certain houses on the site: the city insisted rehabilitation was not economically practicable, Mr. Simon's group insisted that it was.

At the crucial board meeting a representative of Mr. Simon's group read a letter from an independent, recognized, and reputable expert in the field, Mr. Roger Starr, executive director of the Citizen's Housing and Planning Council, and subsequently a director of a pilot project in rehabilitation for the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. The letter, as read, contained Mr. Starr's thoughts on the general desirability of rehabilitation, where practicable, rather than demolition and renewal through new construction. Based on that, the board voted approval of the plan submitted as an alternate to the city plan.

At the next meeting, however, the full letter from Mr. Starr was read, including the final paragraph, which had been omitted (I assume inadvertently) from the first reading. The concluding paragraph contained the statement that, based upon his inspection, with accompanying experts, of the houses concerned, Mr. Starr did not think rehabilitation of these particular buildings was feasible. Naturally the reaction of

the board, after initial shock, was to rescind its prior resolution and vote approval of the city's proposal.

LLOYD I. PAPERNO
Co-chairman, LENA
New York City

SIR:

I have just returned from a two-month expedition to Scammon Lagoon and cannot accept Wesley Marx's thesis ("An Eviction of Whales," April *Atlantic*) that the gray whale will be evicted from Scammon Lagoon by the transshipment of salt from there to Cedros by barge.

I and my associates have been able to demonstrate that the lagoon's principal function to the whales is to provide their daily food; we were delighted to discover that their feeding areas are well removed from the transit areas for barge shipments and that the amount of shipping will be so slight as to eliminate the potential dangers of pollution. Clearly pollution is the big danger to the lagoons, as the principal foods of the gray whale are bottom organisms, which have limited ability to withstand deluges of sewage and chemical wastes.

Marx was unaware of our new findings, although he should have pointed out that Scammon Lagoon is only one of three large lagoons accessible to the whale, and that the whale in other parts of its ranges manages to survive without access to lagoons at all. I believe that the whaler per se is the main enemy of the whale and will continue to be responsible for its decline.

THEODORE J. WALKER
Scripps Institution of Oceanography
University of California
San Diego, Calif.

SIR:

Your excellent April Report on Washington highlights Lyndon Johnson's unfitness to guide this nation through the foreign relations maze. The task demands pragmatic, sophisticated realism, not evangelism.

A personal grip on the reins of foreign policy is often desirable, but the touch must be that of a skilled coachman, not a ham-handed stage driver.

JOHN P. MEADE
Arlington, Va.

SIR:

Your Report on France in the

April issue is well documented and factual. It is true that there is political intrigue and involvement at the top in France. However, the Barka affair belongs to folklore when it is compared with the systematic spying on private citizens commonly done in the United States by government and industry. General Motor's snooping into the life of Ralph Nader (author of *Unsafe at Any Speed*) and the State Department's directives to U.S. embassies to keep an eye on Professor H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard are two examples. When wiretapping, electronic eyes, computers, and so forth are used to pry into the life of a citizen, one wonders if the American is not replacing fear of the enemy with fear of himself. And if this is happening, the United States then may very well be becoming the biggest threat to world peace.

PIERRE P. ROY
Rivière du Loup, Quebec

SIR:

I agree with Charles W. Morton's Accent article, "Better Than People," in the April *Atlantic*. As a freshman attending an all girls' college, one sometimes encounters the type of girl who would never miss her daily serial no matter what term paper was due. I do not regard the serial watchers very highly. Neither do I regard very highly persons who are inseparable from their talking-picture boxes.

I have watched my share of cartoons, Westerns, and what have you, but when one has finally grown out of this stage, the television offers — with the exception of a few good regular programs, movies, and specials — nothing but serials and ridiculous spy fantasies.

In general the children's programs are improving with technique and variety while the supposedly adult programs are unbelievable, in poor taste, depressing, or seen by children.

ROSE SWEENEY
Wentworth, Mo.

SIR:

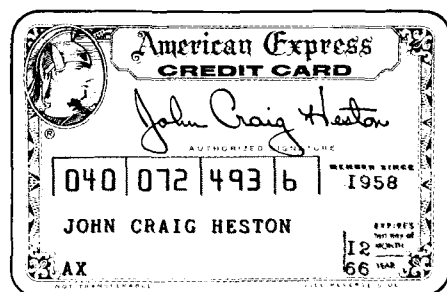
R. G. G. Price ("Three Cheers for When," May *Atlantic*) carelessly overlooked the coincidence of his birth with the appearance of Halley's Comet in 1910. I hope that Mr. Price will still be wielding his pen around 1985 when the comet will come his way again.

MARY E. MCCARTHY
Chelsea, Mass.



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AMERICAN EXPRESS

EDUCATION'S BILLION-DOLLAR BABY

BY ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

For another of her microscopic studies of what goes on beneath the governmental and journalistic clichés of Washington, Mrs. Drew has chosen to examine the first results of federal aid to education. Her conclusion is that feds plus funds equals a long-term possibility of progress.

THOSE who agree with Harold Howe, the new U.S. Commissioner of Education, that "too much education has been a Procrustean bed which the kids have had to fit," or with Francis Keppel, until recently the Assistant Secretary for Education, that "education is too important to be left solely to the educators," or with another education official who would prefer not to be named that "school officials have spent too much time looking for good buys in urinals and not enough thinking about what the kids are learning" have some cause to be hopeful. The hope rides on whether or not the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 works; yet making it work is no easy trick.

The first large-scale school aid bill in the nation's history was enacted not, as was widely believed, because the issues of church and state, segregated schools, and federal control were *resolved*, but because they were lobbed out of Congress back to the states and school districts. Furthermore, there was no reservoir of talented administrators and specialized educators to rush in to make the Act work. The task of getting the program mounted during the past year is, I believe, a case of a good program in the hands of — at the very top, at least — able men. Yet how can Washington, with the power of money but the limitations imposed by political accommodations and practical necessities,

bring about the desired results in Hattiesburg, Bismarck, Schenectady, and Chicago? Do local authorities have the wit and the will to improve markedly their worst schools, to make the system more concerned with the result of education than with the process?

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act was born partly of the attitudes about education that prevail at the top of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and partly of desperation. Neither President Kennedy nor President Johnson had been able to put through Congress a long-standing Democratic pet proposal — federal aid for school construction and teachers' salaries. Catholics would demand equivalent aid for parochial schools, which raised constitutional and political problems; Northerners and civil rights groups would demand a provision that no funds go to segregated schools; and these, plus genuine opposition to federal spending and fear of federal interference in the workings of local school systems, combined to kill school-aid proposals.

Meanwhile, Francis Keppel, former dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, who was brought to Washington as Kennedy's Education Commissioner in 1962, and John Gardner, then head of the Carnegie Corporation and now Secretary of HEW, were trying to steer Administration

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thinking to a new order of educational priorities, with the "educationally disadvantaged" at the top of the list. (After three years of exhausting work to get enactment of this and other education legislation — the job for which he had come to Washington — Keppel wanted to resign and return to private life. At Gardner's request, he stayed on an extra year as assistant secretary and resigned in mid-1966.)

The new approach, it turned out, was not only more pertinent to education's most pressing needs than the general scattering about of funds to build buildings and give all teachers a bit of a raise. It squarely faced the seldom admitted fact that our much vaunted system of free and equal education for all is a myth, that rich kids and middle-class kids, whose parents sit on school boards, are given a better education than poor kids.

The new program was not talked about in quite these terms as it was presented to Congress. In its own words, it was aimed at "the special educational needs of educationally deprived children," and it was widely seen as a logical escalation of the war on poverty. Each school district would be given funds based on the number of children in families with an income of less than \$2000 or on welfare. The funds were to be concentrated on schools with the greatest number of "disadvantaged" children, and were to be used to provide new staff, special services or facilities, *over and above* ongoing programs, to remedy the effects of past deprivations, and to gear the school to the child's needs. All of this was to be done under Title I, the major section of the new program. On the rationale that the aid was for the child rather than for the school or school system, impoverished private school students were entitled to many of the benefits of Title I. (In marvels of Talmudic reasoning, the money may not be used to construct a private school classroom, but may buy a publicly owned mobile classroom to be parked outside the private school; it may not be used to hire a special teacher for the private school, but a special teacher hired for the public schools may be sent to teach in the private school.)

The other four sections of the Act are worthy of mention, though their implementation will not be covered here. They provide library books (a third of the nation's schools have no libraries) and textbooks, permitting the books to be "loaned" to private schools; funds for construction of centers offering special educational, scientific, and cultural programs beyond, and hopefully more creative than, the ones the schools are already providing; funds for more coordinated research into improving educational techniques; and *federal* funds so that *state* education agencies can expand, hire better-caliber people, and modernize their

budgeting and statistical techniques. Slightly more than \$1 billion was authorized for the first year of the Act, almost all of it for Title I.

THE five sections of the bill are all of a piece, and when the program is viewed this way, what Keppel and his colleagues were up to becomes clear. They hoped to foment a quiet revolution in education. When pressed, Keppel said that the bill's point was "to make school systems rethink the whole thing," that "it does represent a strategy for educational change." Research, which has been minimal for so large an enterprise as education, would be expanded, its anachronisms and anarchy reduced; the special centers established throughout the country would be showcases for new ideas; and the products of all this would be pushed into the classroom. Now, some say, it usually takes twenty-five years for a new idea to get off the shelf and into the school. Meanwhile, state education agencies would be improved so that they could help administer the large new undertaking, do the job they were meant to do, and bring some order and efficiency to the fundamentally inefficient American education system.

Three months and one day after Mr. Johnson proposed it, a largely unchanged bill was enacted. It was not until late September, however, that Congress approved the appropriation bill providing the money to get the program going. By that time, the 1965-1966 school year had begun. To add to the pressure, in a few months the President would have to ask Congress to extend the one-year authorization and to provide more money, and congressmen would be seeking assurances that the new program was going swimmingly.

Long before the Act was passed, Frank Keppel knew that the Office of Education was in no shape to administer it. It was largely a professional society of experts divided into little principalities which concerned themselves with such things as gathering statistics on the square feet of classrooms or offering consulting service on outmoded vocational education; its budgeting and accounting system was barely out of the goose-quill-pen era. Between 1961 and 1965, however, the Office's budget had tripled, from \$500 million to \$1.5 billion, as new and expanded programs of college and vocational aid were enacted. The Elementary and Secondary Education Act would be piled on top of that.

In early 1965, Keppel launched a wholesale reorganization and talent search. At this writing, more than a year later, modernized budgeting and accounting systems have been installed and most of the reorganizing has taken place, but the

problem of personnel remains a nagging one. One third of the top-level jobs are unfilled; throughout the ranks there are still 300 vacancies out of 2500 jobs. Whether those hired have brought to the agency the drive, competence, spark, and leadership it needs remains to be proven.

The problem of attracting talent is a common one throughout the government, particularly as new programs get under way. The peculiar problems facing the Office of Education were: working for OE was not exactly a status symbol in the education profession; it was up against competition of its own making in expanding universities, state and local education agencies, consulting firms, and publishing houses; the most experienced talent could command higher salaries outside government; many school retirement plans were too good to give up. The combination educator-administrator that was needed was not an easy commodity to find. Finally, there were the procedural drags: a jungle of civil service regulations, intra-HEW clearances, and the required personal approval of Presidential Assistant Marvin Watson for all top appointments.

There was not time, however, to wait for the arrival of more help if Title I was to have any effect during the 1965-1966 school year. Beginning last summer, therefore, OE employees were pulled off their regular jobs, or held down double jobs, while the first stage of implementing the law was begun — the delicate, difficult, tedious, and quarrelsome business of drawing up regulations, or ground rules. Teams were dispatched around the country to try to explain to state and local officials how the Act would work. "We were cannibalizing people that we had on board to get ready for a program many times larger than programs we already had," says one OE official. "The state agencies were in exactly the same situation; yet they were responsible for launching programs, and developing a system of evaluation and approval, a system of accounting and fiscal management. There was the same situation at the local level."

In the interest of selling Congress, the architects of the bill devised the formula for allocating funds under Title I so that money would go to every county in the nation, and to as many school districts as possible, even the wealthier ones. Thus it turned out that 95 percent of the nation's 26,000 school districts were eligible for aid. For both administrative and political reasons, the judgment was made that the program would be administered by state agencies, whatever their limitations, rather than in Washington. "We simply couldn't handle it in Washington," explains Keppel. "Each district has quite a different problem; the plans have to be reviewed and screened somewhere.

The choice was of strengthening the existing machinery, which was there, to handle these thousands upon thousands of separate programs, or weakening that machinery by having all the judgments made in Washington. From my point of view, the best alternative was to decentralize." There were also other reasons. "We were conscious all along that we were dealing with jealously held concepts of state and local control over education," says a high Administration official. This way Congress could not cry that the states were being bypassed, and the federal control issue was damped down.

The arrangement was that the federal government would provide the money and establish the regulations, the state governments would pledge to administer the Act in accordance with the regulations, the school districts would draw up plans for using the money and submit them to state agencies for approval, and the federal government would, in turn, see the plans only after the states had approved them. (Some state school officials fought the idea of showing the plans to the government at all.) Despite the obeisance to the idea that education should be state-controlled, there was some skirting of the issue. The money was in effect deposited with each school district, and the responsibility for originating the plans was given to the local school agencies. "There was just not enough confidence that as a whole the state governments would know how to handle this kind of program," explained one OE official.

State education agencies vary widely in competence and in their relationships with local districts. Phoenix has a small statistics-gathering group barely tolerated by the rest of the state; Pierre has traditionally had little power, and can offer but meager salaries in its desperate attempts to staff itself for the new program; Springfield is largely an appendage of Chicago; Columbus is conservative, slow-moving, and thus far a drag on getting the new Act going in Ohio; Albany has the best-staffed, most prestigious, and most powerful state agency in the country, one that once went so far as to remove the New York City school board. Some state agencies have been deliberately kept weak; some would like to take charge of the new program, as the Act requires, but find it hard to resist local pressures. Harrisburg, after all, has to live with Philadelphia. And the school districts bring a wide variety of resources to the job of developing new programs: some are sophisticated; some are rich enough to hire the specialists to design a good program; some are poor, rural, and don't know where to begin.

This explains, perhaps, why it was not until four months after the Act passed Congress that federal officials completed the drafting of the

regulations on how it was to be carried out. The regulations — thirteen triple-columned minutely printed pages of them — were published in September. The fifty-three-page book of guidelines to help bewildered state and local officials make head or tail of the regulations was not available until January, 1966. Then, because of various misjudgments, the guidelines had to be revised, and a new set was distributed in February. A major problem was the diversity of the clientele.

MEANWHILE, misconceptions of the Act had time to spread. Through a combination of misinterpretation, wishful thinking, and malintent, the impression got about that this was actually warmed-over general school aid, and all the talk about poverty was window dressing to get the bill passed. Some school district officials thought that they could use the money to build classrooms and raise teachers' salaries as long as they did it for poor children's schools. Many found it hard to understand OE's urging that the programs be concentrated in the schools with the most impoverished children, even if this meant spending no money on small numbers of poor children in schools scattered throughout the city ("Don't water the penicillin," OE officials plead). Some thought they could use the new federal money for projects they had already planned to pay for out of local funds. Many who did understand that the federal money had to be used for *new programs* succumbed to aggressive school equipment salesmen. Hundreds of school districts placed orders for teaching machines, projectors, educational TV, regardless of their relevance to the needs of educationally retarded children. Some companies offered attractive package deals, throwing in an extra projector perhaps, and some obliged local officials by filling out their federal applications for them. OE officials, appalled at the number of obviously "canned" applications coming in, began frantically sending out warnings, but in many cases the equipment salesmen had already made off with the first year's funds.

The most fundamental problem, perhaps, in getting school districts to make good use of the money was that this required superintendents and school boards to face up to and reverse their own failures. School administrators like to say that if only they had the money, or if only they could persuade their school boards, they would not be operating miserable schools where, for instance, children "graduate" into high school with fifth-grade abilities. "Too many districts have lived too long with an on-going system where children succeed or don't," said one administrator of the

new program; "if they drop out they are no longer a problem for the school. Too few have faced the problem of identifying special needs, and what can be done to meet these needs. They haven't faced the problems of joblessness, delinquency, perpetuated welfare dependency — these have been apart from the school's concerns. Now they resent being dragged into this."

Moreover, the new Act was often incompatible with local politics, which, after all, had done much to produce the worst schools. Now the federal government was demanding that these schools be favored. A few local officials were glad to be able to do this and blame "the feds," but this seems to have been a minority reaction. Some congressmen have been privately telling HEW officials that they are facing a middle-class revolt against federal programs favoring the poor.

Beyond politics, where were local officials to gain the capacity to treat the "special educational needs of educationally deprived children"? Some districts in all their wisdom came up with plans for new programs in driver education, band, and wrestling teams. Some wanted to remodel kitchens or buy recreational equipment. Some wanted to treat with education in general but not educationally deprived children in particular — to establish kindergartens or to lower ever so slightly the teacher-pupil ratio throughout the district. Some did focus on the most abysmal schools, but not on their students. One OE official told me that Florida moved quickly with its new program, but then the pleased OE officials discovered that much of it was devoted to equipment. "A couple of days after we realized this," he said, "a man from the Florida state department of education came in for more money, this time for migratory children. That was what the money was for in the first place, but there was none left."

On the brighter side, Rochester, New York, with the help of talented officials and backed by a good state agency, has developed a program that OE officials find highly pleasing. The largest part of Rochester's \$2 million is spent for remedial courses during school hours. In other programs, the teacher-pupil ratio in the worst schools is being reduced, extensive in-service teacher training is being provided for teachers in these schools, teachers are being freed to spend more time on experimenting with the curriculum, parents are being involved in the learning processes at home and in the schools. A bookmobile has made books available where there are no libraries, and racks of paperbacks have been put in the classrooms of the high schools. Health and counseling services have been expanded, flexible art and clay-and-wood-modeling courses have been introduced, and there are more field trips. OE says that

though there are many programs, the money is not diluted, and the programs are in proportion.

The basic problem is that nobody really knows for sure yet what is the best thing for educationally deprived children. The majority of the Title I programs thus far have to do with using teacher aides, remedial courses during or after hours, provision of health, food, and psychological services, and home-school visits. The more thoughtful federal officials, however, ask themselves whether these are really the best solutions or only the most obvious. What is the point of an after-school remedial course for tired children if nothing is changed during the six hours they are in school? How much is accomplished if a child's teeth and eyesight are improved but his school is not? Will there be follow-through, so that one year's gains are not lost the next? Does it really make any difference if children who can barely read are taken to a "cultural event" or are given a summer "camping experience"? Is there too much emphasis on overhauling the "culturally deprived" child and too little on retooling his schools and his teachers? The Act requires that school districts "evaluate" the results of their programs, and this has produced considerable groping for terms, standards, or goals, or what statisticians call "baseline data," on which to base an evaluation. There is still much to be learned.

The Office of Education has virtually inundated school officials with pamphlets, memoranda, offers of microfilms, and so on, in an earnest attempt to be helpful. Yet many school officials were already in a state of rebellion against the paper work pouring out of Washington. They considered the application forms outrageously complicated. Their reaction was about half belly-aching and half justified complaining, as even OE officials admit. School officials have complained, again with mixed validity, that it costs them too much to get the federal money. The American Association of School Administrators' executive secretary, Dr. Forrest Conner, said that he had yet to find a community where the cost of planning for the Elementary and Secondary Education Act was less than \$10,000, and that it cost some cities up to \$1 million. This has the unfortunate by-product of putting the "them-that-has-gits" principle into action; the wealthier cities can afford to hire the talent and specialists and pay the overhead to get a good program going, while the poorer small towns and rural areas cannot.

A number of school districts have simply thanked the government and rejected the funds. Some did it because of the local expense involved, some because they feared the heavy hand of Uncle Sam messing in their affairs, some because they refused to acknowledge that there were educationally de-

prived children in their midst, and some because the size of the federal grant was too piddling to bother about. In New York State, Tuxedo Park, one of the poshest districts, which was somehow awarded \$73.13, and New Lebanon, which was granted \$7.13, rejected the program. A more serious question is whether, under the pressure to make sure that the full amount of money is used, it is spent merely for spending's sake.

Dr. Conner and his staff at the AASA have been busy telling school administrators why they should not reject the program and persuading those that did to change their minds. "We must meet the challenge," said an AASA "Hotline" newsletter to school administrators, "... if we are to do what we have been talking about *for years*." And then it came to the point: "If we don't, someone else *will*."

If there is one thing educators do not like, it is Keppel's kind of talk about education being too important to be left solely to them. They speak of the "so-called new establishment" over at HEW and claim, perhaps justifiably, that if they had been consulted more, the first year of the new Act would have proceeded more smoothly. The establishment of poverty programs such as Project Head Start outside the school system went against their union-shop approach to education. School officials were less than delirious, therefore, when they learned that Congress had required that plans for Title I be "developed in cooperation with" community action agencies established to operate poverty programs. Where the CAA's are largely passive or an arm of City Hall, this section has caused little trouble, unless there is another group militantly opposed to City Hall. In this case, or where the CAA is firmly independent, there have been some bruising controversies over how Title I money should be spent. In some cities, school officials have become sensitized to poverty groups, and learned how to deal with them; more will have to do the same. This is probably one of the best things about the new Act.

THE disposition of Chicago's \$32.5 million grant for Title I was the subject of so much wrangling that the 1965-1966 school year was more than half over before plans to use just one third of the money were approved by the state, and even these were still in dispute. Benjamin Willis, the redoubtable Chicago school superintendent who has won the animosity of civil rights groups, after much fanfare unveiled in late September a program which was primarily a voluntary after-school remedial course lasting for one hour four afternoons a week. There were also to be "saturation" pro-

grams in three school areas, two of them largely white, above-moderate-income areas (one of these containing the homes of both Willis and the school board chairman). The Coordinating Council of Community Organizations, a coalition of church, labor, and civil rights groups, charged that Willis' plans defied federal requirements that Title I funds be spent in areas with high concentrations of low-income families, and that the programs be of sufficient size and scope "to give reasonable promise of substantial progress."

Following loud protests, Willis withdrew the plans and in October submitted new ones which were so fuzzy that it was virtually impossible to tell where the money would go. Nevertheless, Illinois state superintendent Ray Page pronounced the plans "great" and released the first \$6 million of Chicago's federal money. In December, the C.C.C.O. filed a voluminously documented complaint with Washington, asking that the Chicago program be suspended. This produced much scurrying and telephoning between Washington, Springfield, and Chicago during the rest of the year, and fractious disputes over each step of the program.

Trouble over Chicago's segregated schools had already started early in 1965 as the Office of Education moved to enforce Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, prohibiting federal funds from being spent where there was discrimination in their use. The school act was the first program of sufficient size to give the OE the leverage to induce districts to desegregate their schools in order to get federal aid.

Early in 1965 each school district was required to file an "assurance" of "full compliance" with Title VI. The assurances of some 2000 districts known to run dual school systems were deferred (the "deferral" at that point was largely symbolic, since the Elementary and Secondary Education Act had not yet become law). The Office of Education's 100-member civil rights compliance staff then had to negotiate compliance plans with the 2000 districts. About 100 Southern districts refused federal funds rather than desegregate. Invariably, these are districts with Negro children who desperately need federal help.

Since it is not a very good administrative practice for federal bureaucrats to treat local officials as liars, and there was not enough OE staff to check on the districts, all but the most blatantly suspicious assurances had to be taken at their word for the time being. Nor was HEW ready to deal with the issue of de facto school segregation (there is a growing body of opinion in Washington as well as in the civil rights movement that there is no such thing, that the racial makeup of schools is always the result of official action). But ready

or not, complaints came in charging racial discrimination in the schools of Boston, San Francisco, Chester, Pennsylvania, and Chicago.

The Chicago complaint, filed in July by the C.C.C.O., charged that school boundaries and feeder systems were deliberately drawn to maintain racially segregated schools, and that the school system ran the Washburne Trade School as a school for apprentices selected by racially discriminatory unions. In a lengthy documented report, the C.C.C.O. charged that "more than 90 percent of Chicago's Negro children attend segregated schools." It asked that Chicago's \$32 million for Title I be deferred.

To telescope subsequent events: after preliminary investigation Keppel wrote to state superintendent Page saying that preliminary checks "indicate probable noncompliance" with Title VI and that Chicago's funds should be suspended until the issues were "satisfactorily resolved." After complaints to President Johnson by Mayor Daley, there resulted the October 5 "Cohen-Whiston Pact," between Wilbur Cohen, undersecretary of HEW and Frank B. Whiston, president of the Chicago Board of Education, which agreed that in return for HEW's release of the funds, Whiston would within sixty days "examine the validity of any complaints" and take "appropriate action . . . if any is called for." By early spring, according to one HEW source, the Pact was "still very badly not carried out."

Chicago's racial problems and ward politics may be no worse than those that federal administrators will face in other cities as they try to make the school act work. In openly moving on Chicago first as they did, however, federal officials just happened to pick a city whose mayor is a major power in the Democratic Party. Also, they failed to lay sufficient groundwork within the federal government—the Justice Department, which doubts that it was legal to suspend the funds without a hearing, apparently was not contacted. When a move this potentially explosive and politically loaded is made, it must have the government and the White House behind it.

ALL has been much quieter on the religious front than on the civil rights front, much quieter, in fact, than federal officials expected. OE officials and Catholic education leaders like to tell (with remarkable similarity) how the local school superintendent is taking the local monsignor out for a drink, and by golly they're finding out that they have all kinds of mutual problems and are learning to solve them together. In many cities the public-private school accommodation is work-

ing well. Most of the projects are worked out either through the "shared time" or the "shared services" concept, through special after-school or Saturday classes. While many Catholic educators prefer shared services to shared time, because of the inconvenience of shipping the children from place to place, in many cities and states shared services are less acceptable politically. Under the shared services arrangement, publicly hired teachers and counselors are sent into the private schools for special and remedial work.

Yet there seems to be more quiet than peace on the religious issue as yet. Some states — Oklahoma, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska — have issued very tough rulings against aid to the private schools. In mid-February, the Office of Education felt compelled to send out a memorandum to state officials chiding them for the "rather minimal involvement of private school students." It also pointed out that where private school students were involved, it was often on a noncomparable basis — for instance, when public school children are given extensive remedial instruction and private school pupils get a trip to the zoo.

Catholic leaders appear to have settled on a deliberate policy of not complaining about their treatment under the Act. Their approach seems to be based on two factors. First, they feel that they must overcome the effects of the unfortunate public relations resulting from Catholic involvement in defeats of earlier school bills. Second, they know that any further federal help is contingent on this first experiment's proceeding without uproar. As one observer put it, "It is in their interest not to conduct a holy war." Opponents of the public-private settlement, however, have not given up. Representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, and the American Jewish Congress have been holding meetings in Washington to devise a court challenge to the law. They have already started one indirect challenge, in a suit filed in Detroit against a Michigan state program very similar to Title I. And despite the shaky truce, few observers feel that a solution is in sight for the public-private issue when the question of school construction aid arises again, as it will.

The central issue behind the Elementary and Secondary Education Act is how to motivate change, real change. This, if it works, is what the Act should do, through a combination of bribery by federal funds and pressure by aroused community groups, gingerly and spasmodically backed by the federal government. As applied to the central issue behind the Act, "creative federalism" begins to mean something. One of President Johnson's White House assistants defines creative

federalism as "the three systems of government in America working in a creative working relationship; instead of each narrowly defending its own jurisdiction, they are working together and strengthening each jurisdiction. It stems from a feeling that the federal government has no business or desire to run these programs on a national basis; this has a price, but what would be the alternative price if the federal government would have to develop plans for each community?" At this point, creative federalism in school aid means letting the states and local communities have a go at trying to spend the money wisely, at discovering local solutions to local problems and working out new relationships between themselves, while federal officials referee from the sidelines. Theoretically, the feds still have the last word, for it is theirs to withhold the funds; yet this is a drastic act, one which they seek to avoid, preferring instead to coach, encourage, threaten, and cajole, and, for the time being, to put up with less than the best.

Perhaps I have overstressed the problems, tensions, and frustrations of getting the Elementary and Secondary Education Act going. If so, this was not with any intent to condemn, but to show that federal laws are not self-implementing, and that even in the hands of the brightest, most dedicated men, they can produce no quick miracles. On the contrary, to my mind the basic disruption that has been going on is a good sign, for it indicates change rather than federal subsidization of business as usual. As one administrator put it, "Once you get to the point where 26,000 school districts have to do something, relax. You're further along than you were before they did anything."

There are a lot of possibilities if the experiment works: fewer uneducated, unequipped people would be coming out or dropping out of the schools; when the slum children are as well educated as the rest, racial integration will be easier to bring off; with the lifting of the de facto segregation lines, paralyzing controversies over where to construct new schools would be irrelevant; more federal aid would follow; more talented, modern people would see the point of teaching in and running school systems; the Procrustean bed would take its place beside the Murphy bed in the Smithsonian.

All of this may be just dreaming, induced by the opiate of hope. There is also the possibility that the experiment will fail, that state and local officials will prove to be too unwilling or too limited to make a success of it, and that federal officials will be overly timid. In that case the losers will be in general all of us, and in particular the kids in the slums and the scratchy rural areas — but then they're used to being the losers.

POLITICS AND THE ARTS

by Peter Ustinov

Where, as they frequently do, politicians fear or refuse to tread, artists must rush in to nourish the principles of freedom and human understanding. This theme is explored by the distinguished actor, director, short-story writer, and novelist Peter Ustinov. It is drawn from an address he delivered recently to an audience of politicians, the Massachusetts House of Representatives.



MORE faithfully than any historian, the artist reflects the atmosphere, the pith, and the prejudices of his epoch. He is the chronicler of moods, the distiller of style. He translates life into poetic and organized terms. In his lighter moments, he is the safety valve on the boiler of state. From the beginning of time, great kings had the habit of employing clowns to insult them, to cajole them, and to keep their feet on the ground while their heads were grazing in the clouds of conquest.

And yet, the function of the clown was always understood to be something outside reality. He could be as lethal as he wished — he could tell the truth about the ruler — but the laughter with which his truth was greeted was enough to divert it from its target. Occasionally an attempt is made to mix the worlds of reality and satire, as when the Beatles, who are in some respects Britain's answer to the Boeing and the Bomb, were awarded the Order of the British Empire. Immediately a host of distinguished colonels, who were ready enough to enjoy the irreverent wit of the clowns as an entertainment, turned in their medals, feeling that the world of serious achievement was being invaded by some lesser breed of hero. Why is this? Is it not perhaps because those who reach the top of the tree are merely those who do not possess the qualifications to detain them at the bottom? After all,

Photograph of Peter Ustinov by Frank H. O'Donnell.

if by some extraordinary quirk the Secretary of State were compelled to fill in for an ailing clown, his lack of qualifications would become apparent in a matter of seconds, whereas a clown standing in for the Secretary of State would have a very much better chance of survival. My guess is that the change would pass completely unnoticed for several months, until such time as people began to be aware that no diplomatic blunder had been committed for a remarkably long period. Then they might reasonably ask themselves what had gone wrong in high places.

There is a reason, naturally, for the predilection of those who govern to commit errors of judgment. They are politically engaged, whereas the clowns are professionally detached. Detachment affords a much clearer view of the world, and an untrammelled spirit to boot, whereas engagement compels both opportunism and compromise, and is a fruitful source of ulcers.

If, now, there is a perceptible tendency for these two worlds to drift toward each other, this should not be put down entirely to a sudden ambition of the entertainers to be taken seriously, but rather to the emergence of television as a political medium.

This has had much the same impact on the political life of all nations as the advent of sound had on Hollywood. Just as certain stars of the silent

screen found the abrupt ability of the public to hear their voices an embarrassment, so experienced orators felt bewildered and cheated when their beloved audience vanished into an impersonal black box with an unblinking bloodshot eye mounted on it. In desperation, many distinguished public figures turned to actors for advice on make-up, comportment, and elocution, and the actors often took advantage of their own savoir faire, with the result that George Murphy is now in the Senate, with Ronald Reagan in hot pursuit. Soon equal time will be of less moment than the billing.

In case it be thought that this is a purely American phenomenon, I hasten to make it clear that a talented actor from the Stratford-on-Avon Company is now giving his performance daily in the House of Commons, in what threatens to be his longest run. Also, in the recent French elections, M. Mitterand enjoyed the voluntary services of one of France's leading actors in matters of technical advice, but General de Gaulle, in the first counter-attack of this type, proved himself a greater actor than the tag team ranged against him by cleverly consenting to become a bumbling granddad before the cameras while his opponent acquired the crafts of the performer, and consequently lost votes every time his newfound resonance and elocution excited the indifference of the viewers. It is a curious phenomenon that in the glacial era of computers which we are just entering, this second ice age, it is warmth and warmth alone which carries the day on television. Had the medium existed in Hitler's day, I doubt very much whether he would have persuaded even the most hardened goose-stepping dolt that all was in order with the Reich. His fire-side chat to the nation, in which he would presumably have been seated in an armchair near the burning Reichstag, might have begun in calm, but it would have quickly disintegrated into an interminable harangue of the nation — and politicians who address the nation as a nation on television are on their way out. Even if twenty million people are watching a program, they are not seated in serried ranks, but in their homes in threes and twos and ones, and there is nothing more forbidding for the solitary viewer than to be addressed as though he were a huge cross section of the populace.

I am told that in the Californian senatorial race, George Murphy mumbled and bumbled, lost the thread of the argument, and misplaced his notes, while Pierre Salinger answered with crystalline dexterity and a fabulous command of his various subjects. We all know who got in. The actor disguised as a common man defeated the common man disguised as an actor on an untechnical K.O. It was the same in the heavyweight match in Paris. The professional disguised as an amateur defeated

the amateur disguised as a professional. In other words, in order to compensate for the increasingly impersonal aspects of society, nature has brought us television, on which, for the sake of preserving the last vestiges of humanity, the Achilles heel lords it over the head, and fallibility wins over proficiency.

I HAVE dwelt on these developments at such length because in order to discuss international understanding through the arts, we must first discuss the nature of our battlefield, and the nature of the weapons at our disposal.

It is a cliché to say that the world is shrinking. What is perhaps less conventional is to say that the frontiers of liberty itself are shrinking, and shrinking perilously. The span of possible political thought has diminished. England is now represented politically by three parties of the center, and the reason for the difficulties of the gallant Liberal Party is that the other two parties have occupied their platform, on which there is now standing room only. The Conservatives of today would have horrified Disraeli, while the Socialists would have appalled the Fabians. Britain, like every other country, is shackled by her economic and geographical possibilities. There is only one policy left. It matters less today what is done than how it is done. In the German elections, the real differences between Erhardt and Willy Brandt were minimal. Today, we tend to vote for men rather than parties or even opinions. In France, the elections were a palpable effort to rid the country of a man, but since the opposition, a hybrid collection of impossible bedfellows, had no idea half as constructive or a quarter as coherent as those of General de Gaulle, this old-fashioned parliamentary expediency was doomed to fail.

Whenever I ask experienced politicians to explain the difference between Democrats and Republicans, I get a different answer, and it usually boils down to dissension on a local level. I do not think it can be denied, however, that the left wing of one party is frequently much closer to the left wing of the other than either left wings are to their own right wings.

As the political cement dries, the countries of the free world are further bound to each other by a series of military treaties which inhibit independent opinion even more thoroughly, until eventually, while still jealously guarding our theoretical freedom of choice, we may all well be asking ourselves of what value this freedom is when there is no choice left. I believe it is the artist's solemn function to defy this perceptible diminution of our horizons, and to risk disapproval, suspicion, and even hostility in the relentless pursuit of objective vision.

In this increasingly technical world, it is small wonder that the two giants, the United States and the Soviet Union, are watching each other like hawks as the race goes on on earth, in the stratosphere, and in the caverns of the sea, each believing that the other may chance on some bright idea which will give it a temporary advantage.

Consequently, the Soviet Union watches the tremendous acumen of American technology — a formidable surge of industrial power and flexibility in the very country which Karl Marx in *Das Kapital* foresaw as the obvious first victim to Communism. What does she do? She peppers her industry with incentives and artificially inseminates her own system with competitive ideas. Russia has reached a stage in her development where a greater degree of liberty is a necessary prerequisite to expansion, and so she slyly but practically adapts some of the methods of capitalism to her own rigid structures.

At the same time, she is the only country which has consistently boosted the position of the artist in her own society. This may well be due in part to the traditional piety with which Russians, red or white, have always worshiped the arts, but it is certainly also a logical consequence of her particular revolutionary tradition. The Communists well know that although the rage of the masses may spark a revolt, revolutions are made of grimmer fiber and of sounder mind, and they are carefully planned, not by hungry workers, but by artists and intellectuals.

The phrase is not mine, but is a common one in the vocabulary of Communism. Artists and intellectuals are always lumped together as the new elite, the aristocracy of the left. Their rewards are high when they respond to the courtship of the Party by toeing the line, and their punishment is terrible when they seem ungrateful for their special position by declaring their independence. It is natural that in such a society the interpreter has a much easier time of it than the creator. Even if there is a subversive or reactionary way of playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto, it is frankly beyond the capabilities of the average commissar to detect it, but even the glummiest of high-ranking comrades recognizes a pessimistic symphony when he hears it. The result is that there was a sudden spate of great Russian interpreters playing and pirouetting their way into our hearts, and spreading their innocent message of goodwill in all parts of the world. The United States, believing that the Soviet might be onto something good here, abruptly began looking to its own artistic heritage, and unleashed a process of cultural escalation worthy of its size and importance. Pianist for pianist, fiddler for fiddler, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are well matched, and their struggle for ascendancy gives general pleasure, which is a change. The

interest started during Mr. Kennedy's tenure, and it continued, albeit with a little less assurance than before, under Mr. Johnson. For instance, Mr. Lowell, great poet that he is, was enabled to attract much more attention to his particular point of view by his refusal to attend a function at the White House than he would have by merely writing to a newspaper. In doing what he did, Mr. Lowell admirably illustrated the ideal position of the artist in society. He not only has a perfect right to his opinion, but as perfect a right to take expedient advantage of a specific opportunity to express it.

President Johnson, in attempting to smooth the ruffled feathers, a process in which the hard school of politics has made him an expert, most graciously read out his favorite lines from among Mr. Lowell's works on a subsequent occasion — lines which turned out to be by Matthew Arnold.

Such lapses are charming, and point to the fact that the arts as a field for government support are virgin soil. Perhaps the British have a little more experience in this field owing to the unfortunate financial circumstances Britain is in. The arts always seem to flourish in times of financial stress. The German theater had its golden era during and after the inflation of the early twenties; the Russian cinema never rediscovered the drama and the beauty of the films of the immediately post-revolutionary epoch. The American theater's most exciting time was during the Depression, and now Britain, suffering from the humiliation of shrinking pains and the embarrassment of a slow surrender to new standards which she accepts as practical necessities but which nevertheless repel her, suddenly concentrates on the arts as a vital last ditch for the contribution she still has to make to thought and action in this world. You will not have noticed it over here, but I assure you that when there is not quite enough money to make your own spacecraft, it is the arts which benefit.

THE roots of the British theater have always been in the foreground. The theater, until recently, has never been admitted as a cultural activity but rather as a place of slightly reprehensible diversion, and the actor, and more especially the actress, have been understood to be vaguely disreputable. Shakespeare was probably frowned on by upright people of the sixteenth century as a farmer with an uncontrollable vice. "Most unfortunate," they no doubt muttered; "he'll give Stratford a bad name."

Since the first actors in America were English, because ours is an unabstractive art, which depends on language, it is natural that you inherited the

kind of theater which is so admirably described in the phrase "show business," whereas music, being abstract and international, was certainly brought into this country by musicians from Central Europe, who established your admirably decentralized system of orchestras, inbred with civic pride and a healthy rivalry. Many American orchestras are known the world over, by reputation, and now by records, whereas no regional or even metropolitan American theater is known anywhere, simply because up to the present there have been none which deserved to be known.

The instinctive misgiving which many Americans feel when confronted with anything vaguely smacking of socialism sets up a resistance to a government's involvement in any private enterprise, but those very people are unaware of the extent to which socialism has entered their lives. The schemes whereby workers win bonuses of stock in the corporations for which they work and various pension plans are all unadulterated socialist practice — in fact, I would go so far as to say that there is only one corporation in this world which is larger than General Motors, and that is the Soviet government. Gone are the days when the outgoing chairman of the Supreme Soviet is sent to prison. This simple procedure has been supplanted by a board meeting, which is in some respects even more sinister. Mr. Khrushchev enters the boardroom, and immediately notices an atmosphere of complicity among the other board members, which makes him fidget. Before he has a chance to open the meeting, Mr. Kosygin, the spokesman for the opposition, puts his arm around his shoulder in friendly fashion and says, "N.K., the boys and I have been looking at the figures. We made too many convertibles again last year, and not enough sedans. There's a glut of carburetors, N.K., and a shortage of spark plugs. Now, N.K., you've always wanted more time for golf —" I sometimes wonder if the Russian revolution really took place at all, and if it wasn't merely the anti-trust laws which broke down over there.

IN EUROPE, socialism has made large inroads, no matter which governments are in power. Ironically, the United States is substantially responsible for much of this, since the commercial invasion of our markets by large American corporations in search of new fields of expansion and seeking to escape from the restrictions imposed on them at home has driven more and more of our industries to seek protection from our respective governments, and once the government is entrenched in commercial life, it gets in everywhere. I am not complaining about this. In order to complain

about a tidal wave, you have to be on more intimate terms with the Almighty than any mere mortal can be — but in the theater, I am saying that the United States is indirectly responsible for "Thespicare," our Arts Council which worked on a shoestring while Britain was still manufacturing her bomb and still had high hopes for her brilliant aircraft industry, which is being battered into a pulp by your commercial methods. Now, more money is available within the possibilities of our economy, and the Arts Council, acting rather like a Film Finance Corporation, helps those who are willing to help themselves.

To give you an example, the city of Nottingham is about 200 miles north of London, and has a population of over 800,000. It was always rather a good theater town for touring companies, but nothing exceptional. The building itself is clean, but old, and by no means ideal for new methods in the theater. After much bitter political haggling in the town council, it was decided by one vote to risk building a new and very modern theater, with its own restaurant, picture gallery, and so on, a real cultural center. The new theater opened to howls of misgivings from the philistines. It was launched with a performance of *Coriolanus*, and has since played classics, modern plays of quality, and many world premieres with a permanent company of actors, including Julie Christie. In the three years which have just finished, it has played to 92 percent capacity. In other words, it is paying its own way. This is an extraordinary record, and it has started a chain reaction among other civic authorities, but it would have been impossible without government support.

If there is no government support, the consequences are as paradoxical as they so often are in societies overjealous of their freedom of action. The professional theaters in the United States are not up to the streamlined standard set by business and industry. The buildings, even if well cared for — which is rare, believe me — are old, with limited and uncertain futures. To add fuel to the irony, there is usually some superb seat of learning not two miles away, with a magnificent theater constructed by a world-renowned architect, which is used only for lectures or graduations or an occasional performance of *Electra* in ancient Greek. This is the consequence of laissez-faire, or of freedom run wild. It is as though medical students were trained by the very latest methods, in the knowledge that when they graduate, they will be compelled to operate on ironing boards with rusty scissors.

The government has its place in the arts. The problem is as simple as this. So long as a government undertakes to reflect faithfully the will and desires of the electorate, it is duty-bound to recog-

nize a public need. This need to occupy the mind is palpably evident in the so-called culture explosion, the vast sale of paperback books, the creation of FM good-music stations, and the longer leisure hours as the advanced technology leaves us more hours of idleness. This is a cold statement of fact, as practical and as hard as a national emergency. The enemy is at the door. The enemy is idleness, free time. The rise in delinquency shows that this problem is not being faced. The arts are not merely for the old and erudite; they are for the young and unformed. There is no incompatibility between Barnum and Beethoven; both have their place in a cultured society. But the dispensation of the arts is certainly more effective on a state level than on a federal level, since it has to be handled in any but wholesale methods, each case being individual and different, and having to cater to local needs. Money can come from any source, but the problems are most effectively dealt with on a state, or even better a civic, level.

As for better international understanding through the arts, I feel that there was more chance of this when we were all further away from each other than we are today. The arts can hardly be used today to introduce unknown countries to one another, but they can be used to correct misapprehensions. Curiously enough, because of circumstances, the United States seems to be the country in the world most in need of constant understanding. Like Britain in the Victorian era, America finds herself with a host of real world obligations, to which she sometimes adds a few gratuitous obligations of her own. She is alone in many ways, isolated by her own immense power. She has no allies, since it is impossible for a small country to be an ally of a vast one, unless you are willing to call the sidecar the ally of a motorcycle, or a button the ally of a coat. Sometimes, with the elegance of an elephant dancing on its points, it steps among us, touchingly attempting not to fray the susceptibilities of allies like the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and Nicaragua. At other times, a spokesman such as Dean Acheson declares tactfully that General de Gaulle is talking utter nonsense, and goes on, in his infinite . . . I was going to say wisdom, but I will substitute the word experience, to say that France is like the sick man who has been saved from death, and who suddenly believes himself fit enough to brave the elements. It is not surprising that to French ears Dr. Acheson sounds like one of those physicians immortalized by Molière who do not wish the patient to get well.

No one in his right mind is anything but grateful for the aid which has flowed so generously from the United States, but don't forget that in the last four years, Europe has purchased nine billion dol-

lars' worth of American military equipment, representing more than 1,200,000 man-hours. Much of this we could have manufactured ourselves.

General de Gaulle's attitude hardened when the only large French computer corporation went to GE, and when Simca vanished into Chrysler's bosom. His struggle may be quixotic, but it is fundamentally right. Dr. Acheson feels that the balance of power in Europe is imperiled by this seeming defection. It is the balance of power itself which is stagnant and unproductive and dangerous. The good General's position is that of a traveler seated by the window in a train. The other passengers beg him to close it. He refuses. Thanks to him we may all catch head colds, but we may be saved from asphyxiation.

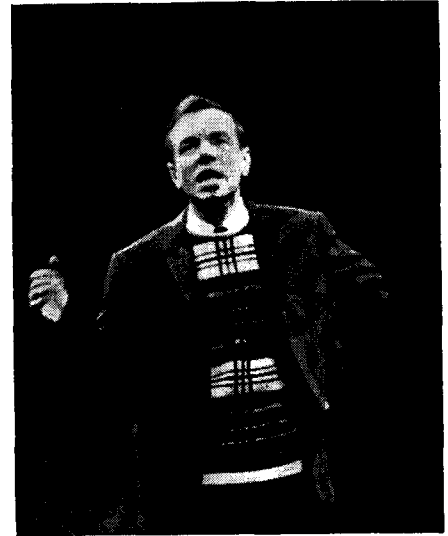
To be frank, we all regard America with great admiration for her institutions and her energy, and because her people are immensely likable, but we are rather afraid that it is humanly impossible to have developed such a colossal military machine without being tempted to use it at times. The incident of the Dominican Republic, for instance, seemed to me as disproportionate in its application of power as though I had rung for a waiter only to find the entire hotel staff answering my call. Events such as the temporary loss of a nuclear device in Spanish waters do nothing to allay European fears — I notice that bombs are called devices when they don't explode — and it really requires a slavish devotion to free institutions to allow yourself to be blown sky-high by your protector in the interests of democracy.

To counter the effects of the new American paternalism toward the Europeans, the American arts have made more valid contributions than American diplomacy. Films such as *On the Waterfront*, *The Blackboard Jungle*, and more recently, *West Side Story* amazed us all by their lyricism and by their ability to take an objective and cruel look at aspects of your civilization. Any form of sincere self-criticism is humanizing and welcome. *Dr. Strangelove* also was considered an extraordinary film, although I must say that the glut of pictures about U.S. Presidents going imperceptibly out of their minds did cause us a little concern. It was not the fact that they went out of their minds which was disturbing, but the fact that none of the sane advisers noticed until it was too late.

I said in Moscow a year ago that we all have much more to learn from each other than we have to teach each other. Surprisingly I got a standing ovation from an audience weary of propaganda and doctrine. The arts do not teach, but we can learn from them. The mind and the heart require food just as the stomach does, and with the increasing sameness of life, they are and must remain the last pasture of the questing spirit.

A Talk with ANDREI VOZNESENSKY

Recently, three distinguished American poets, Robert Lowell, Stanley Kunitz, and William Jay Smith, gathered with one of the brilliant young Russian poets to discuss their art and its role in human understanding. The discussion with Andrei Voznesensky was televised over WNDT/Channel 13. Here is their conversation.



KUNITZ: Andrei, may I ask you to tell us something about your beginnings as a poet, how you became a poet, who influenced you, and perhaps, what it means to be a poet in Russia?

VOZNESENSKY: [in English] Before I became a poet I was a student at the Moscow Architectural Institute. I wanted to be an architect, of course, and I painted a bit too. Then I sent my first poems to Pasternak, and we became friends. I think this was the beginning of my literary life. But there's nothing more to say about me, because my life story is my poems. As for your question about Russia and the poet, I think it would be better if I spoke in Russian. . . .

I would say that in Russia the national art is poetry — just as in France the national art is painting. Therefore the place of the poet is somewhat different in Russia than in other countries. I know it may look a bit cheap and spectacular — the business of editions of poetry of 100,000 copies, the thousands, even the millions, of poetry lovers — and yet there's nothing sensational about it. It's merely part of the natural life of poetry in Russia.

I suppose it has something to do with what you would call the enigmatic Slavic soul. Actually, poets in Russia have always had a special place, from Pushkin through Blok and Pasternak; they

were not only poets but prophets as well. And therefore our poets bear a great responsibility. I'm happy I was born in that country.

You were asking about influences on me. I think that if there were any, I was influenced more by philosophy than by poetry. The only poet who influenced me was Pasternak, who was my god, my father, and for a long time, my university. And my literary institute too, although, unfortunately, I never finished the course.

LOWELL: I'm fascinated by your connection with Pasternak. When I was a young man I became friends with several older poets, Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom, and I found it hard to learn what they had to teach, and harder still to unlearn it. I was wondering whether you found Pasternak — your poetry seems to me like his and yet very different — whether you found him an engulfing as well as a stimulating influence and friendship.

VOZNESENSKY: At first I felt that it was overwhelming. I'd like to tell you about something that happened to me which almost put an end to my literary career. We were very close, Pasternak and I, but in the summer I would go off someplace on vacation, and once I came back to see him, with a notebook full of new poems. He listened to them, then went upstairs and came back with some poems

Photograph of Andrei Voznesensky by Gloria Hoffmann.

TWO POEMS

by Andrei Voznesensky

Translated by Stanley Kunitz

1.

You live with your aunt. She's addicted to ballads,
Snuffing and sneezing, thick in men's underpants.
How we hate the old bag!

Thank God the barn is our friend, that big
Amiable bear, hugging us warm,
With its breath of the bee house.

And in Suzdal it's Easter! . . .
Old walled town holy with hubbub and ravens.

You whisper on my cheek about your childhood,
That country childhood blest by sun and horses,
And honeycombs gleaming like icons.
The gleam of honey is on your braids.

I live in Russia — among snows and saints!

2.

You sit, pregnant and pale.
How you are changed, poor girl!

You sit pulling at your skirt
As you start to cry and cry . . .

No wonder we are spoiled!
Women, abandoned, fall to our lips,

Dash out at the crossing
When the train chugs off,

And stumble along the tracks,
Like you, staring at window streaks.

Mail trains, express trains rattle past
To nearby towns or vast Siberia . . .

And from Moscow to Ashkhabad,
Numbed and dumbstruck,

Women like monoliths stand,
Showing their bellies to the moon;

While the great-bellied earth,
Trapped in the bleak enormity of space,

As it spins to the light,
Interprets them.

These translations are taken from ANTIWORLDS, a collection of poems by Andrei Voznesensky, edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward and published by Basic Books.

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of his own, among them the poem "Autumn." And the extraordinary thing was that some parts of it were exactly like what I had written.

Poetry now seemed to me like a chess game when, knowing the previous moves, you can anticipate the next. I was very depressed and went home. I was happy in a way about the resemblance, of course, but I was discouraged. For two years I stopped writing poetry. Then I did some painting, and later when I began to write again, I felt that nothing of Pasternak remained in me.

It's difficult, of course, to say what influences you — it could be just the weather.

LOWELL: I just want to ask one more question about Pasternak. I've translated him, but I don't read him in Russian. He seems certainly one of the very few great poets of this century in any language. There's a power of variety in his verse, and nobility of character. I wonder how you'd place him in Russian poetry and how you'd describe his greatness.

VOZNESENSKY: You said that you don't know Russian. I'd like to tell you something Pasternak said about translation, at which he was very good. He had translated Shakespeare, and he was accused of inaccuracy. People said he had used the word shoes instead of boots — or maybe it was monkeys instead of shoes, I don't know — but in any case, he was accused of mistranslating. He said to me: "Of course, there are differences between me and Shakespeare, but what really matters is that Shakespeare was a genius and I am a genius."

So I think that when good poets translate good poets, the essence comes through, whatever the form of words. I know that Pasternak corresponded with you and that he respected your work very much. As for his position in Russian poetry, I just don't know. He is my favorite poet. Mayakovsky said he was a genius, and he certainly was. In any case, after the Revolution there were two poets of genius, Mayakovsky and Pasternak. As to who is the greatest — that's a matter of taste.

Pasternak is a poet's poet. In poetry he is an engineer, an inventor. And if you were to name any one person who had the greatest influence on the greatest number of modern poets in Russia, it would, of course, be Pasternak.

SMITH: May I ask, Andrei, what other poets outside Russia you had read when you began to write? In your new long poem, "Oza," there's a marvelous parody of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven" which I'm very fond of. Did you know other American or foreign poets when you began to write?

VOZNESENSKY: Yes, I was very deeply influenced, and for a long time, by Lorca. And when I first heard Dylan Thomas on a phonograph record, I was utterly mesmerized. Among the French, I like St. John Perse very much.

As regards contemporary American poetry, first I'd like to say that I am particularly happy about the evening at Hunter College [where Voznesensky read his poetry, on March 24, followed by translations of his work by W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur]. I felt that evening that I had somehow been joined together with what is best in American poetry at present. I've never done any translation myself — or almost never — but now when I get home I'd like to do some. It's important that this good American poetry should ring out, not only in English but in other languages as well. In the English-speaking world, American poetry is my favorite. But I want my love for American poetry to be less platonic, and more intimate.

KUNITZ: Andrei, at one stage in your career, you were criticized, I recall, as being a "formalist," a word that has no meaning in American or English poetry. And I remember that you replied in one of your poems to your critics by saying that they "stank of formalin." You also referred to yourself as being "among avalanches, like the abominable snowman, absolutely elusive."

LOWELL: Have you had any wonderful critics who were instructive to you and told you things?

VOZNESENSKY: Yes, of course. There are all kinds. But it seems to me that first of all you have to believe in yourself.

SMITH: May I go back to your training as an architect? I'd like to ask you about your background in painting, because it seems to me that your visual imagination is so strong in your poems — and your use of the eye. Do you still paint, and are you still interested in painting?

VOZNESENSKY: I've been painting right up until very recently — painting quite a bit. It seems to me that an artist shouldn't confine himself to a single art. Just as in sports, for example, athletes take part in all kinds of competitions, and do other sports for training. I'd like to be able to project the things I've learned in architecture and painting into poetry. Because just living in your own literary confines is like falling in love with your own relatives.

LOWELL: You're never going to draw plans for buildings again, though?

SMITH: Well, in your poem "Florentine Torches" you mention the fact that there's a sort of ghost that follows you and reproaches you for not having kept on with your architecture.

VOZNESENSKY: Perhaps someday architecture will have its revenge, and I'll be killed by a falling brick.

SMITH: You've recently been involved in the theater, I understand, with writing for opera. Would you say something about that?

VOZNESENSKY: Yes, we have an experimental theater in Moscow called the Taganka Theater, which mainly produces works of poetry for the stage. For instance, they put on my *Antiworlds*, and now I am collaborating on an opera for them.

Why do I love the theater? For one thing, it's because I think there must be a limit to the poet's public appearances. Actors should read poetry, and not always the poet himself.

KUNITZ: I've been interested in some of the technical aspects of your poems. Particularly the strong use you make of auditory patterns, the relationships of sound within the poem, the echoes, the assonances and consonances. And then the free-floating rhyme pattern, the use of the conversational idiom. And this, of course, is what makes your work particularly difficult to translate.

VOZNESENSKY: Our time is a time of contrast, and there has to be some kind of music of the higher spheres, like an organ in church. Poetry is assuming some of the functions of religious art. At the same time the most way-out slang acts like the ground for an aerial. Poetry has to be grounded. There's beauty in the heavens, and there's the dirt of the earth.

KUNITZ: I read an article, I remember, that said that your Goya poem was untranslatable, because of the sound play going on in it, those hard G sounds, and all those assonances. And that, of course, was such a challenge that I thought, I've got to try it.

VOZNESENSKY: It seems to me that you've done a good job. I don't think it's true that poetry is untranslatable. The only element which is untranslatable is the music, but —

SMITH: But we are all here to testify that we have tried, at least.

VOZNESENSKY: There's a certain tragic essence of a poem — the figures, the images — that can be translated. If it's real poetry, it can be translated.

LOWELL: There's an essence, at least, that's suggestible.

VOZNESENSKY: And in a translation you can see whether it's real poetry or not, because the chaff is winnowed out in the translation, and only what is really valuable remains.

KUNITZ: And poets are always attempting the impossible, anyhow.

LOWELL: I was interested that you spoke of poetry as the Russian national art, and painting as the French. Of course, what strikes us in English is the Russian novel — I mean, it translates more easily; but it's something more than that, I think. One feels the Russians almost invented the novel, Gogol through Tolstoy. It's very different from our nineteenth-century literature, where the novel wasn't an American specialty and our works tend

to be allegorical. I've wondered what it feels like to have that enormous prose tradition behind you, and I think of Tolstoy particularly, who described *War and Peace* as being like the *Iliad*, which it seems to us.

VOZNESENSKY: Of course, at the end of the nineteenth century, prose was very strong, very highly developed. But somewhere around the turn of the century the balance shifted toward poetry.

LOWELL: Yes, that's what one feels. These things run out. You have Italian Renaissance painting, then it stops. Art doesn't advance, but it has these marvelous runs. Then it turns somewhere else.

VOZNESENSKY: Here I'm something of a nationalist — that is, a patriot of poetry. I like to think that poetry is all-important. Actually, the essential difference between poetry and prose is less in the form than in the various roles assumed by the poet and the prose writer in Russia and in other countries. As I was saying before, Russian poets have traditionally been prophets — and so have prose writers. Tolstoy was a prophet. Most of our writers have had a Messianic or missionary approach to literature.

SMITH: You've said that poetry is the national art of Russia. Do you think that this is because the oral tradition has been kept alive more in Russia than in Western Europe or America? — that is, poetry being recited by the people? Of course, this is the tradition which has been so alive in Ireland and Wales right up until the present day. But in the present century, poetry has perhaps been written more for the eye than for the ear. That's less true in Russia, isn't it?

VOZNESENSKY: The tradition of reciting poetry is not only alive, but it's growing all the time. Pasternak, Blok, Akhmatova, Esenin always made public appearances before large crowds. But things are on an even greater scale now. Poets read to 14,000 people in sports stadiums. So this tradition is spreading. My friends and I in Russia have to some extent widened the scope of poetry in this way. But I would like to say — and here my opinion is different from that of my colleagues — that now our task is to narrow it down and make it more profound.

LOWELL: Make it more difficult, and for smaller audiences?

VOZNESENSKY: Yes.

KUNITZ: Andrei, the great Goethe said that the poet is like an eagle who flies at such a height that he does not even know when he crosses a frontier. Your work and your presence here remind me that the poet, no matter how deeply rooted he may be in his national heritage, belongs to the fraternity of the arts, a true fellowship that ignores frontiers.

THE HAPPY HERETIC

by Victor S. Navasky

Mr. Navasky presides over MONOCLE, an occasional journal of political satire, contributes to numerous magazines, and is at work on a book about the Department of Justice under Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

WHILE all of California, haunted by the best sellers of Caryl Chessman, was debating the capital punishment issue, Wilbur H. ("Ping") Ferry wrote to the local Santa Barbara paper calmly proposing that executions be televised in California's high schools: "Since the pedagogical effect of capital punishment is now, in a way of speaking, official educational policy in California, it is appropriate to take the next logical step and get an effort under way to have executions televised. Surely the capital punishers must regard television, with its immediacy and technical virtuosity, as a model means of getting across the fearsome lesson."

At another time, it was "Ping" Ferry who committed what the New York *Times* characterized as the "arch-blunder in American politics" — he had attacked J. Edgar Hoover:

Mr. Hoover warns against Soviet espionage in the U.S. This is an old line of the FBI chief, and its success, year after year, is a tribute to the trance into which his sermons throw Americans, not excepting Congressmen. Mr. Hoover is, after all, our official spy-swatter. In these persistent reports about espionage and sabotage, is he delicately telling us that he isn't up to the job, that Red spies are running loose

despite his best efforts? . . . it might occur to many people that the country needs a more efficient spy-swatter. . . . Congress never grudges Mr. Hoover a penny. So, since he does not produce many flesh-and-blood spies and saboteurs year after year, he apparently feels he must keep up the supply of clandestine, and possibly unreal ones.

As far as Ferry was concerned, it was no blunder at all. In fact, he calls it a "routine" speech; and when a board member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, where Ferry is paid to "think about corporations," asked whether the eve of the Center's \$20 million fund-raising campaign was an appropriate time for such a speech, Ferry replied: "I cannot fathom what all the excitement is about. All I did was what editorial writers and politicians and others do every day of their lives. They criticize JFK, Ike, Adenauer, De Gaulle, Sinatra, Ava Gardner, Nixon, and Rockefeller — really lambaste them, too. I suggested, in a mild and delicate way, that maybe J. Edgar Hoover, who is, after all, just another public servant, is not infallible."

When William Miller, then the Republican National Chairman, heard Ferry's speech on Hoover, he said that it struck him as a "deliberate attempt to undermine our national security." Miller was right. Wilbur Ferry specializes in undermining national security. He also does his best to undermine state and local security. This grows out of Ferry's highly eccentric notion that we have nothing whatever to be secure about. His activities have earned massive retaliation. He was, for instance, a prime mover behind a statement on the

"Triple Revolution" (weaponry, cybernetics, human rights) which incited denunciations from more than five hundred editorial writers and columnists.

Among Ferry's targets are the stock market — he has urged the abolition of the New York Stock Exchange; the cold war — he has advocated a pact committing the President of the United States and the Premier of the Soviet Union to the personal slaughter of fifty children; the Vietnamese war — he chartered a plane for twenty American celebrities who would fly to Hanoi and sit as hostages, discouraging the Pentagon from any mass air attacks on that city (the flight was cancelled for lack of funds, and when the money was ultimately raised, it was decided the flight was unnecessary); the draft — he has suggested that only older people be drafted because they have less life to lose; and the modern corporation — he has deplored the distribution of corporate profits to colleges, hospitals, and other social service institutions, arguing that a corporation's job is to make money, not to give it away.

Unlike most subversives, Ferry does not use a cover. His activities are aboveground, and he operates in the open out of an abiding conviction that a citizen's most important duty is to be aware of what's going on, of the current beating at him from every direction. "The acquiescent society is for slaves," he says; "the critical society is for free people." And it was Ferry who coined the motto "Feel Free," which adorns the walls of his office at the Center (offspring of the old Fund for the Republic) in Santa Barbara. Mr. Ferry feels free.

DESPITE the overt nature of his agitation and the headlines his various proposals have attracted, Ferry himself is not known to the general public. Like most guerrilla warriors, his personality has attracted less attention than his activities. Other social critics, such as John Kenneth Galbraith, Rachel Carson, Michael Harrington, Jessica Mitford, and Ralph Nader, have won attention as specialists. But Ferry's notion is that today "it is a bad proposition in general for social critics to become specialists. They should take wide swings." And where other reformers and muckrakers have earned respect by documenting their critiques, Ferry, as a nonspecialized sniper, is less concerned with documentation than with provocation.

Although he would be the last to admit it, Ferry is a satirist. In America satire usually comes disguised as humor, and so it is difficult at first to recognize what the evangelistic Ferry is up to. But it soon becomes obvious that his central strategy is the deployment of satire to advance moral im-

peratives. His charge, for example, that Hoover exaggerates the Communist menace is provocative but not original. His "poltergeists" and "spyswatters" are colorful, albeit by themselves innocuous. But his suggestion that Hoover is inefficient, whether true or false, is 50 percent Mort Sahlism. Because he is an intellectual, because he is a committed, serious man, because he has a poker face and a pious delivery (which resembles that of the Episcopalian minister he once thought of becoming), because he is self-righteous, and because he resides in a so-called think-tank, few take him satirically. His ability to pass is what enables so many of his ideas to explode onto front pages.

Moreover, in contrast to the conventional dissenter, who is traditionally dispossessed, alienated, and disenchanted, Ferry has the credentials and perspective to operate from within the establishment. He is the son of the former chairman of the board of Packard Motor Company (residence: Grosse Pointe, Michigan), attended a Jesuit high school, inherited the chairmanship of the Dartmouth Fine Arts Club from Nelson Rockefeller, taught John F. Kennedy and his older brother, Joseph, when they were at Choate, and then went on to advise and write speeches for Henry Ford II. Although he is in his fifties, his handsome face has the ruddy, scrubbed, chiseled look of a stern, fledgling scoutmaster.

Far from being a malcontent in his personal life, Ferry boasts, "I have the best job in the country, and at every point in my career I have had the best job in the country. I also have a lovely wife, three beautiful daughters, wonderful parents, and a great mother-in-law. Except for the death of my brother, 'Pong,' to whom I was very close, there has been nothing but sunshine and good times in my life. Some of this luck should be spread around."

He is a member in good standing of New York's august Century Club. And he is master of that ultra-establishmentarian trade, public relations. At various times in his career he has served as publicity director for Eastern Airlines, reporter for the *Manchester Union Leader* and the *Concord Daily Monitor*, chief press officer for the International Labor Organization, public relations director for the CIO-PAC (Congress of Industrial Organizations-Political Action Committee), and as a \$60,000-a-year partner with Earl Newsom Associates, the blue-ribbon PR firm whose clients, in addition to Ford, include Standard Oil, International Paper, Campbell Soup, and the Columbia Broadcasting System. A polemicist, yes; an amateur, no.

Yet it is a mark of his expertise that the last thing one would take him for is a PR man. This is partly because he is affiliated with an organ-

ization whose aim is “to clarify the issues involved in maintaining a free and just society.” But also because in style, amplitude, and moral fervor he reminds one less of a publicist than a Populist. With his pink shirts and yellow polka-dot bow ties, “Ping” Ferry operates in the noisy Populist tradition of “Sockless” Jerry Simpson, “Coin” Harvey, “Cyclone” Davis, and Ignatius (“the Prince of the Cranks”) Donnelly. Like free silver, his platform planks have the allure and virtue of simplicity; and he has the Populist’s preference for government intervention. “I trust a public bureaucrat more than a private bureaucrat because he’s easier to get at. Government isn’t a foe. It’s ourselves. Those habitually condemning government as the foe, as a common menace, are as depressing people as any to be observed in this country.”

WHEN I asked Ferry if he had a formula for generating his trouble-making yet issue-raising proposals, he advised, “Go to work for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.” Inspection confirms the fact that the center’s high-powered brainstorming facilitates Ferry’s personal barnstorming. For instance, when his colleagues Walter Millis and James Real argued in a paper called “The Abolition of War” that “the sterile, impersonal character of the great weapons system [is] designed to obliterate a country or continent thousands of miles away, where the adversary burns, fragments, vaporizes, or suffocates far beyond the sight or sound of his executioner,” Ferry, believing with his colleagues that most men find it easier to put the impersonal machinery of mass slaughter into operation than to commit cold-blooded murder, was busy concocting a Swiftian suggestion: a compact between the President of the United States and the Premier of the U.S.S.R. personally to murder fifty children before giving the order to fire the first thermonuclear weapons. They would agree on an annual exchange of twenty-five girls and twenty-five boys (to be arranged so as not to interfere with school schedules), and on whether the murder would be by machine gun or automatic rifle. Ferry stresses that the proposed murder is not a substitute for war but an “agreed overture” to it. He hopes that his proposal, by interposing a requirement of personal murder, would postpone mass murder. Does he *really* believe this? His solemn answer: “Do you have a better alternative? It is a way of buying time for negotiations by calling on the abhorrence and deep compunctions of the individual man against murder by his own hand. It provides for the hesitation that might possibly mean the difference between life and extinction for civilization.”

Who would sign such a pact? “In view of the avowed intentions of both great powers never to strike the first thermonuclear blow, it is difficult to see how either the American President or the Soviet Premier could refuse to enter into such an agreement. The children would stand not as hostages but as proxies for the profoundest hopes of humanity.”

Ferry was first invited to join the Center eleven years ago by Robert M. Hutchins, who once told his students at the University of Chicago, “If we have to choose between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, by all means let us choose Don Quixote, for our purpose in the world is to change it.” But despite the philosophic gadflyism at the top, extracurricular activities of the Ferry variety seem to be the exception rather than the rule for staff members. On one occasion, the Center’s public relations director felt constrained to remind the readers of the *New York Times*:

Mr. Ferry made it clear that he spoke as a private citizen, not as a representative of the Fund. I have made this point before, in connection with other statements by Mr. Ferry, but I thought it might be worthwhile to remind the public of this fact at this time. The Motto of the Fund is Feel Free. Mr. Ferry feels very free and he speaks his mind.

With solemnity his front, satire his technique, PR his expertise, the Center his primary source, and the letter his special medium, Ferry is often attended but not always understood. Perhaps this is because he intentionally frames his proposals so that they resist assignment to any of the prevailing political or philosophical phyla. But it is also the result of a tendency, reminiscent of FDR’s “Fellow immigrants” welcome to a DAR convention, to attack whatever group he happens to be addressing. Ferry’s formula involves keeping the audiences off guard.

He claims to be a pacifist and a “peacenik,” signs statements, and attends conferences favoring unilateral disarmament, yet when he addresses peace groups he compares them to “prayer wheels whirling in front of a dam.” And how can one accuse him of harboring naïve illusions when he tells his audience:

There is no disarmament plan that will ever erase the knowledge of how to manufacture either bombs or bugs. We might disarm but we can never disknow. I have little doubt that the formulas for these lethal products are safely put away in the deepest corridor of the deepest mountain sheltering government records, to enable survivors of World War III without undue delay to make ready for World War IV.

Yet it would be as much a mistake to regard Ferry as a sort of intellectual Bob Hope, playing primarily for a rise from his audience, as it would be to see him as a satiric Tom Paine, using irony

and shock tactics to sell a coherent, prefabricated philosophy. When he is effective, it is because he is a buckshot morality. He has an eighteenth-century view of the rights of man, a nineteenth-century inclination to explore new frontiers, a twentieth-century appreciation of the implications of the H-bomb, and a twenty-first-century vision of the possibilities offered by automation and the new technology. His commitments are absolute, but his perceptions permit much room for ideological negotiation. *Vide* his observation that "socialist theory is as qualitatively threadbare as classical economic theory, and there is just not enough to cover today's conditions. Socialist incantations, like capitalist incantations, are largely directed to vanished circumstances."

Undoubtedly his career has camouflaged his commitments, but it has also perpetuated his involvement with and perception of the moral and political dilemmas of his day. He was imported by the CIO-PAC in 1944 not because he was sympathetic to its program, but because each of several union factions wanted its own man in control of the propaganda spigot. "They finally compromised and hired me. I hadn't heard of the PAC until I was approached about the job."

This is not to say that he was ever unsympathetic to the aims of the trade union movement. He sent Sidney Hillman several memoranda urging that "we [CIO-PAC speakers and propagandists] systematically abjure such words as 'fascist beast.'" Because of his association with Hillman, at the close of the 1944 presidential campaign (which popularized the anti-Roosevelt, anti-union slogan "Clear it with Sidney"), a national magazine dangled the promise of great sums of money before Ferry's eyes if he would write an exposé entitled "I Cleared It With Sidney." He wouldn't.

But he would and did go to work for Henry Ford II. "I didn't expect to stay," he admits, "because after my CIO-PAC days, I thought I'd find it difficult moving in velvety surroundings and dealing with tycoons." Not only did he stay, but shortly after his arrival Ford got off a letter, apparently drafted by Ferry, to the UAW which showed such sympathy for the workingman that, according to one assessment (*The Image Merchants* by Irwin Ross), it triggered a series of events "successfully changing the public facade of Henry Ford II, who was regarded as a rather inconsequential young man when he took over the Ford Motor Company in September 1945 and who shortly thereafter emerged as an industrial 'statesman' of undeniable appeal."

"Today," Ferry concedes, "I might have more difficulty making the transition. But at the time, it was the best job in the world." He is down on public relations, not, like most academics, because

it ballyhoos deficient products, but because "it shmoozes things over. The aim of most corporate public relations," he argues, "is invisibility, giving the corporation so much protective coloration that it will be hard to pick out from the surrounding scenery, a contemporary search for the 'there's nobody here but us chickens' effect. It operates on the principle of quietism. A vast oil company tries to represent itself as essentially like the corner drug store, only bigger. . . . Corporate PR has gone a few thousand light-years beyond where it should go."

Ferry blames PR for the currently fashionable corporate practice of charitable contributions to nonprofit organizations. "I don't want to delegate to a board of directors of any corporation what ought to happen to education. Moreover, I don't believe corporations like the role. They want to make products and compete. The social conscience is factitious and has been forced on the corporation. Conscience is a personal and not a collective attitude. Corporations shouldn't describe the aims of educational institutions or influence their course. . . . Despite the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are spent on research, corporations are short on theory about themselves. That's why PR men are in the driver's seat. Why doesn't somebody study the ardent love affair between managers and the corporations they manage? This romance unfailingly mystifies observers in other countries who see it as a psychological curiosity, like a man's persistent passion for an indifferent woman."

THE idea that corporations should stop subsidizing community activities is not as arbitrary as it might appear. Along with it, Ferry believes that the corporation should be "constitutionalized."

"At the end of the eighteenth century," he points out, "the only source of power worrying the founding fathers was government. If they were around today, they'd be worried about the power of corporations as well. Today the sole legal link between the corporation and the state is the fact that three people sign a piece of paper. Virtually any three people can get a corporate hunting license. There is no standard of accountability. We need constitutions — federal charters granted by Congress, maybe — to set forth methods of governing corporations, at least the big ones. Today some corporations are monarchies and some are republics. The Bill of Rights keeps the heel of government off the neck of the citizenry. Why don't we have a Bill of Rights for corporations? Why don't we democratize them? Of course you'd have a problem about identifying the constituency. For instance, a worker with fifteen years seniority

is as much and more of a constituent of the corporation as a stockholder who bought his shares yesterday. But that's a problem for the technicians."

Consigning "the details" to "the technicians," especially after he has floated one of his more revolutionary proposals, is a Ferry habit that infuriates his critics. It is also a technique with a built-in provision for a second round of uproar — which occurs when Ferry takes the trouble to suggest what the elaboration should consist of. When he proposed before an audience at Colorado College that the stock exchange be abolished, he received an outraged three-page letter from Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, and further correspondence provoked a twenty-eight-page rebuttal from Louis Engel, a vice president of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith. Mr. Funston especially was "deeply distressed" to read Ferry's remarks because in his judgment they could serve "only to destroy the basic fabric of the economy." He argued that Ferry's proposals would lead to "a slowing and eventual stoppage . . . of the flow of venture capital, along with a stagnation of the national standard of living, a stifling of national economic growth and a forfeiture of this country's leadership in international affairs. . . ."

Ferry's observation that "the destiny of nations should not rest on an institution whose ultimate irrationality . . . is everywhere acknowledged" was overstated yet reasonable. His assertion that in principle, alternative methods might be discovered for the extension of credit to new enterprises was unorthodox but consistent with free enterprise economics. His answer to the Stock Exchange's slogan ("Own a share of America") was that "it is ridiculous to think that a man buying a few shares of GM today and selling them a few weeks later to get into American Can deserves any attention or respect as an owner of enterprises" was pithy but defensible. Once again, however, Ferry's unfailing instinct for irony is what won attention for his argument. What Funston found "strikingly unfortunate" was Ferry's reference to the market as an "enormous crap game." Actually, he had called the market "an enormous dice game whose real character is shrouded in the mythologies sedulously built up by public relations." To satisfy man's urge to speculate, Ferry proposed that we consider licensing a few of the better brokerage houses as high-class, clean, well-lighted gambling palaces. "The technicians," he said, to the irritation of all concerned, "can work out the details. After all, that's what Yankee ingenuity is all about."

But what he had actually done was to raise some questions that nobody else was raising. Namely:

Is the stock exchange good for the United States? Is it right that this institution should have the power and potential to drive this and other countries into "a slough of recession"? What is the economic rationale of the stock exchange today? And, granting that seventeen million Americans are indeed buying and selling common stocks, he asked whether it is *really* a good thing? In other words, on the assumption that the stock exchange should not be regarded as an institution "forever fixed in the natural order by some divine dispensation," he posed the reasonable question: Is it indispensable, useful, or merely traditional?

Letter writer, satirist, polemicist, cliché-buster, preacher, publicist, intellectual, popularizer, idealist, generalist, boat-rocker, *advocatus diaboli*, he combines a humanist's belief in the perfectibility of man with an Alsopean view of our chances. At a conference on The American Character he warned the assembled:

Americans are obsessed with happy endings. Our novels, magazines, television programs, are all devoted to the happy ending. One has to criticize leadership in this country for playing up to this obsession. . . . There isn't any happy ending to any of the present situations. The ending will be intensely disagreeable to many Americans, because most of the endings will call for vast changes in the status quo and Americans simply don't want to change the status quo.

How does one measure the social utility of a sanctity-extermimator who has a sideline in exposing the cobwebs of injustice? The ample quantity of righteous indignation he stirs up is evidence that he must be doing something right, even if the precise impact of his quizzical exploits and pronouncements is elusive. But the difficulty of calibrating the end result of his intellectual napaalming should not obscure the value of the skeptical Mr. Ferry's function. Although his attacks provoke defense more often than change, the dialogue often yields a new level of clarity, a heightened visibility of the values at stake, a new appreciation of the assumptions underlying our most imposing institutions, and a generally more experimental environment.

Ferry's peculiar strategy for fomenting this type of critical re-examination is to shout fire in crowded theaters. But his intent is to alert his audience to relevant dangers — clear and present, vague and distant. One suspects that the country would be the poorer if he contracted laryngitis. "The mere example of nonconformity is in itself a service" were the words of John Stuart Mill. "Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric."

Paradise Street

by HARRY BROWN

I said Good-bye to Kitty my dear

They cut the sea, those days, as the Dutch cut diamonds,
Driving their daisy Blackballers, their dolphin packets,
Bound away from, say, Boston to any place heathen and scented,
Putting, by God, some spice in the eighteen hundreds.

They rounded the Horn, and be damned to whatever Antarctica
Sent up to snap off her sticks in the way of port weather.
The storm in the master was worse. He stumped stem to stern of her,
Thunder and lightning on legs, the eye of his own hurricane.

And out from the broad-beamed whalers they took their Nantucket
Sleigh-rides abaft the disastrous, oil-heavy right whales:
Broken like dolls when one breached beneath them, they drifted
To the nearest land anywhere, usually three miles down.

They were hard-looking tickets, and tough. It took the unsanded
To sail a ship and survive her. The crews, rib and spine, were shaped on
Old ways, with their hearts hammered out on Davy Jones' anvil —
Oak and iron, every man jack of them, oakum and pitch.

My family once harbored two captains, in a hard life much harder cases:
Devil Jack Brown, born John, and his brother James, known as Bully.
They were lava-mouthed men who seethed at the sight of grim awkward side-wheelers
Stinking their black way across a cinder-befouled Atlantic.

Devil Jack, the fo'c'sle said, got his name from being shipped up here
From Hell on consignment, but no chandler wanted the bundle.
"He never smoked *see-gars* a-bed, but his berth got scorched frequent by somethin',"
The fo'c'sle said, "and he trimmed his beard with Saint Elmo's Fire."

In the horse latitudes once, becalmed for a week and nigh boiling,
Bully Brown cussed clear through four watches, in Chinese, broad Scots, and Malay:
Lacking horses, or even a mule, he jettisoned ship's cook and bo'sun,
Picking them up, with regret, when the wind freshened half a day later.

They watched their world founder, those masters of sailing vessels.
Going down stern first, with her proud bow aimed at Arcturus;
And themselves, poor hulks, sargassoed, not worth the salvage,
Entwined in kelp, slept the Sleep by their oxidized sextants.

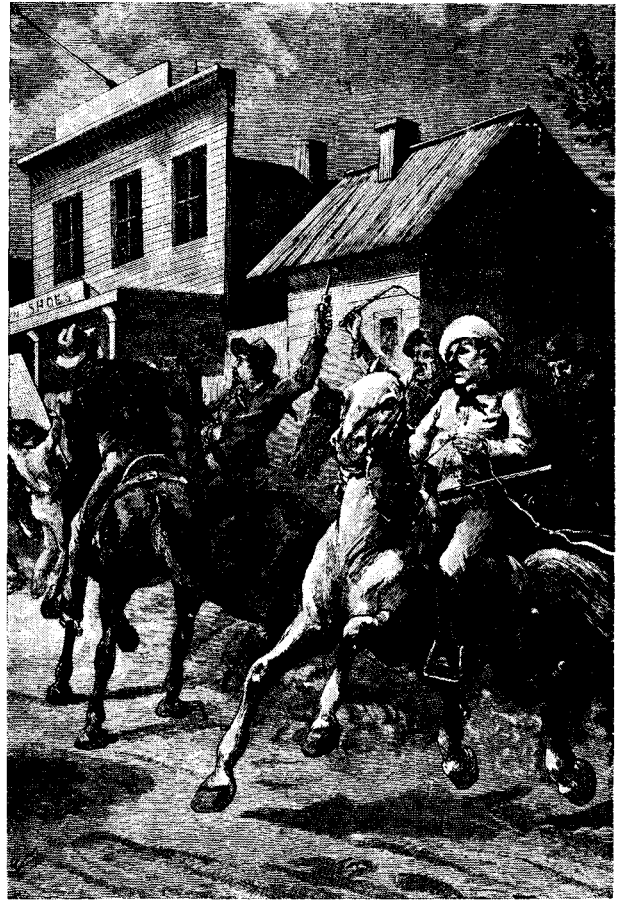
— What trysts for you now, sad Trades? O where do the wakes go
When the ships long since are hull-down and half-seas-over?
The pier-haunting girls have died inland, whose beaus, taut in canvas,
Bubbled lead-weighted into the ooze, past the weeping porpoise.

My father never shipped out, and with him our eighteen hundreds
Sank with all hands off Maine, while the gulls fought over the flotsam.
Dear God, he felt guilty, though! He once built a lovely-lined clipper
That scudded to Nowhere across our dining room mantel.

MY STORIES of the WILD WEST

By Erle Stanley Gardner

Erle Stanley Gardner is a distinguished criminologist, lawyer, and authority on police work, in addition to being the creator of one of the most widely read fictional characters in the English language, Perry Mason. In his early days as a writer, Mr. Gardner tried his hand at Westerns, but unlike some of his editors, he got his knowledge of the West from actual experience.



IT WAS my law practice that put me on the track of detective stories, and in time I branched out into other markets and began to achieve some success writing Western stories. In those days I had a camp wagon, a little house fitted on a half-ton truck. It was really a remarkable little house, cozy and comfortable, with fine Navaho rugs on the floor and on the bed. The truck's exhaust led through a horizontal thirty-gallon water tank. Under the davenport type of bed was a full-length bathtub. By the time I had driven fifty miles I had thirty gallons of boiling hot water. Whenever I could break away from the law business for four or five days, I would jump into this camp wagon, which I kept provisioned and ready to go at a moment's notice, and head out into isolated areas looking for stories.

I was, of course, laboring under a terrific handicap in that I knew the country I was writing about. To be sure, the editors were demanding that their writers "know the West," but the big bulk of Western stories were being written by people who had never been out of New York, and who had secured their local color from reading Western stories written by other authors who, in turn, had never been out of New York.

Every once in a while one of these writers would make enough money to go see what the "Wild

West" looked like. Usually he would take the train all the way, arrive at Los Angeles, put up at one of the tourist hotels, and encounter one of the real estate vendors of that period. The phone in his room would ring and a dulcet feminine voice would say, "Is this Mr. Blank?"

Upon being assured that it was, the voice would go smoothly along: "Mr. Blank, how would you like to see something of Southern California? If you're free later on in the day, I'd like to call for you in my Lincoln and take you out through the orange groves to show you some of our beautiful scenery. There won't be any charge, of course."

If he fell for it, the car would come on time, a big seven-passenger limousine, crowded to capacity with the charming driver and six "prospects." She would take them out into the various real estate developments and urge them to buy. Some did, and those who hung on to a sizable portion of their purchases are comfortably fixed today. This welcome, however, was hardly likely to inspire the imagination of a writer who had come to see the cowboys in action.

The editors of those Western magazines all assumed an air of infallibility and an encyclopedic knowledge of the West, probably gleaned from reading the manuscripts which came pouring in.

Take, for instance, the ghost town of Rhyolite,

Drawing from endpapers of "The American West" by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. Copyright © 1955 by E. P. Dutton.

in Nevada. I decided there might be a story there, so I took my camp wagon and fought my way to Death Valley, where the roads were terrible, down the Panamints, and up the Funeral Range, until I finally parked right in what had been the main street of the ghost town. I remained a couple of days and took quite a few pictures.

The railroad station was made of material which was impervious to time and must have cost some two hundred thousand dollars to construct back in 1906. It was the most grandiose of the buildings which survived.

I made inquiries and found that apparently the city charter was still in effect. Any three men who resided in Rhyolite for the legal period of time could hold an election, elect themselves to office, vote city ordinances, levy taxes, and in general, have themselves a ball. Out of this I concocted a story entitled "The Lord Mayor of Rhyolite."

The plot had to do with a very wealthy snobbish Eastern woman of narrow mind and wide hips, who brought her very attractive daughter out to a cattle ranch. The daughter and the cowpuncher fell in love, but the mother wasn't going to have her daughter throwing herself away on a thirty-dollar-a-month cowpuncher even if he was one of "Nature's Noblemen," so she whisked the daughter off to another cattle ranch.

The disgruntled, heartbroken cowpuncher quit his job and went to Rhyolite with two of his nefarious friends. They established legal residence, voted taxes and special assessments, bid in the property at tax sale, and the cowpuncher became the duly elected mayor of Rhyolite.

As the mayor he issued an invitation to the mother to be a guest of the city.

The beaming mother arrived and was not happy to find the cowpuncher installed as the mayor. Her prejudices were so strong that she still wouldn't consent to the marriage. The friends of the cowpuncher, however, took care of that. They had passed an ordinance limiting parking to five minutes in certain sections of the city. Inasmuch as the dowager's car was parked overtime in one of these five-minute zones, they promptly proceeded to take her to the city jail, where they held her incommunicado long enough for the cowpuncher and the daughter to get spliced in the holy bonds of matrimony.

I sent this story to one of the better-paying Western markets of the time and received a personal letter from the editor, who said that he would buy it were it not for the fact that I had let my imagination run wild in creating the city of Rhyolite; that it would be a physical impossibility for any city of that sort to exist at the present time, and his readers wouldn't accept it.

It came as a surprise to me to think that any editor of a Western magazine purporting to know the West hadn't heard about Rhyolite, so I sat down and wrote him a very nice letter, telling him that Rhyolite did indeed exist, that the railroad station was there, that the legal points in the story were perfectly feasible; and to prove my point, I sent him pictures of the huge railway station and some of the other buildings.

The editor was good enough to answer me, stating that he was evidently in error about Rhyolite but that the story had technical defects aside from the reference to Rhyolite and he didn't want it on any terms. That was the last word I ever received from that editor except a flood of rejection slips, which continued without a break.

A year or so later I went to the desert mining town of Randsburg, parked my camp wagon, and proceeded to pick up local color for a story about a man who discovered a gold mine. He took his ore to be assayed, but the assayer, who was crooked, was teamed up with a claim jumper. The assayer made a false report to the miner; then the claim jumper went out and jumped the claim. That would have been all there was to it if it hadn't been for the fast-thinking, quick-shooting champion of justice who entered the story and rectified wrongs in a blaze of gunfire.

I sent the story to one of the Western magazines and received a letter from the editor stating that it was an ingenious story and he would buy it if it weren't for the fact that an assayer would starve to death in Randsburg. According to this editor, the desert prospectors knew their ore when they saw it and had no use for an assayer.

At the time, I had photographs of the main street of Randsburg showing that almost every other business building had a sign "Assayer" over the door, and I made prints of these photographs and wrote a letter to send to the editor. Then I thought of my Rhyolite fiasco and decided to profit by experience. I had no new stories to send at the time, so I went to my "morgue" and dug out a long novelette. As soon as I looked at it, I realized that it had an unfortunate title which had sounded good at the time I wrote it but would have been a detriment on any title page. I changed the title and wrote my editor, stating that since he seemed to have an encyclopedic knowledge of the West, he might appreciate the story which I was enclosing. Within a week I had received a check for six hundred and fifty dollars — and I had learned something about corresponding with editors.

From that time on I sold this editor story after story after story. His magazine became one of my big markets. The readers liked my stories, the editor liked my stories, and I made many thousands of dollars.

When a writer is writing at three cents a word, he is painfully conscious of the number of words.

In fact, when I was typing my own stories, I had an adding-machine device connected to the space bar of my typewriter, so that every time I hit the space bar I registered a figure on my word counter.

Without my realizing it, my heroes developed a habit of missing the first five shots, only to connect with the last bullet in the gun. At one time an editor took me to task for this. How did it happen that my characters, who were chain lightning with a gun, were so inaccurate with the first five shots?

I told this editor frankly, "At three cents a word, every time I say '*bang*' in the story I get three cents. If you think I'm going to have the gun battle over while my hero has got fifteen cents' worth of unexploded ammunition in the cylinder of his gun, you're nuts."

The magazines of the period were highly stylized. In the detective magazines there might be just a hint, a very faint hint, of sex, but in the Western magazines the women simply weren't human. They were symbols.

And it is interesting to note that most of these Western magazines were read either in the big population centers of the East or by cowpunchers out in the cattle ranches of the West.

ALONG in the thirties, whenever a writer developed reasonable promise, the Hollywood studios would take him in at a thousand or twelve-fifty a week, and that usually was the end of the author as a magazine writer. He was a movie man from then on.

I had such an offer from Hollywood and did considerable soul-searching. I didn't want to be one of the movie colony, living in that environment and becoming a part of Hollywood, so I decided to take a plunge on my own. I went down into the country and secured an acreage just as far removed from civilization as possible.

It happened that my holdings adjoined those of the big Vail Ranch, which was an anachronism deluxe. It consisted of some ninety thousand acres, all in one piece, devoted to cattle raising and run by cattle barons, who were, in turn, the sons of cattle barons.

After I had established myself as a neighbor, I would help out from time to time when the ranch had a big cattle drive and was shorthanded. In this way I worked with the cowpunchers on some pretty long roundup rides. The methods used by this cattle ranch had been evolved from time immemorial. They did grass feeding, and they cut their cattle for market without the use of corrals, using riders to "hold the herd" while the "cutter"

went in and cut out the steers that he wanted.

At times the wrong steer would make a break and get past the riders holding the herd. Then it was incumbent on the person who had let the wrong steer through to make a wild sprint, head off the steer, and bring him back into the holding herd. Since such a steer has a desire to get into the "cut" herd, the cowboy must head him off, and this calls for some pretty wild riding over rough terrain.

Once I began to participate in these cowboy activities, I quit writing Western stories. I could no longer see anything dramatic about the life of a cowboy.

After a while, progress reached our section of the country. The Vails put in corrals and a squeeze gate, in which the young steer is held in a squeeze while cowboys brand him, inoculate him, and cut out a segment of the ear so that he can be earmarked and recognized at a greater distance than a brand can be seen.

My friend Al Gibney, who at that time was the head of the editors of the Munsey string of magazines, came out to visit me. I took him over and showed him the Vail Ranch in operation, and he asked if it would be possible to get some cowboy clothes and have his picture taken.

We did better than that. We fitted him out with a regular cowboy outfit, got him to the squeeze gate, had the branding fires going, cowpunchers running around with the red-hot branding irons, and I gave Gibney a knife and told him to earmark the steer as it came through. Then I stood with a big Graflex camera to take a picture.

Gibney fainted when he tried to cut out a section of the ear, so we had to fake part of the picture, but by the time we were through, we had a pretty darn good picture of Gibney bossing operations at a squeeze gate. He had it framed and hung it over his desk in New York.

I got a wonderful letter from him, giving me the name of a prominent Western writer of the day who had debouched from the elevator, clacked his heels on down the corridor, said "Hi-yah, pahdner" to the secretary, walked into the office, removed his sombrero, slapped it against his leg, settled in a chair, propped his cowboy shoes on the corner of the desk — and then saw the picture. He suddenly put his feet back on the floor, walked over to look at the picture, turned to look at Gibney, and said, "*My God, Al, it's you!*"

"Sure," Gibney said, "I was ramrodding the Vail spread for a while. Didn't you know that?"

"Good God, no!" the man said.

Gibney went on to tell me the visit was short and sweet, and when the writer left the office, he must have tiptoed all the way to the elevator because Gibney, listening carefully, couldn't hear any clacking sound made by high heels on cowboy boots.

A Story by RALPH MALONEY



LAST STOP BEFORE THE CARBARN

McAndless, the hero of this new story by Ralph Maloney, got to be World's Best Bartender not through mere shake-and-stir skill, but because he was something of the autocrat at the barstool. With Mr. Maloney's talented hand to limn him, McAndless keeps his aplomb right up to the Last Nightcap.

IF HE were ever seriously and politely asked who was the best bartender in the world, good manners and truthfulness would require McAndless to say that *he* was. There is every chance he would be right. Certainly he looked like the best bartender in the world: a handsome man and big, strongly made, with a dozen geniality wrinkles at the corner of each eye and vigorously curling white hair tamed to the sides of his head. His wrists, under the precisely twice-turned-up cuffs of his shirt, were thick as a shapely girl's calf, yet his hands at work were nimble rather than brutish. In the daily sudden rush of cocktail hour, he moved with the speed and sureness and agility of a much smaller man, filling the orders of four cocktail waitresses and twenty or so bar customers easily and promptly. When the first frantic round of rush-hour drinks was delivered and business slowed to a more normal pace, McAndless turned from the service bar with a slight but unmistakable strut. It was hard work, requiring unusual stamina, coordination, and memory, and he did it better than anybody he had ever seen anywhere.

Mechanical skill was the least of the McAndless' qualifications for World's Best Bartender. Any servant can be taught to measure and shake and stir and pour, and with practice will get pretty fast at it. But servants don't make good bartenders — or better, no good bartender is a servant. McAndless, in fact, was an autocrat. When he stepped behind a bar, he was absolutely in charge of the premises. He controlled the junior bartenders and the level of conversation, the chef and the jukebox, the waiters and the deportment of the women present.

Behind this arrogant facade beat an arrogant heart that was as much a hazard of McAndless' occupation as sore feet. Not because he saw people at their worst and despised them for it. That's folklore. McAndless' arrogance was a reflection of his positive sense of his own worth. And his sense of his own worth had been shored up at every turn in life since he committed himself to tending bar. He made more money than his customers. As a bartender, for a host of cultural reasons, he was very attractive to women. He had a tremendous range of acquaintance and was well liked. For thirty-five years he had lived the good life — pint of whiskey, two-pound steak, dollar cigar. Nothing there to teach humility.

When Kuhn, Loeb cut his salary from sixteen to eleven dollars a week in 1931, McAndless took night work as a waiter on West Fourteenth Street to make ends meet. The restaurant closed every evening at ten and reopened as a speakeasy at midnight with McAndless, the biggest of the waiters, behind the bar. He worked till dawn every day, then went to Kuhn, Loeb and tried to make sense on the telephone. He did not make sense, but that

wasn't why they fired him. They fired him when he asked for vacation time, on the altogether sound premise that anybody with vacation money in 1931 was a thief. All at once, McAndless did not have a respectable job with a future paying eleven dollars a week. He had what was, in point of fact, criminal employment of unknown future paying eighty dollars a week. The difference in the money compelled McAndless to commit himself halfway to a life behind a bar.

He remained only halfway committed until one night, when perhaps he had just turned old enough to wonder what good might come of all this cheering and laughter, he was visited by three of his Kuhn, Loeb contemporaries. It was near dawn on Sunday, and the three of them had whizzed away a week's salary on a quarrelsome and joyless payday drunk. They spoke so bitterly of their world and one another and the speaks they had visited that night that McAndless bought them several rounds of drinks to dispel the horrid sense of loss and futility these men generated. He spent more on them in an hour than any of them had made that week. Before they left, the Kuhn, Loeb clerks watched a girl whose father owned Sullivan County sweep the floor and clean the ashtrays so McAndless could take her home right away. (Porters did that work, not McAndless, but the girl attacked things with such impossible vigor that he decided it was wisest to let her tire herself some before they went upstairs or anywhere.) As he let the clerks out the door, McAndless could see hostility rising from their shoulders like waves of heat from a beach. They would have families and large homes one day when he had nothing, if only out of spite and if they had to kill themselves to do it. McAndless locked the door behind them and turned to watch a very rich girl washing his dishes. While he had been mulling his status and future, the world had committed him to tending bar. He shrugged and accepted the commitment. A minority of one is a madman.

ON THE night of Repeal, McAndless sat on the bench before an upright piano next to a girl who played, without skill, a woefully pretty ballad called "The House Is Haunted." McAndless sang, then and always the least of his vices, and the girl played, until the midnight sirens heralding the end of Prohibition drowned them out. Everybody kissed everybody else, and McAndless kissed a telegram from the newly formed Liquor Authority of the State of New York. Until issuance of license, the telegram authorized Michael McAndless, doing business as The 38 Club, to sell whiskey, wine, and beer at retail for on-premises consumption at 120 West 38th Street, N.Y.C.

That was the first of several saloons McAndless had a piece of over the next thirty years. It did well from the day they opened the door. McAndless sold his share to the first solvent bidder because his partners' money was gun money, which entails, sooner or later, trouble. He drifted north and east with the growth of the city, nursing his stake, his bankroll, as partner or manager or trusted employee. Jails are full of trusted employees, but McAndless was careful, and the bankroll grew. In 1942 he sold his interest in a bar (his fourth? his fifth?) that was getting rich on sailors to buy his way into the Navy. For twelve years after the war, he had a small, dark saloon on East Sixty-fourth Street that was jammed every night with grown men and women spending incredible money. It was the golden age of the saloon in New York that ended in the mid-fifties when adults abdicated, surrendering the city to children from the suburbs and similar six-dollar trash. In 1957, at the top of the market, McAndless sold out.

For all the family he had in the world, a sister, he bought a small apartment building, handed her outright deed, and walked off as though he had buried her in style, his commitment ended. For a year he did almost nothing but go to the movies. It was an exciting year. Having spent his adult life in the saloon business, he had simply missed out on movies. But a year of movies was enough, and McAndless started looking for a new bar. He was fifty years old, and far from being ready to retire, he was warming up for the next fifty and more if they'd give it to him.

He found a spare, clean, no-nonsense Irish bar on Lexington in the sixties, and bought it for little cash down and very-long-term notes. He had no illusions about recapturing the trade that had done so well by him after the war. Those were class people, and class people didn't live in the city anymore. He wanted adult men with moderate money who were willing to pay and pay well for an enormous drink in good company in a clean, sane place with good talk and no juke noise. It took McAndless four years of twelve hours a day, six days a week, to accept, to believe, that there was no room in New York for a clean, sane saloon. He broke even when he sold the place because he had worked it himself and worked it hard. He even turned a small profit, for he learned two things that he might otherwise never have realized. First, the rules for success, as stated, are far from complete. You *can* work and save and use your head and know your business and still fail. With minor exceptions, only artists and soldiers have to learn that. Second, he had — apparently and suddenly and sadly — become an antique. What pleased him didn't interest the rest of the world. He didn't know what people wanted.

So he took a year off for more movies and the touring of bars, then bought a place on Second Avenue that had Everything. It was well decorated and equipped, surrounded by towering office and apartment buildings, a short walk from Grand Central and a block from the UN. Couldn't miss.

But he learned again that things had changed. Everybody commuted. There were no men left in the city after six. Just boys who couldn't afford to leave town and tourists and what McAndless called "nances." The place couldn't miss, and it missed, badly. McAndless learned again and sadly that he was an antique, but this time the lesson cost him a lot of money. He had a sharp pencil, and every morning he made the same reckoning: the saloon was costing him four hundred dollars a week. Before he put the place on the market to recoup what money he could — and give that to A.T.&T. — he was approached by two young bartenders from nearby saloons that were doing well. Gambling on their youth, McAndless made them partners and gave them thirty days to make the saloon break even.

Whatever the boys set in motion, it was not a saloon. It looked to McAndless like Rosie-the-Litvak's waiting parlor before the MP's shut her down. There were girls at the bar of a type that McAndless would never permit in a saloon of his, although years ago many of his best friends had been hookers. And once in a while two men who seemed as masculine as leather or a punch in the mouth would meet in the bar and go off together. Whatever the boys set in motion, saloon or not, it was a business and it made money, and McAndless let them alone.

He visited the bar less and less often. The place had taken on a strong and corrupt odor. Sweat is one thing, and it smells bad, but nothing gets made or destroyed without that smell. The smell that made McAndless' head literally try to recoil from his nose was compounded of deodorant, which he did not use, tobacco, which he no longer used, and the absolutely inexplicable smell of cheap gin, perfumed gin, half-pint gin that he had not seen, never mind tasted, for three decades. The smell kept him awake at night and woke him in the morning. McAndless decided to do his nose a favor and get out of town for a while. He made a generous and airtight agreement with the boys. It was more generous than they expected and far more binding than they knew, so both parties were joyous and sealed the agreement with many, many drinks.

IF it does not smell good at the beach, it doesn't smell good anywhere. McAndless drove to the only seaside resort he knew anything about —

Islip, Long Island — and took a room at the inn. "The Inn at Islip," as the owner, Mr. Bowker, insisted it be called, was a rambling complex of old white buildings perched on the dunes just above the high-water mark. There was a genteel air to the place; authority here was feminine. A piano precisely as out of tune as the pianos impoverished ladies give lessons on could be heard playing "Serenade" as McAndless checked in. The main sitting room was snowy with doilies, and there was even a crocheted something separating the rabbit-ears antenna from the aluminum top of the television set. The place smelled as though some old fusspot threw all the windows open three times a day to let the sea air sweep through. There was no smell of tobacco or whiskey; just salt air and the down-cellar odor of mildew.

It was not yet the resort season when McAndless checked in. It was the ninth of May, and they charged him eighteen dollars a day for a spare cell of a room and three meals. That seemed a little steep to McAndless, but he had money in the bank, and the beach was worth it. The water was too cold even for wading, but because of the cold the surf was unlittered and so white you couldn't look at it for long. You could see *almost* through the waves as they humped up a hundred feet offshore. The beach was hot and empty by day, and at night McAndless slept curled under two blankets.

The manager of the inn was a big white-haired Britisher twenty years McAndless' senior with a dramatically deep tan. His name was Ed Grant, and he insisted that at McAndless' age he had been the same size but had shrunk. They walked miles on the beach together every morning, talking of the hotel and bar businesses, the British and American navies, and a shared enthusiasm, Winston Churchill. People who passed them on the beach could be depended upon to stop at a polite distance and wonder at the two big white-maned gentlemen. Old movie stars? Retired admirals? Jewel thieves?

At any rate, they came to know one another well and to enjoy each other's company, and as the month wore on, Grant said he might be able to arrange a room for McAndless for the season, but not for less than thirty-five dollars a day.

"Must be some room," McAndless said.

"Not quite the room you have now, I'm afraid," Grant said. They were standing on a slat-board path before the main building of the inn, having finished their morning hike. Grant put one foot into the sand next to the path and watched it disappear. He looked uneasy but pleased. "We do quite well in the summer. Same people every year. Well-to-do. Gentlemen, almost all of them, with their wives —"

"I'm not broke by any means," McAndless said, "and a good reason I'm not broke is that I don't

pay thirty-five dollars a day to stay in resort hotels in season — however pleasant the management might be.”

“Well. Yes. Can’t say I blame you.” Grant pointed from his hip at a tacked-on afterthought wing of the main building that was the inn’s bar, and for want of a better word, cocktail lounge. “You have to admit that’s one of the handsomest little bars you’ve ever seen in your life —”

“Oh, no you don’t.”

“Our guests are a marvelous class of people, wonderful to deal with and very generous. The bartender here has his own cottage in the rear —”

“Come on. I have a place in the city.”

“I know you do. And you hate it. It stinks. You told me so yourself.” Under the shade of one hand, Grant looked right through McAndless’ skull and clear to Lisbon.

McAndless’ eyes wavered, and he dropped them to inspect his nails. He was abruptly seized with lust for the little jewel of a bar, and with something akin to nostalgia for the days when he worked regularly with men and women of class and money. “Ah, no,” he said at length. “The man who owns the place is an overbearing, contrary little fascist. You told me so yourself —”

“I did not!”

“And I’ve been on my own since Repeal. You can’t expect a man like me to take advice, never mind orders. I’m just as used to having my own way as your friend Bowker. There’s bound to be a clash.”

Grant had a characteristic deep chuckle which he delivered off the bridge of his nose, like a baritone warming up. “Hm-hm! And what if I’m the buffer?” He patted his generous belly. “Enough here to buffer anything. Well. Think it over. Drop by if you have a minute.” He stomped down the path to the porch and around the porch, as though he were put out with McAndless for hesitating and would be infuriated if McAndless refused. First-rate con man, McAndless thought, smiling after him. The old devil had the touch.

With one hand on the plate glass of the window to make a cup of shade to see through, McAndless looked, perhaps for the twentieth time, at the bar. The chairs were wicker and deep, the tables round and thick and close to the floor. From the front windows you could probably see the surf; certainly from behind the bar you could see out to sea for miles. A jewel. And really, seriously, what the hell else did he have to do for the summer?

THE establishment and maintenance of a superior bar facility were what McAndless’ working life was all about. He shorted the house a mixed case

of scotch and rye on the initial inventory and bribed hotel workmen to scrub and paint for him. When the first guests of the season arrived, he promised the economic moon to the ablest and most mature of the undergraduates who waited tables, and got himself a splendid barboy. Every morning at eleven thirty he emptied half the Coke out of a bottle, filled it with whiskey, and delivered it to the salad chef. In return, the salad chef provided the bar with colossal trays of hors d’oeuvres. For cold beer with her lunch, the housekeeper supplied the bar with fresh linen and flowers every day.

The guests were everything McAndless had expected, and more. He had expected they would be rich, and with rooms suddenly fifty dollars a day, he wasn’t disappointed. If there was one characteristic McAndless found cheering, even endearing, in people, it was the possession of money in reasonable quantity. The more, the extra, the plus he hadn’t anticipated was that these people were not only gentlemen and ladies, they were people on an expensive holiday, smilingly determined to be pleasant and to be treated pleasantly. Many of them, indeed, wanted to be amusing and amused, certainly their right at those prices, and several succeeded. From the very beginning, it was such a pleasant job that McAndless often said it was a shame to take money for it. But he did. At the end of the first two weeks he was showered with envelopes by departing guests. The envelopes were full of tens and twenties, and one had a fifty-dollar bill in it. He and his barboy, Willie, pooled all tips and split down the middle. McAndless almost laughed aloud in pleasure watching Willie count his tips. It was so much money the boy didn’t want to carry it loose in his pocket. He went to his room and got his wallet, tucked the money in neatly, and installed the wallet on his hip, patting it often the rest of the day.

When the first group of guests left, McAndless literally, actually, honestly felt sad. It was his first experience with a resort bar, where people you have become attached to are suddenly no longer around. But then a new group of guests, just as rich and nice, replaced those who had left him, and McAndless transferred his attachment to them.

There were incidents, of course, initiated by the women who ran the other departments of the inn. In years past, apparently, the man who ran the bar had been the first berry-cheeked wet-head to come in off the street, and McAndless was certainly not that. He was, at the kindest estimate, an overbearing man, although he was cheerful about it. The women came to hate him not as a challenge to their established eminence but as one hates the Goodyear balloon — there, out of reach, its name emblazoned, unconcerned. The housekeeper

reported that McAndless had given whiskey to the maintenance men to polish his bar before opening. There was outrage in the front office, and Ed Grant, as buffer, went to speak to McAndless. "Where did the whiskey come from?" Grant asked by way of rebuke.

"I shorted the house a case on the initial inventory," McAndless explained blandly. "It was cheaper than paying overtime."

"Probably was," Grant said, at a loss, as we all are, to deal with reasonableness. "Join me in a scotch."

By way of celebration of the tips, McAndless closed the bar early one night, and he and Willie took a handful of guests on a tour of local jazz joints and discothèques and colored bars. Grant was at the door of the bar when McAndless opened up in the morning. "No need to take money elsewhere, is there?" he began.

"I looked for you but you were already in bed," McAndless said, opening the door. "What the hell, Ed. It was my money, Willie's and mine, that got spent." McAndless smiled openly, even tolerantly, as only a marvelously secure man can smile, and Grant shelved the lecture he had been sent to deliver. It had involved words like "fraternizing," and "guests" said in the sense of "betters," and in the face of that smile his speech became unutterable. He also shelved, in large part, his role as buffer. It was too much to ask of him, at his age, to bridge the gap between the outraged unreason of the front office and the sweet reasonableness of the bar, particularly when he knew perfectly well they were both wrong.

Bowker came into the bar every evening at cocktail hour for one drink, sometimes two, with his guests. In the language of the trade, Bowker owned the store, and McAndless served him promptly and well. That was the extent of their contact. Then the loss of Willie was felt or imagined to be felt by the woman who ran the dining room, and she went to Bowker in tears, lacking a whip. In curiosity more than anything else—in the past the barboy had been the least competent of the waiters—Bowker visited the bar one day in the middle of the afternoon. Neither he nor McAndless knew quite how to behave. Bowker stepped across the threshold of the bar as though the floor might give way under him; McAndless approached him with big hands gingerly outspread, as if to catch a tumbling vase. When it was established that he wanted neither to drink nor complain, Bowker asked Willie if he really liked working in the bar.

"Yes, sir. I like it fine," the boy said. He looked staunch and loyal. He had a great deal of money on his hip.

"In other years our . . . older boys all wanted

to work in the dining room. We've always had trouble getting a good young man to take this job." Bowker smiled in a way that said, We are all friends here, encouraging Willie to speak. He was confused to the point of suspicion that a good waiter would want a job that for twenty years had been the burial ground for his annual error.

"I like it here fine, sir," Willie said. Some of McAndless had rubbed off on him, and he added, brightly, "Nice of you to ask."

"All right," Bowker sighed, in a tone that usually prefaces "It's your funeral," and he left. McAndless considered the incident, if he considered it at all, as closed. It wasn't in him to understand that he had witnessed a vigorous protest from a timid man.

The encounter didn't produce a beginning of comprehension between McAndless and Bowker, but it did lower or break the barriers to communication. When Willie was assigned by mimeograph to some nut-house early-morning color guard, McAndless spent only twenty minutes looking for Ed Grant before carrying his protest directly to Bowker.

"Why shouldn't an American boy want to raise his flag?" Bowker demanded.

"Because he works till midnight, sometimes two in the morning."

"That's not very patriotic, I must say."

"Oh, let's find a patriotic waiter," McAndless said, not laughing and looking like a man who was not laughing. "They can get to bed by eleven." And McAndless left, considering that incident closed, too, because the arrogant and the timid have as much in common as the rich and the poor.

But these incidents were isolated and rare and not the ordinary course of events. In the main, it was McAndless' pleasure to tend bar at the inn. He rose early and swam and hiked the beaches—generally alone, since Grant seemed very busy now. He played golf twice, dutifully and without skill, because the men at the bar talked about the course continually. The food at the inn was so good it was startling, and McAndless ate selectively and enormously. There was even a Mrs. Goyette, a husbandless woman of, say, forty-five, who had not simply taken a fancy to McAndless but was altogether smitten with him. She was a graying blonde who wore bulky pastel sweaters, lots of bangles, and tight slacks. She rented a house nearby, was not a guest at the inn, but took her meals there, in order, she explained, "not to have a lot of servants snooping around all the time." McAndless got that message readily enough, but she mooned so at him that he declined her unstated invitation. It would be cloying, and in McAndless' present atmosphere—salt water, sun, sand, hard work, marvelous people—he would not be cloyed.

July Fourth and Labor Day are two weekends that can make or break the season for resorts. If the forecast is for rain on the Fourth, it can mean the resort operator can't afford Florida in the winter. If the forecast is for rain on Labor Day, too, it can mean the end of the business. It doesn't much matter whether it ultimately rains or not. The forecast keeps people and their lovely money in the city. The television and newspapers agreed on the Friday before the Fourth that the weekend would be deluged. Bowker digested this information, fired a second cook, pronounced the glassware in the dining room untouchable, asked a guest at the buffet if he really thought he could eat that incredible plateful of food, and in general behaved like a resort operator before a rainy Fourth. On a shortcut through the bar, on his way to make trouble at the front desk, Bowker saw McAndless out of the corner of his eye and stopped, his face bulging with words and anger and fright. "Where's your jacket?" he demanded in the presence of several customers.

"I don't work in a jacket," McAndless said mildly, gentling Bowker because there were people at the bar. He smiled affably, reasonably, because he saw he dealt with a frightened man somehow backed to the wall, and nothing bites like a cornered fox.

"Willie doesn't seem to mind wearing a jacket."

"Willie is the barboy. I'm the bartender." It was in no way a boast. McAndless was stating what was to him an important fact.

"We'll see," Bowker said senselessly, furiously, and stormed off. He was followed out by a lovely ripple of woman's laughter that made it very easy to keep moving.

McAndless' shirts were white, broadcloth, tailored, monogrammed, button-down, flap-pocket, lightly starched prides. They were handsome and expensive and had a decidedly formal air. Even the twice-turned-back cuffs had elegance. He did not simply fold them back but ironed them in place every morning. When Saturday turned out to be exactly as rainy as forecast, Bowker came into the bar before lunch. He walked rapidly to the door, on the attack, but ran out of courage on the threshold, probably because McAndless was alone in the room. "Didn't the jackets arrive?" he said, with what can only be called asperity.

"These shirts cost me twenty dollars apiece, or damned near," McAndless said. He had been counting his bankroll and stood with large batches of bills in either hand. "I don't see the sense in covering them with dollar jackets from a laundry truck." He went on counting.

Bowker hated Communists because there aren't any, he was that timid, but the sight of all that money in McAndless' hands infuriated him. (The

bartender has so much money it takes all morning to count it, and I'm losing thousands because of that goddamned rain.) "If you're going to work in my bar you're going to dress appropriately," he announced; then his eyes went big at his own temerity.

"I'm dressed appropriately," McAndless said, pocketing the money, putting it out of sight, aware the money had touched the man off. He tried to smile, but something set his stomach to churning wildly full seconds before he knew what was happening in his head. "Your bar?" he said, and "Your bar!" he hollered.

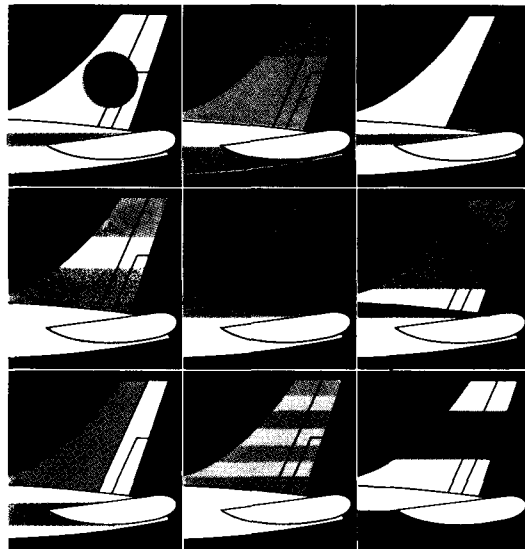
"We'll see," Bowker called, leaving fast. "We'll see whose bar this is!"

MCANDLESS knew whose bar it was. After ten minutes of banging things and muttering, he went to the front office to find Grant and tell him to get another man in a hurry. Grant had just left, and nobody seemed to know where he had gone. McAndless was furious with himself for letting Bowker bait him out of his jewel of a bar; and then, of course, he was depressed. He wanted very much to be left alone in his depression, but he had set in motion an unparalleled little saloon, and by three o'clock that rainy Saturday afternoon the bar and the tables near the bar were full. *You were childish about that jacket, proud of your expensive shirts, vain of your old man's figure.* One of the men arrived with a ukulele and everybody sang "rain" songs, of which there is an astonishing number. *You refused to wear a coat that said "I am the bartender."* One of the couples, not young people but probably unaccustomed to alcohol in the afternoon, left holding hands, and everybody clapped. *You took the bartender's tips fast enough. Why couldn't you wear his jacket?* He had left a message asking Ed Grant to come and see him as soon as possible, but Grant didn't appear that afternoon, nor did he come by in the evening. *Yes, I know whose bar it is, but I hope they are very careful how they ask me to leave it.*

By way of lifting his spirits, McAndless drank along with his customers. At eight o'clock he was sitting on the beer cooler behind the bar, watching Willie trying to work the bar, booming instructions, and roaring with laughter. The guests joined in, ordering drinks Willie had never heard of, then changing their minds. Willie took it all with marvelous grace. At eleven, McAndless threw everybody out, and with a spandy new quart of scotch in his fist, stomped off to his cottage.

It rained Sunday, too. McAndless needed badly an hour of hot sun, a swim, a hike on the beach. Instead, he got company. Pretty, faithful old horny hound dog Goyette was at the door when

paint is only skin deep

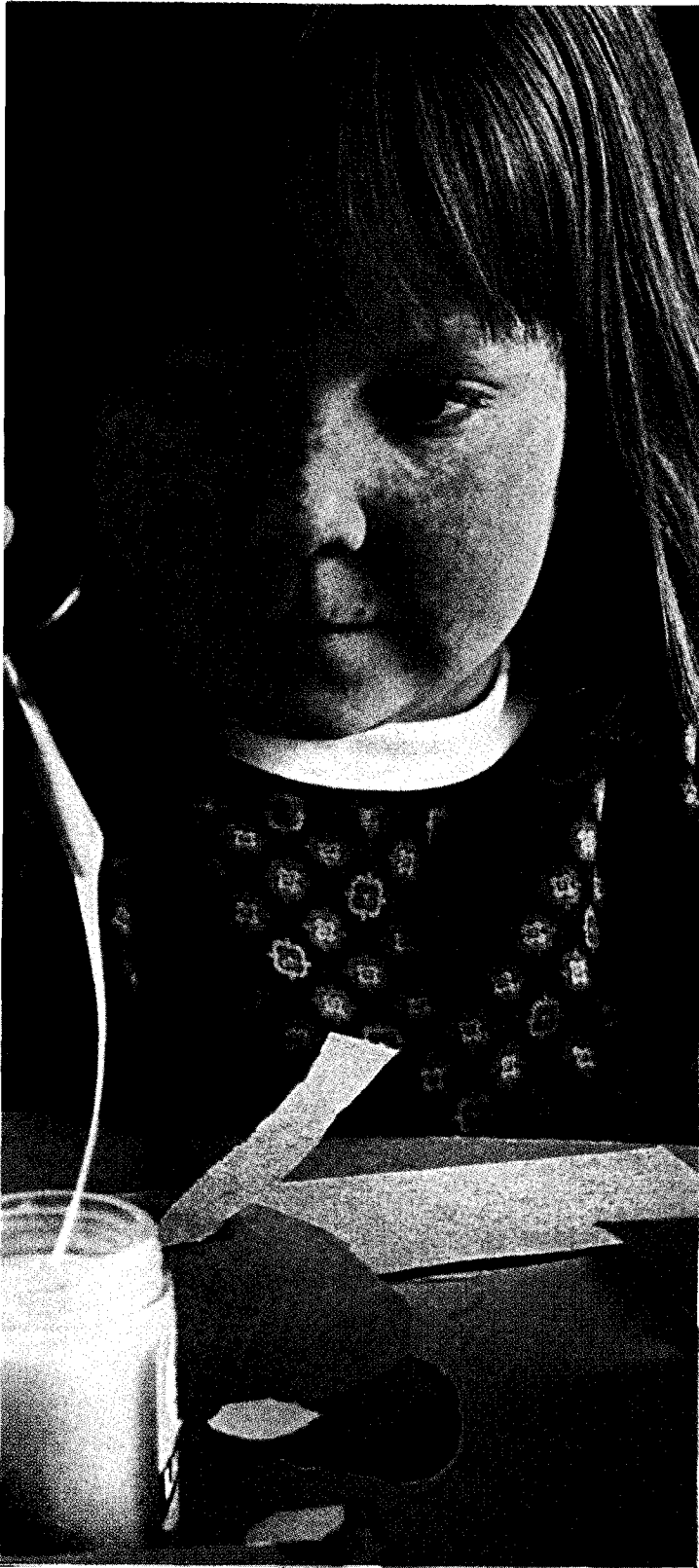


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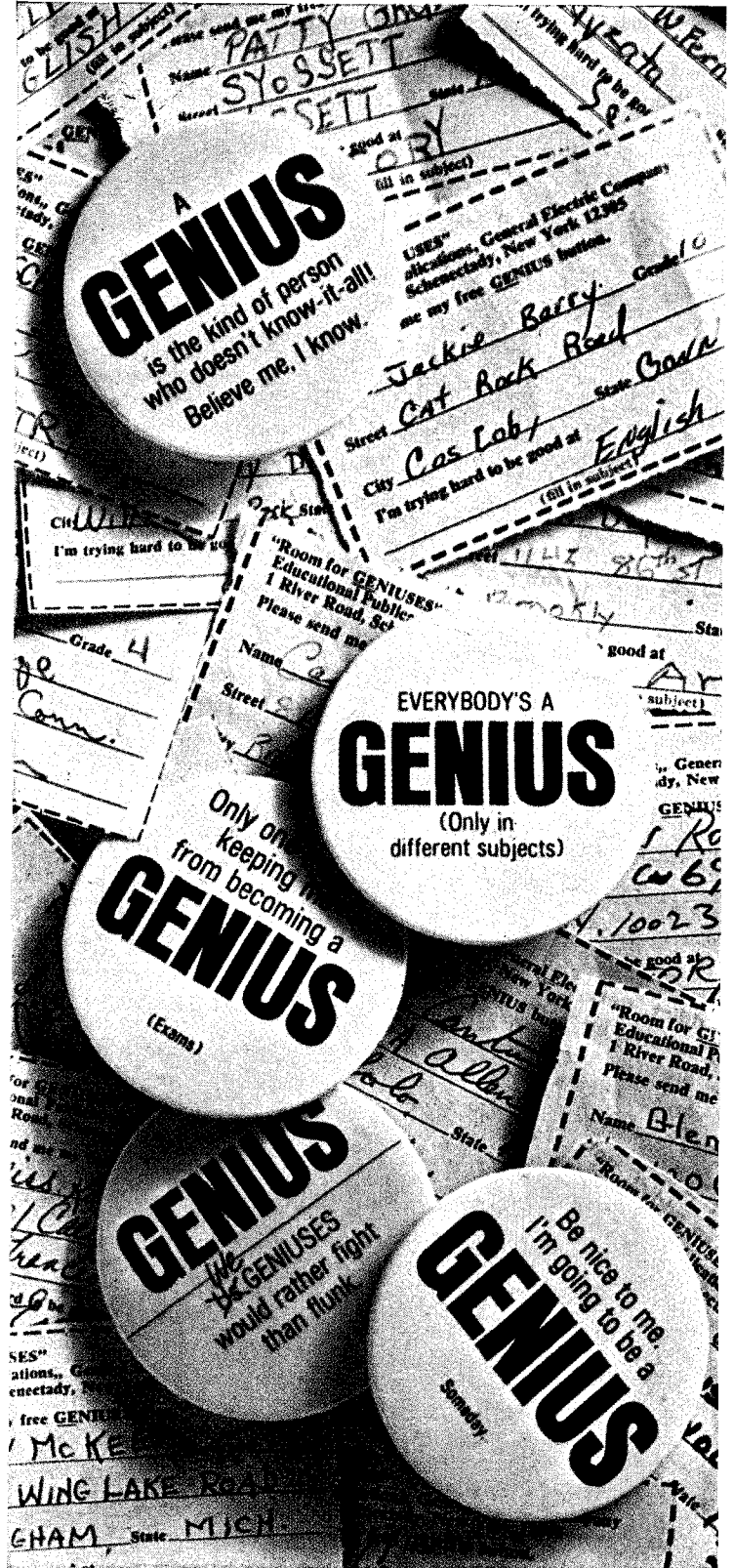
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CONTINENTAL  The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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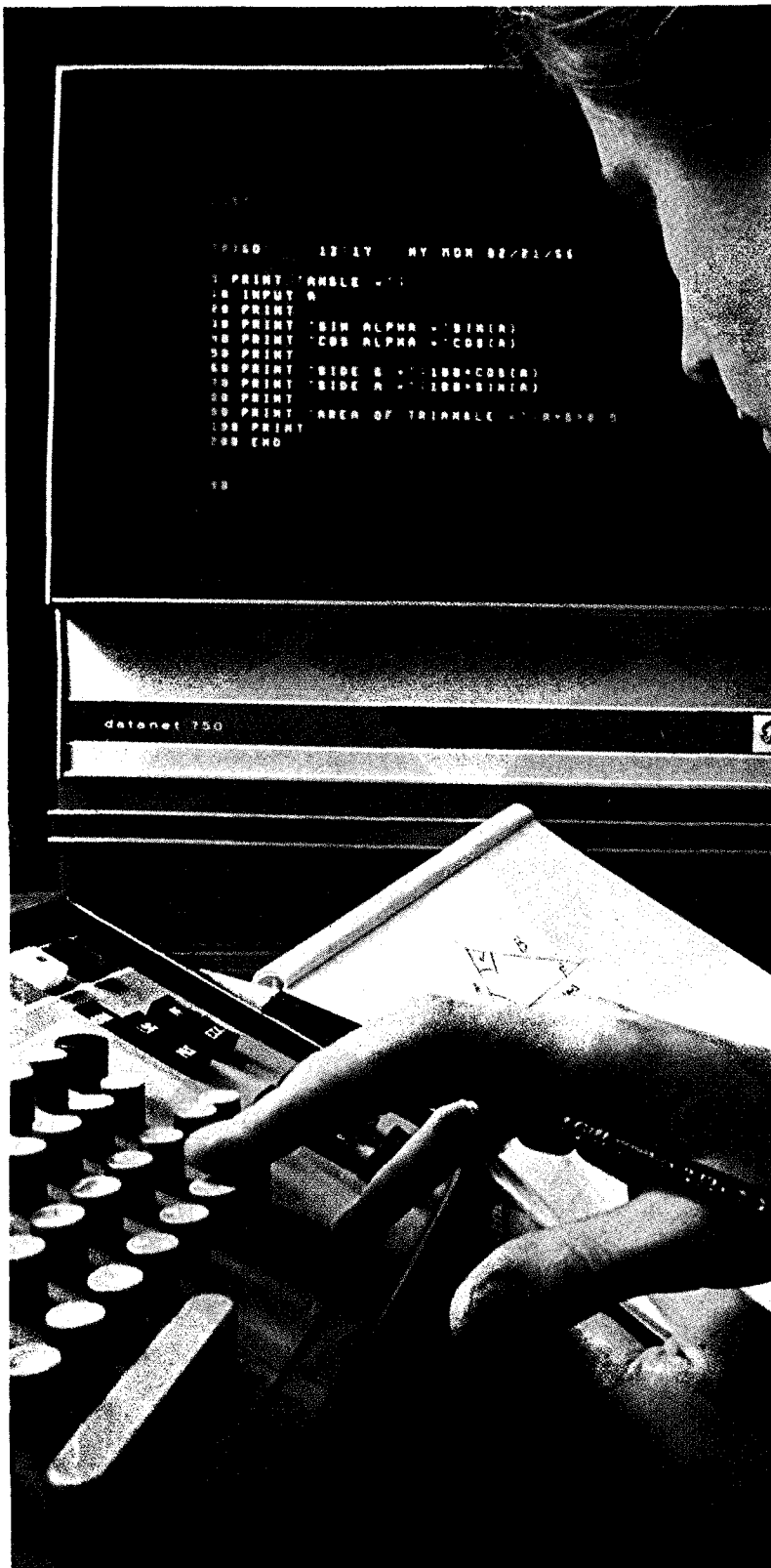


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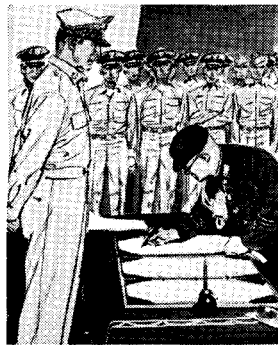
25 year history of U.S. Savings Bonds



1941: FDR buys first E Bond.



1944: June 6—D Day.



1945: World War II ends.
Bond sales continue.



1948: Berlin Airlift.



1950: President Truman or-
ders military aid to Korea.



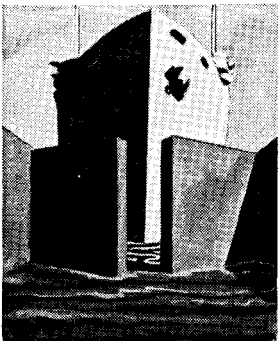
1951: Kefauver hearings. E
Bonds get 10-year extension.



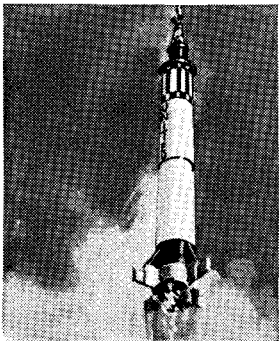
1953: Dr. Salk develops polio
vaccine.



1956: Don Larsen hurls first
perfect Series game.



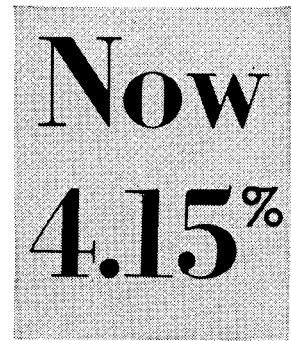
1959: St. Lawrence Seaway
opens. \$17 billion in E Bonds
over 10 years old.



1961: Alan Shepard is first
U. S. Astronaut in space.



1963: John F. Kennedy assas-
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he opened the bar. He made her a drink and went about the business of "setting up." He had filled the ice bins when he saw two figures walking up from the beach in the thick mist, very slowly, sopping and reluctant. McAndless stood up straight and dried his hands. "Oh-oh," he said.

"What is it, Mike?" Mrs. Goyette cried, clearly ready to hurl her frail body into the sea to spare her man. McAndless walked rapidly out from behind the bar to the outer door and waited for the boys to come to him. They were his managers, his partners in the city saloon. Roland, the leader, stopped outside the door. "I suppose you're wondering what we're doing here, Mike," he said.

McAndless turned his back on bad news. "Come in," he said. "Shut the door. Sit down. Dry off." He went behind the bar and busied himself with cherries and olives and lemon peels. He spilled the peels into the ice and threw everything else in after them. "All right. Let me hear it."

"Fact is, we had a raid," Doug, the younger one, said.

"A raid."

"Not exactly a raid," Roland said. "Is it all right to talk?" He nodded at Mrs. Goyette.

McAndless overlooked this politeness entirely. "OK, you didn't have a raid. What did you have?"

"Couple of girls picked up two businessmen. They were vice squad."

"That could mean my license. You're tellin' me I might have to start all over at sixty, sixty-five." The boys said nothing. McAndless filled an old-fashioned glass with whiskey and drank it off. "Doug," he ordered, "get back here and set this bar up. Roland, come over here and sit. Tell me what I got left."

The first look at a cut is the worst. After that it is just so much blood on your sneakers. McAndless learned there would be a fine, at the least, and probably a big one. A hearing was set before the State Liquor Authority early in September. They could continue to do business until the hearing, but that meant a policeman on the premises and on the payroll twelve hours a day. And a sign in the window warning passersby that the joint had been raided.

"A cop? A sign in the window? Forget it," McAndless said.

"Well, yeah, Mike," Roland said, "I can't say I blame you, but me and Doug, we gotta make a living —"

"Make a living someplace else. Work a couple of weeks somewhere. Lock the joint up till I come back, because I'm coming back with customers you wouldn't believe. I got a stack of cards this thick. Grown-ups! Adults with money! All of them looking for a decent saloon in New York, and I'm going to give it to them. Go back to the city.

Lock the joint, and leave it locked till you hear from me. Now get lost."

The boys left without a word. Certainly they were cowed by McAndless, and naturally they had very little to say in their own defense. But mostly they did not speak because everything they knew about the saloon business told them that McAndless was crazy. There was no trade for a grown-up bar in New York, although old-timers talked about it always. They trudged off down the slat-board path toward the sea, their narrow, bent backs reading clearly Crime Does Not Pay.

LATE that afternoon the mist burned off and the color of everything became impossibly true and Ed Grant entered the empty bar with a handsome young Greek at his side. McAndless recognized the Greek at once. He was a West Side hotel bartender, and McAndless at first sight felt for him the contempt of the physician for the quack. "This is Miko," Grant said. "He'll be working with you." The eyes that had once seen right through McAndless' skull and clear to Lisbon were Little Orphan Annie saucers.

"Where were you yesterday when I was trying to quit?"

"I wish you'd show him around, show him the storeroom —"

"Funny thing, I *need* the job now. My city saloon is in trouble."

Water bubbled into the Little Orphan Annie eyes. "— introduce him to the guests, and of course to Willie —"

"All right, Ed. I'll take care of it. Forget it."

"Thank you," Grant said. He walked to the door and stopped as though some comment were expected of him and he could think of none to make. "I'm not *eligible* for social security," he said finally, angrily, and he walked off, looking seventy-seven easy.

"Willie," McAndless called to the boy dozing in a deep chair. "This is Miko. He's the new bartender. Show him around —"

Looking impossibly staunch and with his youth sticking out all over him, Willie said, "They fire you, I'm quitting."

"Talk about it tomorrow," McAndless said, pleased. "Show him around." He smiled that he could command that response from a young man, hoping the gift would never go away.

Although it had been a long time between victories, McAndless took the new defeats hard. He no longer healed very well. He stood on a sun deck above the beach and the surf, wondering at the sharp colors the burned-off mists had left, and learned a host of old lessons: you can't get any-

where without sticking your neck out, but if you stick your neck out, almost anybody can chop your head off; there is no fidelity, only humanity; things have no allegiance, an automobile you love will go faster for the man who steals it. Lessons he had learned long ago and so well that he had been several times a rich man. *Perfect*, he thought. *Perfect. Even the tide is low.*

Far to McAndless' right an old Ford pulled into the parking lot, and so many people got out of it, it was like the circus but funnier. Six men and six women, all carrying beer cans, got out of the car and walked to the beach, making tremendous noise. McAndless had a curious feeling, close to *déjà vu*, and he pursued it, hunted it down, and he remembered Boston, where he had buried a wandering brother. He had left the funeral parlor at twilight, and there were no cabs around. A trolley came by and he got aboard, thinking to take it to the nearest wide place in the road where there might be taxis. He fell asleep on the trolley and was wakened by the conductor, who shook him gently and insistently from all possible distance — sure McAndless was drunk, and afraid of him. "This is the last stop," the conductor said. "After this it's the carbarn." The door of the trolley was open, and McAndless stepped out into the cold night. He stood on the curb newly wakened, disarranged by grief, and lost, watching the trolley car go away. Suicide time. Down the street were the lights of a small bar, and he walked to it, hoping to telephone for a taxi.

All of the men at the bar listened in when McAndless told the bartender he was lost and wanted a taxi. At once, and for no reason he could think of to this day, half of the men offered him a lift to anywhere he wanted to go. They got to pushing and shouting over the right to drive McAndless around Boston. Confused, not at all sure his leg wasn't being pulled, McAndless ordered a round of drinks for the bar. Somebody bought him a solitary drink in return, and he bought another round for the bar.

A party ensued which McAndless remembered in detail — although he had gotten quite drunk — now, ten years later. The people in the party were for the most part Irish males, restricted in their pursuit of hilarity only by the absence of money, and McAndless had money, plenty of it. When the bar closed, a dozen of them, drinks in hand, had climbed into one car and driven off. McAndless slept eighteen hours in the back bedroom of a wooden tenement and woke up cured of his brother's death.

MCANDLESS put on a jacket. He went to his cottage and put on his best linen jacket. When he

got to the bar he chose a corner barstool he had always thought would be a grand place to sit as a customer. He ordered a scotch, and he and the Greek had a brief professional talk about prices and which whiskey to push and related pedestrian matters of bar management. That out of the way, McAndless told Miko to put all cocktail business on a tab and give it to him after dinner. As the guests arrived and learned their drinks were being paid for, they asked out of courtesy why McAndless was leaving. He explained that his business in the city forced him to leave the inn, which was in part the truth and certainly more pleasant than telling them he had been fired. Again out of courtesy, he was asked what had gone wrong with his restaurant in the city, and McAndless told a story that was only here and there factual about the boys, the hookers, the fags, the vice squad. He told the story with every comic device at his command to mounting laughter, and at the end, laughter and delighted applause. The party was on.

Mrs. Goyette arrived and sat next to McAndless at the bar, and was suddenly very attractive to him. It wasn't the scotch in him, nor did she become attractive in the way Burmese do if you are in Burma long enough, but she had stopped pushing, pressing, soliciting. She had McAndless for the evening and knew it, so she relaxed, eased herself, permitted her intelligence and humor to come through, and was in consequence something of a belle.

The men at the bar were different from the men McAndless had met in God-knows-where, just outside of Boston, in that they had money, too. Soon several men were buying drinks for separate clusters of talking people, and the party gained size and momentum. As he was shocking and amusing the group around him with another story from the shadow world of saloon life, McAndless recognized something in the faces of the men. They were the men who had sweated out eleven dollars a week in 1931 while he lived the good life. And now it was their turn. They had homes and families and money and no fear of the future. And he had what he had. He closed down hard on that section of his mind. There was no bitterness there, but there wasn't a hell of a lot of joy, either. He concentrated on telling his story, on amusing his guests.

All at once it was nine o'clock, the bar was still half-full of people, and the dining room was closed. McAndless gave Willie ten dollars to give to the salad chef in return for twenty hamburgers for the bar. Willie and the salad man responded with trays of roast beef and ham and turkey sandwiches, and the salad man made McAndless take back his ten. The party almost fizzled on the food, but

McAndless restored the party spirit by pocketing all of the bar tabs before a Greek in panic.

They went, four carfuls of them, to a local jazz joint, where McAndless sang several ordinary songs of his youth which were now folk classics. Later at a discothèque one of the professional dancers took an unlikely shine to McAndless. She had long blond hair, a deep bosom untrammelled in a loose sweater, and skintight pants. She taught McAndless a couple of primitive steps and hurled herself into lunatic action before him. McAndless joined her until his legs quit. Back at the table, he plumped down in his chair laughing and exhausted. Mrs. Goyette, speaking as sweetly as only a jealous woman can, suggested they all go back to her place and have a swim in the pool.

Mrs. Goyette's summer house was so senselessly large and so evidently expensive that McAndless decided in drunken cunning that it was time he got married after all. There was a bar with more whiskey on it than some saloons can boast, and two of the men made drinks for everybody on the grounds that McAndless had been waiting on them long enough. The women crowded around McAndless, batting their eyes and asking long-forgotten questions they were once told would "draw men out." He was the first bartender some of them had ever really talked to. His life seemed irregular, unpredictable, insecure, even daring — everything their lives weren't. And anyway, he was a big masculine thing and fun to flirt with. Understanding most of the reasons for his momentary celebrity, McAndless enjoyed it hugely nonetheless, and hoped he would never see the day it stopped.

At four in the morning, the women began to look slick and ugly and one man was snoring in an armchair. By common consent the party broke up. The men put on their coats and the women smoothed their dresses and they all woke the sleeping man and headed for the door. Emily (formerly Mrs. Goyette) caught McAndless' sleeve where no one could see and tugged it briefly but urgently. "I thought I'd stick around for a drink, if it's all right with you," McAndless said, so she wouldn't have to ask.

"Fine. I haven't had a chance to talk to you all night," Emily said, and went to the door, calling airy good-nights to her guests.

There was a minor accident in the driveway and glass tinkled as one of the cars backed into another, but finally all four cars got under way sensibly enough, everybody yelling good-night. In the headlights of the backing and turning cars, McAndless saw the pool. It was curiously shaped and surrounded by a patio and looked chill and forbidding. Perhaps because a swim might add some

flavor to his forthcoming, inevitable encounter with Emily, or perhaps because the pool looked so forbidding and had to be challenged and overcome — either way for reasons having to do with pride — McAndless announced, "I'm going for a swim."

"A swim? At this hour? Don't be silly. Come in and have a drink." She said this last in tones of the sweetest invitation. McAndless felt no matching urgency — felt, indeed, anesthetized from the waist down — and decided a swim was imperative.

"You go fix us drinks," he said. He had his coat and tie off and was unbuttoning his shirt. "Bring them to the pool. All of a sudden I've just *gotta* go swimming."

Emily left with a sigh that said she would go along with him now and domesticate him in good time. McAndless undressed at the pool, folding his clothes neatly, as was his nature, and piling them on a chair. He flexed his great shoulders without vanity and slapped his flat belly, hard. Naked at the edge of the pool, he did not in the least want to dive into the forbidding water. But he'd look like a fool if he got dressed and walked back to the house. And who knows, maybe the plunge would wake his jewelry up. "Get in and get out," he said aloud to the night. "No backing out now."

He dove. It was the shallow end of the pool, and he bumped the bottom roughly. The water was beyond-belief cold, and the shock of entry drove the air out of his lungs. He surfaced and began a controlled breaststroke to the far end of the pool, which seemed now a long way off. He suffered a sharp pain along his left side and turned on his back to float, saying aloud through clenched teeth, "Don't be trite. Show a little imagination." Then somebody hit him in the left rib cage with the peen end of a ball peen hammer as big as the World's Fair. His knees jerked right to his nipples and stayed locked there. He rolled on his side and began to sink, knowing all the while that he had to unclench his body or drown. He got his right arm moving and propelled himself toward the nearest rim of the pool. With an effort of strength and will he could not quite himself believe, he unclenched his body and forced it to the pool's rim and rolled it out of the water, onto the stones of the patio. He heard a woman screaming and heard glass breaking, but he kept moving on all fours to the chair that held his clothes. Even though somebody was helping him, he had a terrible time getting his shirt on because his body was wet. He got his arms through the sleeves, and still on his knees was trying to make the buttons work when that goddamned hammer hit him in the chest again and getting his shirt on didn't matter anymore.

BOOKS and MEN *The subject for this month's essay by the ATLANTIC's critic Louis Kronenberger is The Modern Movement as defined by the British critic Cyril Connolly in his choice of one hundred books written from 1880 to 1950 in England, France, and America.*

CYRIL CONNOLLY'S WAYWARD GUIDE

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IN *The Modern Movement*, Cyril Connolly has written the kind of book that arouses great interest in the people it is written for, only to leave them dissatisfied with the author. Since some of the dissatisfaction goes with defining the very nature of the book, it might well be touched on at the outset. Thus, *The Modern Movement*, although given to critical comment, was in a sense not so much "written" as compiled: Mr. Connolly's subtitle, *One Hundred Key Books from England, France and America, 1880-1950*, is far more indicative. The hundred titles are the real point; for, besides providing a kind of highbrow parlor game, they make for serious documentation of a great creative era. Yet already here Mr. Connolly befogs matters by choosing books that are equally to diagram a movement and to possess, in themselves, "richness of texture" — books that, on such terms, must qualify as both experiment and art, signposts and destinations. Again, all of Mr. Connolly's hundred choices, set within seventy years, derive from an arbitrary three countries.

Still, even with the Modern Movement so decidedly fenced in, we are familiar enough with its axis and its atmosphere, and would scarcely challenge Mr. Connolly's saying that it "began as a revolt against the bourgeois in France, the Victorians in England, the puritanism and materialism of America." As time passed, of course, it did far more than challenge repressive and unaesthetic points of view; it ushered in a whole new vision and sensibility. As for dating the revolt, 1880 is a good enough moment for regarding it as def-

initely launched and as creating a stir among the enlightened; but here once again there is confusion, for the revolt was spearheaded — by Ibsen, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, and others — much more in countries that Mr. Connolly excludes than in either England or America.

This at once proclaims the great organic weakness in Mr. Connolly's list: his restricting it to just three national literatures because he himself only feels at home in two languages and insists that translations disbar a final literary judgment. As an aesthetic compunction, this might apply to poetry; but with fiction and drama, not to mention criticism, the impact and influence, in translation, of Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Ibsen, Strindberg, Pirandello, Mann, Kafka, Svevo, and others have been so massive and central as to make leaving out such writers a crucially major loss. Without them, we, in the truest sense, have neither source nor mainstream.

Hence only within Mr. Connolly's much reduced framework can evaluation take place. In terms of his hundred individual titles, there are, I would say, no altogether impossible choices, none that stick out like very sore thumbs; but some do stick out, others are the palest of lady-fingers, while others still — among them Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, James's *The Awkward Age*, Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* — needlessly ill represent their authors. But the hundred titles do provide on the whole a visible movement, a discernible attitude, a consonant taste. The inclusions only begin to crumble when we start noting

the omissions. Where, we wonder, having encountered Edith Sitwell, is Emily Dickinson? Where — having encountered *Memoirs of My Dead Life* — is *Jude the Obscure*? Why, we wonder of a movement that began as a “revolt against the Victorians,” is Shaw, far from being included, not once mentioned in the text? Does one put in William Plomer’s *Turbott Wolfe* and leave out *Huckleberry Finn* (“too involved and sentimental”)? Does one include Huysman’s *Là-Bas*, in addition to his *À Rebours*, and leave out *The Education of Henry Adams* (“Adams does not write well enough”)? Why does Marianne Moore, famous and influential so much earlier, enter well after Nathanael West? And — a further instance of how much America has been either shirked or snubbed — why nothing of its mad, Dadaist, Benchley-Lardner-Thurber-Perelman humor? Again, Strachey’s *Eminent Victorians* clearly qualifies as a great milestone in biographical method; but as regards substance, it is less an exposé of Victorianism than Butler’s *The Way of All Flesh*, which also is never mentioned, and as regards style, it is certainly, with its over-worked tricks and mendacious rhetoric, worse written than *The Education of Henry Adams*.

The real point about all this is much less where we may differ with Mr. Connolly than where he differs or plays a double game with himself. In any case, as a printed guide *The Modern Movement* seems undependable, resembling a map of London that leaves out important landmarks and inserts lesser as against greater Wren churches, or historic clubs, or notable squares. The result is, in Mr. Connolly’s own words, “as personal as a cardiogram.” As that, it tends, often very enjoyably, to turn avant-gardism into a kind of period piece, or at any rate a retrospective show. Mr. Connolly came of age in one of the most memorable and authentic of literary epochs, that whole resonant world and sunlit atmosphere of England’s 1920s, perhaps the last distinctively literary atmosphere there was to be. Thereafter, politics, psychiatry, sociology, a jargon-ridden intellectualism pushed through too many untended literary doors, or an academic police force took to bolting too many windows. Sharing the taste of his world, Mr. Connolly thrived on its stylish extravagances and bold artistic sorties; and by way of it was to put us greatly in his debt as the editor of *Horizon*. Literature, for him, was never muscle-builder or medicine or religious libation, but meat and drink, preferably epicurean dishes and vintage wines.

Thus the impression we are left with here is of the sophisticated supper party as well as the symposium, of Balliol in Upper Bohemia, of elegant ennui preferred to hearty pleasures, and the mannerist to the moralist. What gives a personal stamp to Mr. Connolly’s book list — more indeed than

it blueprints his Movement — is how much of the *actual subject matter* is a cultivated milieu and an aristocratic or artistic sensibility. It comes to seem inbred and, on the personal side, less a cardiogram than a visiting list. Quite rightly, Mr. Connolly’s prime concern is with language, but he perhaps sees it — despite his own long-ago strictures against “Mandarin” — as much more like a carpet than a floor. After all, what Mr. Connolly himself defines as a revolt against puritanism and gentility, against materialism and middle-classness, involved raised voices and turning a flank more than rapt countenances and showing one’s back. Its weapons, even some of its trophies, were a realistic satire and a heckling dissent, were Shaw’s smashed idols and Ibsen’s slammed doors. No highbred Establishment ever really kills off, by itself, a whole repressive tradition; its procedure is only to cut dead what displeases it. It was the Ibsens, Zolas, Hardys, Shaws, Butlers, Dreisers who did the Movement’s dirty work, as much at times for literature as for society — though perhaps in the end they were battered and bruised in their own crusade. Had Mr. Connolly specified a more purely aesthetic movement, his shakier inclusions would have been much more in order. Here his very sophistication can approximate a form of Upper Myopia, of cosmopolitan provinciality, recalling the man who, in Chesterton’s words, “knew everybody, so to speak, except everybody.” Here also Mr. Connolly’s weaker choices are further weakened by his way of accounting for them. His critical comment can be curiously lame, muddled, marginal, offering no more the airy wit of the salon than the reasoned analysis of the classroom, and tending from the very first page — where E. M. Forster’s birth is misdated — to misspelled names, misquoted lines, and such startling statements as that *To Have and Have Not* is top Hemingway.

YET, having raked over Mr. Connolly’s list and slated his shortcomings, in a certain sense one finds him an offset to matters no more satisfying. Were one to propose a classic habitat for the superior critic, it would perhaps be a comfortably shabby, mellow book-lined study. With Mr. Connolly — which means in terms of his whole career — one thinks instead of a divided stage, half book-lined study, half elegant Mayfair-cum-Bloomsbury drawing room. What the two adjoining sets articulate, more even than a period in time, is a point of view; and they smile rather than glare at each other. And since the classic scene evoked of critics today is of innumerable pedagogues seated in crowded classrooms expounding texts, there emerges something compensatory about Mr. Connolly,

period air and all. In *The Modern Movement*, with its sloppy thinking and factual misstatements, the professors unquestionably have Mr. Connolly on the hip. Yet Mr. Connolly's divided set bespeaks a living culture, where the classrooms represent, more narrowly, a formalized education. No doubt the divided set also calls to mind a double life, evokes frivolities as well as verities. But there is about it a genuine way of life, a concern for style, wit, urbanity, sensibility — and unconventionality, too — in living as well as in literature; a spontaneous interchange of ideas free from the dogmas of the ideologue; and an awareness of literary capitals where movements take form and grow and flourish as against campuses where movements are seldom adopted till after they are grown up and then are determinedly ritualized. And there is Cyril Connolly himself, who loved literature in the old, greedy, impassioned, unsystematic way; a stately, plump *enfant terrible* no doubt, but never a pedagogue.

Just so, Mr. Connolly twits the pedagogues, doesn't like the professors. And we may contrast him, as he appeared in his bright irreverent youth and his later *Horizon* days, with what the professors as a body look like now.¹ We must often observe in them a classroom attitude — which is maintained in the living room as well — with its codified methods, its stone-tablet certainties, its edicts about how to criticize a book, its directives about how to find pleasure in one. We cannot but wonder how much this is blanketing a whole culture, is serving, however lofty its tone, an often depressingly utilitarian objective, with literature — and the Modern Movement not least — a great feedbag for dissertations. Despite all that may at times have been precious, snobbish, outrageous about the old Cyril Connolly scheme of things, it did provide the right living conditions for a large-scale creative movement; did foster a spirited matching of minds and battle of wits, an individualistic, not to say eccentric, angle of vision, an unhindered flowering of temperament. And it is temperament that today is more and more going out of criticism, vanishing from talk, being banished from taste. To err no longer is human; it is plainly criminal. A passably witty waspishness, a gleeful pouncing on small blunders, a birch-rod enforcement of rules — all this may suggest liveliness, but, far from disproof, is added proof of how rigid and authoritarian such criticism, even at its higher levels, can be. At its more commonplace

¹ We must distinguish among professors, of course. At their highest levels they are invaluable — large-minded as well as acute, wide-perspectived as well as scholarly. And there are the critics and creative writers who teach — invaluable too, but professors only secondarily, or belatedly, or intermittently. The two groups combined, though by no means small in number, are yet a decidedly small part of the professorial whole.

ones, we are not just aware that the professors inform us about the books and the books alone can inform us about life. We are also aware that none of literature's more lustrous qualities rub off on the professors: they convert the wine cup into a measuring cup, they seem drab in their very response to the dazzling. A small number of them do cultivate nowadays a natty style, an *au courant* manner. This sets them quite apart from their tribe in my and Mr. Connolly's youth, when caution and gentility made for a decided cultural lag in Academe, and when very few of the writers who were part of the Modern Movement, however much acclaimed in the student cafeteria, gained admittance to the classroom. For certain professors today, however, no literary movement is too avant-garde, no literary work too ambivalent, unwholesome, obscure, no Theater too Absurd — theirs is today a cultural sprint. Still, how often do teachers (I'm not speaking of writers and critics who teach) really take the lead, which is to say, really go out on a limb?

With one other of Mr. Connolly's rulings — which attests the old-style lover of literature in him, and evokes that dead word, the aesthete — one also feels sympathetic. This is Mr. Connolly's rejecting from his Hundred Books writers who, however great their influence on modern literature, are themselves not primarily literary: Bergson, Bradley, Frazer, Freud, Spengler, Pareto, Wittgenstein, and so on. I bring in the word *aesthete* with its pastel period air just because things have swung so far the other way, to the enthronement of the intellectual and the ologist. Necessarily, with life becoming more complex and the complexities — thanks to men of thought — more penetrable, the creative process must draw on their divinations and insights. We can't divorce creative perception from cultural inquiry, or what analysis brings to light from what intuition dredges up, or the human predicament itself from all the social and psychological pressures on it. We are not to be anti-intellectual about literature. But neither, I would suppose, are we to be anti-literary about it. No matter how great the outside influences on art, they are not its integuments. The whole psycho-socio apparatus surrounding literature's great current theme, alienation, tends at times to alienate *us* from literature. Much, in fact, that fathers our art is in its own form no friend to it, and may oftener entangle than enlarge. Here too the nub isn't how experimental literature becomes but how literary it remains.

The basis of Mr. Connolly's Movement, if not quite of the Movement itself, was a private inner vision, a more acute and particularized sensibility, an unfingermarked imaginative language. We are beset today — this is a factual, not a critical,

statement — with a literature of insensibility, born often of the times and its tensions, but itself all too often either grossly documentary or unintelligibly hallucinatory. Time may prove such work valid, but it seems now that as “literature’s” boundaries grow wider, the thing itself grows more mongrel. And countermoves in the form, say, of the New Criticism shut out in the end more air than they do soot. Mr. Connolly, on the other hand, by excluding the Great Non-Literary Influences makes more than a distinction between art and thought, he makes one between creative solitude and laboratories working in teams.

It may well be that Mr. Connolly’s worst blunder in putting together *The Modern Movement* was

the very idea of it: those Hundred Key Books. For what could be more pedagogical, more suited to a system of weights and measures and of “authorities” working in teams? Of course a Hundred of anything is a potential trap and an ultimate noose: even the most correct list must call loudly, after twenty years, for correction. So, very possibly Mr. Connolly has his punishment coming to him, in fact did all too much to bring it about, playing the pedagogue’s game while snooting his methods, compiling a very wayward Guide while featuring a detailed fifty-page bibliography, and smudging his pronouncements and caveats with a fistful of small errors. Mr. Connolly must know by now that *poetic justice* is what mercy seasons least.

LO QUE SE PIERDE, WHAT GETS LOST

by ALASTAIR REID

I keep translating *traduzco continuamente*
entre palabras words que no son las mías
into other words which are mine *de palabras a mis palabras*.
Y, finalmente, de quien es el texto? Who has written it?
Del escritor o del traductor writer, translator
o de los idiomas or language itself?
Somos fantasmas, nosotros traductores, que viven
entre aquel mundo y el nuestro
between that world and our own.
Pero poco a poco me ocurre
que el problema the problem *no es cuestion*
de lo que se pierde en traduccion
is not a question
of what gets lost in translation
sino but rather *lo que se pierde*
what gets lost
entre la occurrencia — sea de amor o de desesperacion
between love or desperation —
y el hecho de que llega
a existir en palabras
and its coming into words.

Para nosotros todos, amantes, habladores
as lovers or users of words
el problema es este this is the difficulty.
Lo que se pierde what gets lost
no es lo que se pierde en traduccion sino
is not what gets lost in translation, but rather
what gets lost in language itself *lo que se pierde*
en el hecho, en la lengua,
en la palabra misma.

A PAINTER'S SEARCH FOR MEANING

In 1964 the Philadelphia Museum of Art gave Franklin Watkins a retrospective exhibition which showed his versatility and the wide range of his subjects. In this article the director of the H. F. Du Pont Winterthur Museum talks with the painter about the way he reaches his decisions and the methods he prefers.



E. P. Richardson on FRANKLIN WATKINS

FOR twenty years Franklin Watkins has interested me as a stylist and also as a humanist. He is a rarity among American painters in that he works in the full historic range of painting, imaginative subjects, religious compositions, portraits, landscapes, still lifes. His record of twentieth-century Philadelphians is interesting, and a hundred years from now it will be an absorbing game for someone to reconstruct the Philadelphia of our time on the basis of his portraits.

Watkins is an urbane, civilized man and delightful company. But he is an elusive personality, and when you ask him a question, he laughs and in five cases out of ten parries with ease and wit. There is an aloofness about his work in spite of its positive character, something light, impalpable as sunlight, yet vital and vivid.

Since he outgrew his art-student days, Watkins has never belonged to any movement but his own. He has had a name since the Gold Medal of the Carnegie International Exhibition was given in 1931 to his painting called *Suicide in Costume*. At that time he was a complete unknown. "Never heard of him. He'll be a flash in the pan" was the reaction of the critics. The jury of award that year was composed of solid, rather conservative painters

— Henri Le Sidaner of France, Paul Nash of London, Cipriano Efisio Oppo of Italy, Randall Davey, Jonas Lie, and Eugene Speicher from the United States, and Homer St. Gaudens, chairman — but its choice was criticized as rash and capricious.

When the Philadelphia Museum of Art gave Watkins a retrospective exhibit in 1964 to mark his approaching seventieth birthday, I asked what the exhibition had done for him. He thought for a moment. "I had always gone along believing I had very few friends. When I won the Carnegie prize, there was a ballot for the popularity prize, and I got only fourteen votes out of more than 5000 cast. One thing the exhibition did for me, Ted. When all those people came to the opening, I had for the first time a feeling that I had lots of friends, a real audience."

Watkins divides his life between a studio on the New Jersey shore and a house in Philadelphia. When he is concentrating upon a picture, the studio at the shore gives him the needed isolation; and his wife, Ida, loves surf-fishing. Until the past year they had a house in Avalon. The town authorities announced that the tidal marsh upon which they looked, a solitude of marsh grass sweeping off to a

Self-portrait by Franklin Watkins. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman.

line of pines where the ospreys found their last nesting place on that part of the coast, was to be rezoned for building lots. They sold their property and moved to a beach at Loveladies, near Barnegat Light.

Once every week Watkins returns to Philadelphia to criticize the life class at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The method of teaching at the Academy is still in essence that brought back by Thomas Eakins from Paris a century ago: first drawing from casts of the antique to train the hand and eye in exact control, then painting from the human figure. The school occupies the ground floor of the massive building designed by Frank Furness and opened to celebrate the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. Once a week a working painter comes in to criticize the students' work: Watkins today, as Eakins did a century ago. Generations of painters have taught, and learned, their art in this way, which combines discipline, the placing of responsibility for his progress upon the student himself, and contact with an active practitioner of the art. It is the method invented by painters when they first freed themselves from the medieval guild system of apprenticeship. Today it is perhaps the oldest living tradition of their art; and the artists who teach at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the first American school of art, believe in it and are proud of it. "When people ask me why I am so fond of the Academy," Watkins explains, "I say I have no alma mater but that."

In town the Watkinses live in what may well be one of the last undisturbed blocks of brownstone houses in existence. The house has had interesting inhabitants. Phillips Brooks wrote "O Little Town of Bethlehem" there. Another owner, a Roosevelt, added to the library upstairs wood panels from an ancestral home in Holland, and a great Dutch kas. Watkins has filled the house with paintings and put in an elevator. Riding in this is the great joy of their Italian poodle, Assuntina.

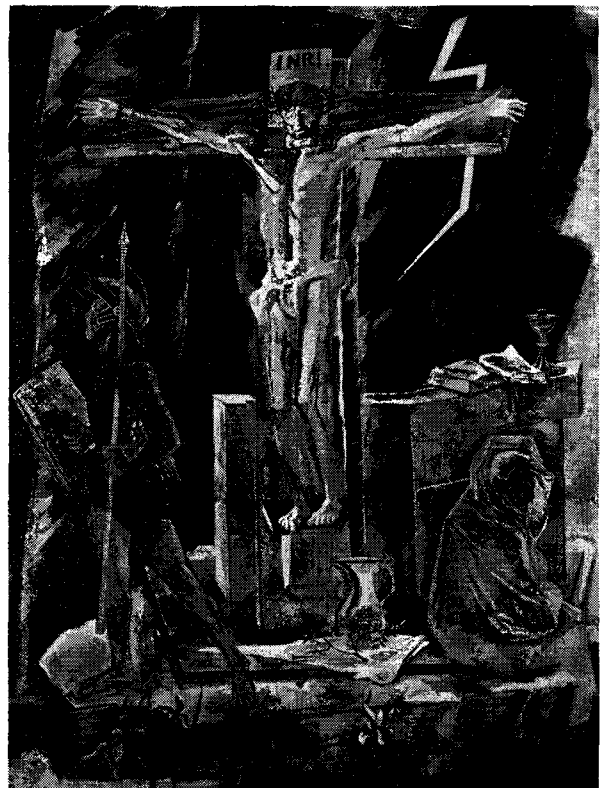
The studio is on the top floor. "Some of my sitters are apt to be rather elderly and important, you know. I can't very well ask them to climb five flights of stairs," he said once. It is a rather bare room, with plain gray walls and a surprising number of chairs of differing shapes and upholstery (leather, brocade, armed, armless) to suit the client. A north light has been built into the ceiling. The front windows look out into the tops of sycamores and the windows of the house across the street.

"A beautiful light," I said.

"Yes, it is. It always leaks, though," he said, looking upward. "I've had any number of roofers and repairmen here, and they say, 'This time we found the trouble.' But when the rain strikes it a certain way, it comes through."

When you are doing something that has been done before, you are wallowing in the big stream. You are not stepping off into an area of individualism. So there is a chance that you can come up with your own findings.

The great, sad, enigmatic *Crucifixion*, which closed the survey of his work in the retrospective exhibition of 1964, now hangs on one wall in the library. It is not an easy picture or an ordinary Crucifixion. On one side of the cross is a violent, roaring warrior, bellowing at the unseen world outside the frame. On the other side a hooded, brooding figure sits with one eye glowering at the observer, as if to say, "This is a hell of a way to run a world." The Corpus is like a huge painted wooden doll carved by a primitive and not very skillful carver. The nails have been drawn and lie on a white paper below; therefore the body has been taken down, once. An open book and a chalice and paten speak of the passage of time and the history of the Church for two thousand years. Yet the desiccated body is once again standing on its cross, fresh blood showing in its wounds. In the foreground, a green branch and blooming flowers speak of the loveliness of life ever renewing itself. I thought of Phillips Brooks, and of that stormy and unecclesiastical picture.



Crucifixion
Collection of the artist

"Why do you like to paint religious subjects?" I asked.

He looked surprised, as if the question had never occurred to him. "I don't know. I'm not a church man at all. I suspect," he went on, after a pause, "that religious subjects are so generalized that you can use them as a conveyance. When you are doing something that has been done before, you are wallowing in the big stream. You are not stepping off into an area of individualism. So there is a chance that you can come up with your own findings, express what *you* have."

"But when you paint a portrait," I said, "you are interested in the individual, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Yet you can't do that without referring to generalities at the same time. You are referring to some kind of a norm from which this man deviates. In portraits, without exactly being aware of it, subconsciously I think, I am very well aware that individual things are differences from some generality, some average. I am trying to see what is peculiar to the man but not so peculiar that it is not related to some point of reference."

I like to do people.

Portraits play a very important part in his work: some think the most important. Watkins has a gift for seeing the basic trait of character in a man or woman. His portraits have added interest because they are the work of a man who paints all kinds of pictures, real and imaginative, large and small, and who thus speaks a richer pictorial language than that of the portrait specialist. Their most striking feature, to my eye, is that each figure is in movement. The whole person is a single gesture, and this gesture is intensely and sometimes uncannily expressive. The gesture may be dramatic or quiet, but it says always, *This is what I am*. It may only be the way *Mr. J. Stoddell Stokes*, a conservative, liberal, thoughtful Quaker, leans back in his chair, observing the world with kindly shrewdness. It may be the way *Dr. George Kamperman* sits with clasped hands, his big frame resting, tired by the outflow of the massive, silent kindness which warmed his patients back to life.

"Why do you like to paint portraits?" I asked him, thinking how seldom it happens that a painter today of imagination and originality is interested in painting human character.

He simply said, "I like to do people. I don't know why. I suppose there's a certain autobiography in it, though I'm not sure. When I do imaginary things, I am necessarily expressing emotions that are in a sense autobiographic. When I paint portraits, too, I think it's impossible not to screen the findings through myself. I believe, though, that painting people, studying them, making the effort

to understand them, screening the findings through myself, I have really increased my scope, added to my own stature.

"Children — you can't paint them from a child's point of view but as you look at them, you paint your reactions to them — their fine hair, the delicate shape of their little cheeks. When they prance out of the room, it's like watching a ballet. We look at this from outside, but in our imagination we participate; like watching a bird in flight, there's a certain autobiography in it."

The portrait of the De Schauensee twins is one of his best-known portraits of children. "Their father called me up one day. He said, 'Watty, I've two little daughters, twins. To me, just at this moment, they have a wonderful flavor, a quality that I know won't last very long. I don't want a portrait. But could you do something that will have that flavor? Would you come out to the house and look at them?' So I said I'd be delighted to



The De Schauensee Twins

Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Meyer de Schauensee

try. At that time they had a governess and a French maid to take care of them, and they'd come down all brushed and combed, just precious little things. The first thing that happened: they had black shoes, the kind with a strap across the instep, very cute, but I could see that the black would make the picture too heavy at the bottom. So I asked their mother, could they have white shoes. She said of

course. That made me a hit with the children: I was the one that got them their new shoes.

"Children can't pose, you know. The only thing you can do is to make that part of the house seem one you're enjoying very much and rather want to be alone in: then they'll drop in on you once in a while. One day I came in and found them to my horror with their mouths just dripping with delight. They had my brushes and colors and were painting on my canvas. Fortunately, it was up rather high, so that they could only get at the lower part. So I left what they had done; it didn't do any harm, and it's kind of nice."

I feel there are some types of flattery that are definitely disrespectful.

"Why do people call you sardonic and satirical in your portraits sometimes?" I asked Watkins.

"I don't know. I wish I did. I've had people say to me, 'Watty, you're a devil' — sometimes about portraits of people I have a deep admiration for and such sympathy for that I daren't tell them in words. You can say these things in paint but not in words. But they expect some kind of trite flattery. I've had portraits I've done for banks or insurance companies rejected because sympathy crept in. When you feel sympathy with somebody, it leads you to see something other than the mask. I painted the person rather than the authority; but in their book, that downgraded the guy.

"I've painted television personalities. They have learned certain expressions that go over with the public, and they put them on for me. But after the first day they forget; and when they forget, sometimes their faces become perfectly beautiful. I'm not willing to forgo that and to give people the mask they are accustomed to.

"People hated my portrait of Joe Clark [the present senator from Pennsylvania], though I notice that of late they seem to have accepted it. Well, I hate that smile that politicians have to wear. One time, when he was posing, he asked me if I'd mind if he brought his secretary. I told him to go ahead. So he sat there dictating an article — for the *Ladies Home Journal*, I think it was — and I saw his face while he was thinking. That was a hell of a different thing. It was what I wanted — but people wanted his smile. I feel there are some types of flattery that are definitely disrespectful — and they don't understand that."

At this point his wife, Ida, came in, looking beautiful and mildly distraught, as she always does. "Ida, is Watty cruel in his portraits?" I asked her.

"He doesn't mean to be. But he may admire a certain aspect of them that other people don't

admire. He gets his portraits pretty strong; so strong that people find them hard to take — their families, anyway."

The pull away from reality

But there is also in his painting what Watkins refers to as the pull away from reality. "I used to love Greco," he said. "With all his extraordinary and wild distortion you always feel the ghost of the real figure from which he pulled away. You are aware of the point of reference; that's what creates the tension, pulling away from it. Look at a man's leg in a Greco: it's enough like a real leg so that you know what the real leg looked like, and you're aware of his pull away from the real leg. You are aware of his emotional obsessions by what he does in his distortions. Unless you give some kind of fair representation of the object before you, distortions have no meaning; they're just going from mush to mush. It is the point of reference in the back of your mind that gives you a measure of the artist's emotionality."

"How far can you pull away from the real?"

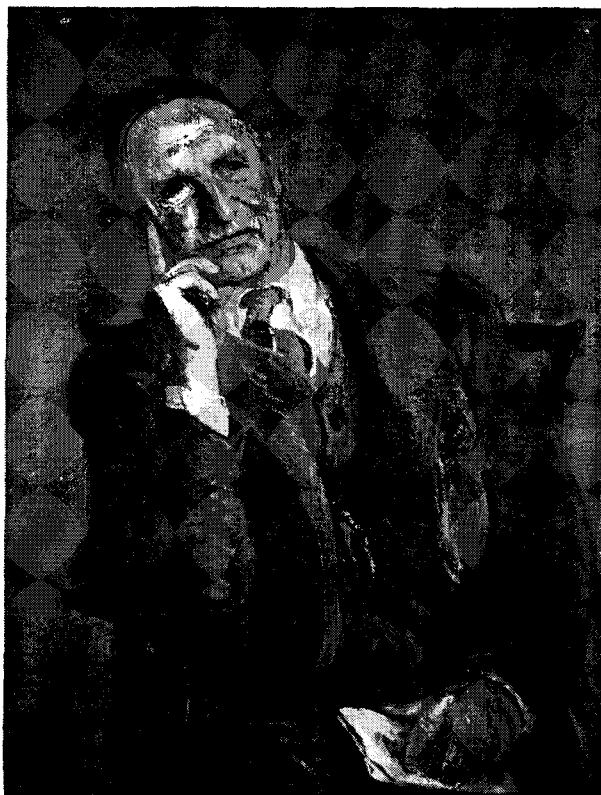
"That's the difficult question, how far you can pull away. I don't know. It's like some kind of wonderful netting; you pull it and pull it — then it will pull you back. There is a limit, but I don't know how far you can go away, I really don't. But I'm absolutely unable to accept the premise that art can exist without a concept of reality."

His eye fell on the portrait on the easel. "When I paint a portrait, I really am painting almost entirely out of my own head, and that offers a great deal of difficulty. I know," he said, eyeing the canvas thoughtfully, "that I'll have to work on this one. I'll want to strengthen it. But almost every device I'll be using will carry it away from the way he looked when he sat there. It looks very like him now. What I do from now on will, I am afraid, make it look less like him, less desirable from the point of view of his friends. But I'd like to get a nice thing out of it," he said rather wistfully. "He's a nice man. I'd like to get a nice thing."

The paint we use today is ground too fine.

"How do you start a portrait?" I asked. "Do you make drawings first, or a small study in oil, such as a few of yours I've seen?"

"I don't have any precise method. I didn't make any drawings for this. I knew the man. You have to do a portrait rapidly if you are going to do it from life. I painted this one straight on, worked right smack on the canvas. You see, he was going away. I've had it happen" — he smiled wryly — "they'll go away to Nassau and come back a completely different color. They think they look better.



Portrait of J. Stoddell Stokes
Courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art

Don't realize it means you have to do the whole thing over. And of course that isn't the way they are at all. Something like that" — gesturing toward a still life of flowers — "I'll fool with a long time. But for this portrait, I've had seven sittings of an hour and a half each, and I'll have to work on it one more time. There's so much junk in a face," he said ruefully; "you have to get it out. That's what interests me in Greco and Tintoretto, what they leave out. It takes so much knowledge to leave all that out.

"As far as methods are concerned, I don't think I have any. I used to underpaint in tempera a lot. I haven't been doing it lately. Just impatience, I think. I started underpainting through a puzzlement as to how certain painters got a kind of granular, lean paint. The paint we use today is ground too fine. They didn't grind it so fine in those days, and the larger particles actually refract the light differently. I used to grind my own colors. You get an idea of what a color really is when you grind it yourself. What puffy, blow-all-over-the-place stuff ivory black is, for instance."

I asked him what he thought to gain by underpainting in tempera.

"Underpainting and overglaze give certain qualities that are absolutely impossible to get in direct painting. I don't mean to say that wonderful things

can't be done by direct painting. But I felt that underpainting with white over a red or dark ground fought back against the darkening of time." He was referring to the fact that oil paint darkens in time, but it also grows more translucent. If there is a white ground under the paint to reflect the light, the increasing translucence balances the darkening of the paint. "If you use mediums in your first painting that don't mix with oils and varnishes, they'll sort of stand clear and do their own work. I like to have white underneath. It's like the light at the bottom of a diamond. It will shine up from underneath and give a kind of translucency."

A wonderful faculty of implying

The interest in luminosity has grown steadily stronger in Watkins' recent work. It was stimulated, I believe, by the years he spent at the American Academy in Rome in the early fifties. The deep, warm tonality of his early work has grown steadily cooler and lighter, as if he were pursuing in oil paint the qualities of Italian fresco. Piero della Francesca seems to have played the role in his subsequent development that Greco, Tintoretto, and Manet did before those Italian years. In the *Annual Meeting of the Budd Company*, a picture which I find as interesting as Eakins' groups of Philadelphia doctors, Watkins shows the clear sinewy contours, the cool even tones of a painter who would be drawn toward Italian fresco painting.

Talking once about the painters he admires and who have influenced him, Watkins spoke of Piero. "I find in him," he said, "a wonderful faculty of implying; of making you do the work. He doesn't do it for you. In the *Flagellation* no blow is being struck. There are three large figures just looking off into space. Nothing is being done, yet a terrific thing is implied. He never gives you an action — his horses are not prancing, they are frozen — but that stillness is terrific. There is a figure of a woman at the bottom of one of his frescoes that is a *permanent shriek*. She is frozen; yet there never was a sound shriek that was more impressive than that."

Some of the most remarkable of such effects of *implying*, in Watkins' own work, are to be found in his still lifes. He has, I daresay, painted some of the most original and imaginative examples of still life in our time. The first picture he ever sold, in 1923, was a still life. He came back to still life in the late thirties and early forties, painting pictures which are a shimmering, glowing parade of flowers and fruits from one side of a long canvas to the other, as if he could not have enough of their poetry and fragrance. But his most original work is, I believe, in the narrative still life, a form invented

in the seventeenth century in the Low Countries, which reappeared among the Philadelphia still-life painters in the nineteenth century, then was killed by imitation of the French studio-tabletop picture, but reasserted with new power by Watkins in the nineteen fifties.

A still life does not necessarily consist of random objects on a kitchen table: it may have movement, mood, poetry, mystery, or satire. In Watkins' *Bird Cage*, a caged bird is singing its heart out beside a sculptured wooden head that hears nothing. *Make the Monkey Jump* was painted after the Russians had put the first Sputnik in the sky. "We were trying to get a missile in the air. The Russians had already done so, but we were shooting things up that fizzled and fell into the sea. It was a very frustrating, humiliating period — and here was this damn monkey —" he said. That impish monkey, which pointedly ignores the hoop held up by a wild and nervous girl, is one of a series of animals — monkeys, cats, baboons — which are perverse and demonic actors in his still lifes.

"My complication is that I get off from such non-visual starts," he once said. "I am not a clean painter. I don't pick up my ideas necessarily through something seen. What is the look of a cat going *psst*? How do you paint a thing like that?"

"How did you come to paint that cat?" I asked.

"In some strange way that cat making a noise is infinitely important to me. I like the differences in things; big and little, heavy and delicate, wild and quiet. The first cat I painted was in Rome. Those Roman cats are wonderful wild things living in the ruins, where people go to feed them. They've lived there since the Renaissance. Sometimes they don't even look like cats, they are so strange. I painted a picture of some ruins, a warrior's helmet, and a cat sort of crawling along, living there in all that antiquity. Then I did this one. I've never

done any nice quiet cats just lying in a corner. I suppose the symbolism associated with cats and monkeys is perfectly valid: you can say things with a cat that you can't say yourself."

I like decisions, and then the delivery of those decisions in the paint itself.

One time in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy we were talking of one of the pioneers of American twentieth-century painting, and I had objected to the monotony of the man's work, which is really a single picture painted in variations over and over again all his life long. Watkins agreed that he was monotonous. "But this one the Academy bought is a beauty. Some of the decisions he made — You know how hard it is to paint the receding edge of the hairline on a forehead. Some of the decisions he made along that hairline are so beautiful — !"

Decisions. A most revealing word for the art of our century. Not only the decisions which a man must make in the long road of a life but the decisions forced upon an artist by the diversity of our times. The decision made at the beginning of this century by those who were then the pioneers of painting, to break with the past of art and with the appearance of nature, shattered the traditional language of vision and style. That decision has forced on each painter of our time a constant testing of his aesthetic ideas, or at least of their expression. Each artist has had to force his own path through the forest of conflicting dogmas that characterize painting in our century to find what he is to say and how he is to say it.

One of the decisions made by all the artists of Watkins' generation — which contains artists as diverse as Picasso, Pollock, Watkins, and Shahn — was to explore the resources of their medium. Pigment itself, the stroke of the brush, and the gesture of the hand are immensely important to them. The development of a canvas is a process beginning with a study of reality, moving by stages of enrichment to something no longer natural but a poetic statement about the natural. The steps and decisions by which Watkins arrives at his result, which speaks convincingly about his subject and yet is a quite arbitrary synthesis of shapes and colors, are most difficult to describe.

"Paint gives you a lot of pleasure, doesn't it?" I asked him.

"Yes, it does, it does."

"Brushstroke, too," I said.

"I love it, I really love it, sometimes I think too much. I don't like picky paint; I want real paint."

"What do you mean, real paint?"

"I like decisions, and then the delivery of those decisions in the paint itself. There's so much non-



Cat
Collection of Mrs. Franklin C. Watkins

paint, nonsculpture today, I get so damned tired I just can't stand it. I like decisions. I don't mean a phony facility. You don't have to worry about a certain amount of decent fumbling. Good painters know it isn't easy. But they smell out the phony. I remember Ben Shahn telling of a writing lesson he had seen in a Japanese school. Those little Japanese kids are taught to use their brush with a weight strapped on their wrist until they have developed their muscles and can control them. When they have learned fluency, they take the weight off. That's what I mean: decisions as to where turns are made, what one thing is going to do to something else, and why things look the way they do. It's true that painters invent their own language. But if you are going to speak a new tongue, you must look, and after you have looked, you must clarify, so that the terms come out clean."

Decisions are what make art what it is. The decisions which have been the basis of most painting in our century were made sixty years ago. They were decisions to break with the European past, to break with the appearance of nature, to employ color and shape in rhythms for their own sake. Watkins has felt strongly the pull away from reality, and the appeal of color and shape for their own sake, but he has also made other decisions: to think of his art as belonging to the great stream of artistic thought in which Greco, Tintoretto, Manet, Piero della Francesca worked; the decision *not* to break with nature; the decision to paint portraits and subjects that have been done before. He has conveyed those decisions in paint with a passion and subtlety which prove that the will to spiritualize the real exists in our art side by side with the will toward abstraction, and is no less potent.

But such decisions confront a twentieth-century artist with problems whose solution may require a lifetime of labor. "Paint, paint, paint," he once exclaimed. "We learn too slowly in America — if we could only learn more quickly."

"But the things you do are not easy things," I replied.

"I know, I know. You have to find what it is you want to do and why you want to do it. I'm afraid our time is a great time of wallowing around."

My mind went back to his *Crucifixion*: why, I asked, had he wished to paint that. "I just don't know what it is that made me want to do that. It's just sort of comfortable to do something that's been done before. I'm not an innovator." So he thinks of himself. But although his art ranges over themes and feels interests which other painters have felt in centuries past, his findings are different. And who shall say that the innovations which are unconscious, unsought, coming as results of a search for meaning, may not be the ones that endure.

FOR AMPHIBIANS

(from "*The City and the Island*")

BY PETER DAVISON

I say my good-byes
To orange peels, eggshells,
Chicken guts, celery,
Row a stroke homeward,
Then wait for gulls
To pick the stuff over.
Gulls are getting choosier
Here in the tideway,
But the sea never stops
Gulping and nibbling.

Bottles, bravest
Of all garbage
I scuttle offshore,
End up mumbled
Down among the lobsters.
Tides or a loop of line
Sometimes unwater them:
What was clear, clouded,
Messages faded,
Contents doubtful.

Landsmen like me
Are shocked when sailors
Turn to the sea
As the place to retire
Whatever's unwanted
From soup to cadavers;
Yet they draw on its water
For all but libation
And bite without fear
Into fish that have eaten
Whatever we feed them.

The sun sinks down,
Crossed by a cormorant
Hastening homeward.
I turn to the oars
And row myself out of it.
Make my skiff fast,
Stamp feet on shore,
With my pail rinsed clean
Of provisions, garbage,
Salt water, all.

To walk the path landward
I turn my back seaward.



THE TROUBLE WITH HOSPITALS

To most minds, the hospital is no place to live and not even a good place to visit. But with the passing of the general practitioner, the rise of the specialist, and the astonishing advances in medical technology, the hospital has changed in the last few decades from the lugubrious house of last resort and lingering death into the control center of medical care in America. This year, admissions to the more than 7000 hospitals in the United States will approach 30 million; and with the coming of Medicare, the total will climb higher. In the following pages, a group of medical professionals and writers commissioned by the ATLANTIC examine the American hospital system in its many dimensions.

A fine novelist makes almost painfully real the

experience of being a patient; another tells movingly of the disappearance of tender loving care. A veteran M.D. and hospital administrator tells why the bills are so high, and an economist suggests how the public may eventually be able to put the lid on costs. The doctor who runs one of the greatest of medical complexes brings the emergency ward alive; a medical editor surveys the contrast between what can be done and what is done to provide care to those who need it. The supplement tries not only to raise disturbing questions but to suggest some answers and to survey the scene through the eyes of those most involved — the doctor, the nurse, the technician, the volunteer, the taxpayer, and above all, the patient. — THE EDITOR

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CARTOONS BY FERNANDO KRAHN

Miracles and Mishaps

Closing the Quality Gap

by Matt Clark

For this broad survey of the remarkable medical technology that is available to some, but too few, Americans, Matt Clark, a 1951 graduate of Wesleyan University, drew on his thirteen years' experience at writing about science and medicine. A winner of the Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Award and the Howard W. Blakeslee Award of the American Heart Association, he is medicine editor of NEWSWEEK magazine.

SOMETIME this month, the first of some 19 million persons over sixty-five will exercise a right wholly new in the American scheme of things. He will receive medical care ranging from a few diagnostic tests to major surgery and find most of his bill paid with government funds. His rights under Medicare, to be sure, were granted only after years of controversy between large segments of the medical profession and two presidential administrations. But the question whether Medicare is the first step down the dismal road of socialized medicine becomes academic.

There is hardly any doubt that government-sponsored health care will be extended to all age groups in the long run. President Johnson has already mentioned a possible program of federally supported dental care for children under six. The immediate question posed by Medicare is whether the nation's hospitals, on which the legislation is largely focused, are equipped, staffed, and organized to provide the kind of care that elderly Amer-

icans expect and the government promises. Medicare throws a spotlight on problems that have smoldered unresolved in hospitals in nearly every community in the country for decades. Not the least among Medicare's benefits is the challenge it gives doctors, administrators, and everyone concerned with the future of American medicine to solve these problems.

The average layman may find it hard to believe that the modern hospital suffers from any serious deficiencies. In the popular mind, the widely publicized advances in medical technology have made the hospital a gleaming tower of hope in which new frontiers are crossed every day in the conquest of disease. There is considerable justification for this notion, for the hospital has changed dramatically in only a few decades.

Forty or so years ago, the hospital was the lugubrious last resort for patients too sick to be treated by their family doctors at home. One went to the hospital for surgery — which even in the case of a gallbladder removal might be touch and go — or to die of a lingering illness. But antibiotics, safer methods of administering anesthesia, and better blood transfusion techniques have drastically reduced the hazards of surgery and have given doctors the opportunity to develop skills undreamed of a generation ago. And these new skills have been matched by scores of new tools.

With a plastic and steel heart-lung machine to take over the job of maintaining the patient's circulation, surgeons dare to slice open the human heart and repair defects inside. Heart valves scarred by rheumatic fever are replaced by artificial valves of wire and plastic; arteries in many

parts of the body that have become clogged with the fatty deposits of atherosclerosis can be replaced with tubes of synthetic fabric. Thousands of men and women whose hearts cannot effectively pump blood because nerve centers controlling the heartbeat have failed are being kept alive by miniaturized battery-powered pacemakers implanted in their bodies.

Nor are medical wonders restricted to heart disease. Orthopedists now replace shattered hip joints with plastic, and implant pieces of calf bone, prepared in assorted shapes and sizes, as substitutes for diseased human bone. Eye surgeons not only transplant corneas to overcome one form of blindness, but now use laser beams to reattach the inner lining of the eye and prevent blindness due to a detached retina. Medicine has profited from the atomic age. Radioactive isotopes injected into a patient's bloodstream act as tracers, mapping, for example, the location of hidden brain tumors. Cobalt "bombs" and linear accelerators provide physicians with powerful new sources of radiation for the destruction of deep-seated cancers.

Thousands of lives are saved each year by artificial kidney devices, which rid a patient's blood of toxic wastes until his own kidneys are able to function again. In fact, men and women whose kidneys have been permanently put out of action by disease are being kept alive by periodic treatment with the artificial kidney. They simply report to the hospital once or twice a week and are attached to the machine by means of plastic tubes implanted in the blood vessels of an arm or leg. While they sleep or read, the artificial kidney clears the toxic wastes from their blood.

Although having a baby may call for less exotic procedures than does open-heart surgery, obstetrics has made important advances. Doctors can now detect Rh incompatibility between a mother and child by inserting a needle through the mother's abdomen and sampling the amniotic fluid surrounding the child to test for blood-destroying antibodies. Life-saving blood transfusions can be given to the baby even before it leaves the womb.

Research is currently under way which promises to make the American hospital the scene of even more spectacular capabilities. When the problem of tissue rejection between unrelated individuals is solved in the laboratory, the wholesale transplantation of healthy human organs to replace diseased ones will become routine. Physicians speak confidently of creating an artificial heart suitable for replacing worn-out human hearts within the next five years. In some types of cancer surgery, the laser beam may well replace the scalpel.

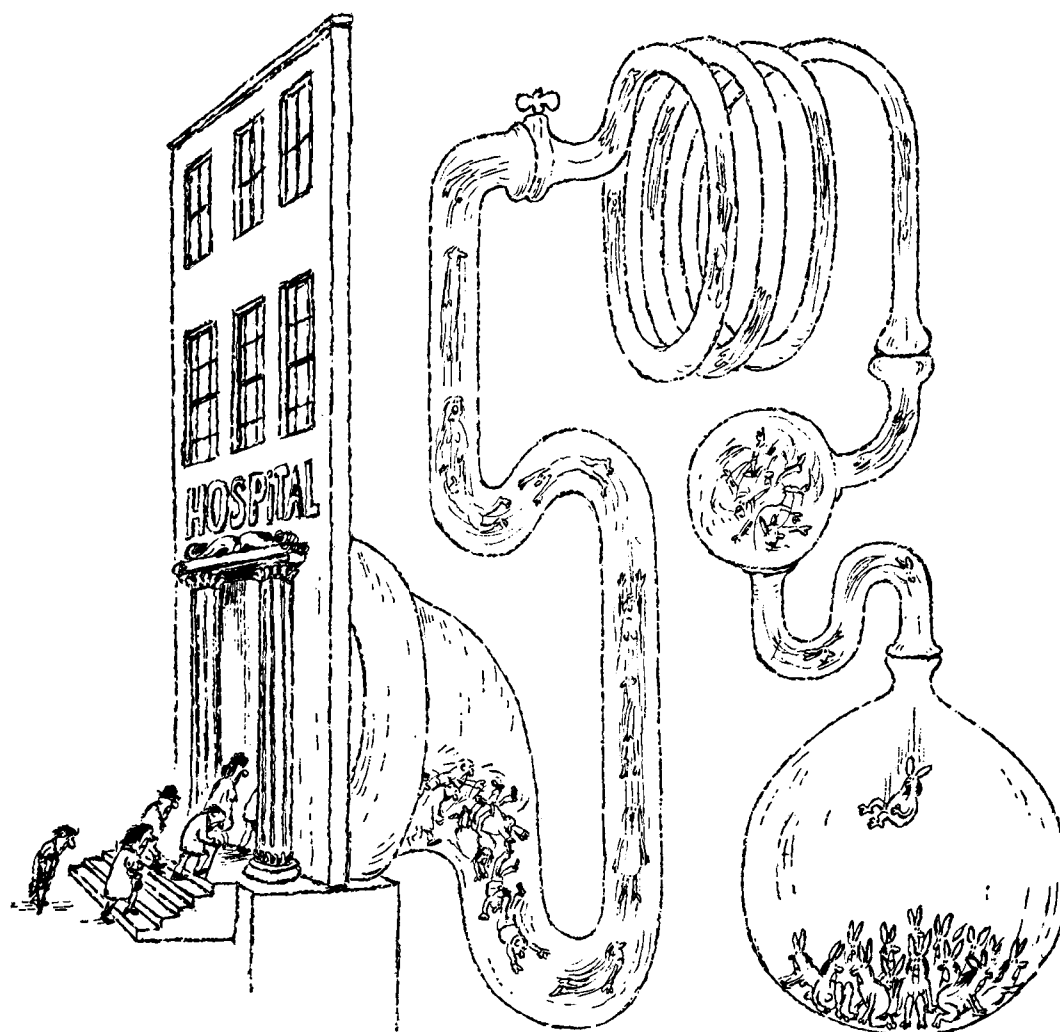
The promise of research and the sophisticated techniques and glittering gadgetry of current prac-

tice suggest that the American patient typically enjoys the best of modern hospital care. But in fact he does not. In some cases, the technological advances made in pioneering medical centers take too long to filter down to the community hospital. Intensive-care units for heart attack victims are a case in point. Many coronary patients admitted to hospitals die because the nerve mechanisms controlling the heartbeat stop functioning properly. When such mishaps are detected soon enough, electric shock applied to the chest or cardiac massage can restore proper heart rhythm. If all community hospitals had coronary-care units, where heart attack victims were monitored around the clock by nurses and doctors skilled in resuscitation, an estimated 50,000 lives could be saved every year. But only a hundred or so hospitals currently have such facilities. A somewhat similar lack exists with regard to artificial kidney centers for periodic treatment of patients with otherwise fatal renal disease. Only about 300 persons are now receiving the benefits of such treatment, but if additional facilities were available, according to the U.S. Public Health Service, 3600 additional patients every year could be saved to lead normal lives.

Fortunately, more coronary-care units and artificial kidney centers are being established all the time. Far more serious is the problem posed by the shocking gaps in the quality of care offered by the nation's hospitals. Heart-lung machines and artificial kidneys don't make a good hospital. The true measure of a hospital rests on how well it meets the everyday medical demands of the community it serves, whether they include open-heart operations or prosaic appendectomies. And in hundreds of communities, including the nation's largest cities, the hospitalized patient isn't assured of receiving care that meets the standards of twenty years ago.

THE kinds of gaps that exist are demonstrated in a study, carried out by Columbia University School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine, of the care members of the Teamsters Union and their families were receiving in New York hospitals. A staff of doctors representing the major specialties examined a random selection of 430 case records from 98 hospitals, judging the skill with which diagnosis and treatment were executed. The results were far from reassuring.

In 43 percent of the cases, the quality of care was regarded as fair to poor. In the category of "general medicine," only one patient in three received good or excellent treatment. As for the rest, said the report, "all too frequently there was superficial therapy given to the most obvious complaint,



with failure to study other signs of pathology which were contributing to the patient's illness." An unlucky sixty-five-year-old man ran a fever for twelve days, yet no one bothered to test his blood for bacteria or take steps to confirm the discharge diagnosis: bronchopneumonia. When the patient was readmitted unconscious a few days later, doctors finally got around to doing a blood test, but, in the opinion of the surveyor, picked a poor drug to fight the infection. In the meantime, they failed to look for signs of a skull fracture, despite reports that the patient had had a serious fall. A "possible" stroke was listed as one of the causes of death in this bungled case.

Many of the records showed that diabetics had not been given adequate control therapy, that coronary patients were allowed out of bed too soon, and that suspicious chest pains were not investigated by X ray or electrocardiogram.

Surgical patients fared better than their counterparts on the medical wards — 57 percent received optimal care in the opinion of the surveyors. Deficiencies were most glaring in major abdominal operations and hernia repair. In an operation for

intestinal polyps, for example, the surgeon removed a normal part of the bowel and left the affected portion in place. The most tragic case involved a young man who underwent a major lung operation in a hospital insufficiently equipped or staffed for such specialized surgery. "After a minimal amount of workup," said the report, "major surgery of the chest was performed and patient died three days later. Both surveyors commented upon the lack of an experienced team approach." An experienced chest physician would have recognized that the patient wasn't in good enough physical condition to withstand chest surgery in the first place, the report noted.

There is good reason to believe that the Teamsters study isn't just a special case. And what is most disturbing of all is the fact that the Teamsters aren't an underprivileged group who would predictably receive inferior care. The union, on the contrary, has obtained for its members an excellent choice of health insurance programs as a fringe benefit.

The study underscores the uneven quality of hospitals, including those that lie only a few blocks

apart. The best care is obtained from teaching hospitals, institutions affiliated with medical schools, where virtually every case becomes the subject of critique and debate. These are also the hospitals where the leading specialists in their fields are found. At the other end of the quality scale are the so-called "proprietary" hospitals, often owned by physicians and operated with the intent of turning a profit. A good proprietary hospital is essentially a contradiction in terms. "A hospital simply cannot offer good modern medical care," says a Boston surgeon, "and still make money."

The surveyors conducting the Teamsters study were not entirely surprised to find that from 81 to 92 percent of cases treated in teaching institutions received optimal care, but only 44 percent of those in proprietary hospitals received better than fair management. Nine out of ten surgical procedures in teaching hospitals were rated good or excellent, but only six out of ten were considered optimal in proprietary institutions. In the field of general medicine, none of the care in the profit-making hospitals was considered optimal.

An important factor in the quality of care offered by any hospital is the level of training of staff physicians. The highest percentage of optimal care found in the Teamsters study was given by physicians who had undergone postgraduate training and taken the required examination for certification by one of the specialty boards, or who were members of a leading medical society in their specialty. Not surprisingly, most of the care in medical-school-affiliated hospitals was rendered by such qualified specialists. But only 45 percent of the surgical admissions and 16 percent of the non-surgical cases were attended by similarly trained doctors in proprietary institutions.

Venality as well as incompetence is evident in studies of inadequate care given in American hospitals. A variety of reports seem to show that patients with health insurance have an unusual need for tonsillectomies and hysterectomies. Dr. J. Frederick Sparling of Johns Hopkins took a look at appendectomies performed in three Baltimore community hospitals and found that about half were unnecessary. As a group, patients with Blue Cross or some other form of insurance tended to undergo more unnecessary operations than did other private or ward patients.

SUCH findings point up the fact that American medicine is remarkable for its lack of formal regulation and discipline. A recent survey published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* noted that only eighteen states have licensing laws that

specifically provide for action in cases of incompetence on the part of a doctor, and of forty-seven state medical societies queried, only eight had a similar provision in their bylaws. The hospital, the report concluded, was the place in which disciplinary controls could be most logically exercised. But as the Teamsters study makes quite clear, almost any physician, no matter how incompetent, can find a hospital willing to accord him privileges.

Indeed, hospitals themselves operate in relative freedom from rigid controls on the quality of their services. The most important disciplinary agency in the field is the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, sponsored by the American Medical Association, the American Hospital Association, the American College of Surgeons, and the American College of Physicians. To be accredited, hospitals must have more than twenty-five beds, must maintain adequate facilities for dispensing drugs, and must have X-ray departments and pathology labs to conduct clinical tests and study tissue removed at surgery. Hospitals are also expected to keep detailed records on their patients and conduct regular meetings of the medical staff to discuss the way cases are handled. In addition, the commission requires accredited hospitals to have staff "tissue" committees that discuss reasons for the removal of normal tissue by the hospital's surgeons and curb unnecessary operations.

Hospital accreditation, although required of hospitals with AMA-approved intern and residency training programs, is voluntary; 4322 of the nation's 7127 hospitals — slightly more than half — are accredited. Moreover, hospital authorities generally agree that the commission's standards are a bare minimum for good modern hospital operation. The best hospitals exceed the standards automatically, while a mediocre institution will have no real trouble meeting them if it wants to. "You have to make sure the record of an electrocardiogram is signed," a New Jersey physician notes, "but that doesn't mean the EKG was correctly interpreted." In a good many accredited hospitals, the tissue committees seldom hesitate to give the more influential surgeons on the staff the benefit of the doubt.

Accredited or not, a hospital's performance depends to a large extent on how its staff is organized. The pre-eminence of the teaching hospital comes, in part, from the fact that the major medical and surgical services usually are directed by salaried, full-time chiefs. Removed from the dependency on referrals for their practice, they are free to make the doctors on their services hew to the line. Full-time chiefs of service should also be the rule in most community hospitals. Without such supervision, many hospitals become the fiefdoms

of private practitioners in the community, who use the institution as a personal workshop for their own convenience and profit. Controls, if any, must be imposed by a hapless administrator, frequently a layman, who may carry less weight with the board of trustees than the town's more prominent doctors.

AN EXAMPLE of the extreme opposite of this unhappy hospital situation is the Hunterdon Medical Center, a 121-bed institution in Flemington, New Jersey, which serves an entire rural county of 65,000. The hospital is staffed by twenty-four full-time, salaried specialists, working in unparalleled harmony with the county's general practitioners. The family doctors remain basically in charge of their patients' care in and out of the hospital. But the specialists perform all surgery, are readily available for consultations, and assume responsibility when complicated medical or surgical problems arise.

Hunterdon's director, Dr. Robert R. Henderson, admits that this happy arrangement was achieved without the usual town versus gown fight between specialist and GP because the center was "founded in a vacuum." Until it opened, in 1953, the county had no hospital at all, and there were no qualified specialists in the community. The Hunterdon program was organized by the community as a whole, with the cooperation of the local medical society.

Hunterdon Medical Center has become a model community hospital, coordinating a variety of health services for the county. The institution offers a screening program to detect illness in apparently healthy men and women, thus assuming a role in preventive medicine. It supplies speech therapists for the county's schools and maintains a home-care program and an affiliation with a local nursing home for patients who no longer require hospitalization. The center staff reviews the progress of each patient sent to the nursing home to ensure good continuity of care.

The center also provides inpatient and outpatient psychiatric care for the entire county, carefully following up on any patient who must be referred to a state hospital. Significantly, Hunterdon is the only county in New Jersey where admissions to the state hospital system have declined during the last ten years.

Although situated fifty miles from New York, Hunterdon is affiliated with New York University School of Medicine; its staff specialists have faculty appointments and are expected to spend one day a week in teaching or research at the medical school. The staff specialists, of course, form an educational bridge between the school and the family doctors,

keeping them abreast of the latest developments in diagnosis and treatment. The center also has an arrangement with four other medical schools, including the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. Students and residents from these schools may receive part of their training at Hunterdon; at the same time, patients from Hunterdon requiring such specialized care as open-heart surgery may be sent to one of the larger hospitals.

Hunterdon has done away with the charity wards common to teaching hospitals. Each patient is treated as a private patient, regardless of his ability to pay for care. Meanwhile, every patient is part of the hospital's teaching program, and his case is studied by the resident staff.

Hunterdon Medical Center's built-in quality controls may be a rarity, but even in New York, major steps have been taken, under protest to be sure, to rectify the most glaring deficiencies. During four years as hospital commissioner, Dr. Ray E. Trussell obtained regulations requiring proprietary hospitals to become accredited, and over and above that, forbidding unqualified physicians from handling complicated obstetrical cases or performing major surgery in these institutions. Moreover, indigent patients treated at city expense in voluntary hospitals must be cared for only on services approved for residency training or by qualified specialists. To improve the often shoddy performance of the city's municipal hospitals, Dr. Trussell also put through a requirement that they become affiliated with teaching institutions, or voluntary hospitals. These measures, possibly unique in city hospital administration, grew out of the shocking revelations in such surveys as the Teamsters study.

IMPROVING the performance of doctors within hospitals is only part of the answer to developing a sound American hospital system; for the trouble is that American hospitals have sprung up across the country with no system at all to coordinate their services. "The public," says Dr. Jack C. Haldeman, president of the Hospital Review and Planning Council of Southern New York, "insists that every hospital provide every possible medical service, that its hospitals be located convenient to everyone even though this means small and uneconomical institutions, and insists on using the hospital in a convenient fashion rather than in the most efficient fashion. However, in the next breath, the public, in increasingly louder tones, is expressing concern over the rapidly increasing costs of hospital care . . . those of us in hospital planning are damned if we do and damned if we don't."

Poor planning and duplication not only waste

money but reduce the quality of care. Only selected medical centers with well-trained teams should have heart-lung machines, yet many hospitals have bought them as institutional status symbols, to the possible jeopardy of prospective heart surgery patients. A cardiac surgery team needs constant practice to achieve good results. But in a survey of 348 hospitals with open-heart surgery facilities, a Johns Hopkins researcher found that 74 percent of the institutions were averaging less than one operation a week.

A classic example of wasteful duplication occurred a few years ago in Westchester County, New York, when four community hospitals announced plans to buy cobalt radiation units for cancer treatment. Dr. Haldeman's council approved one unit as being entirely sufficient for the needs of cancer patients in the county.

One of the major duplication problems, however, is the national multiplicity of small hospitals. In Texas a few years ago there were fifty-five towns with two or more hospitals of 100 beds or less, and forty communities with two or more hospitals of fifty beds or less. Sound planning would have put these beds under one roof for the sake of efficiency and quality of care. A delivery in a 400-bed hospital, for example, requires twelve personnel hours, as compared with seventeen in a 100-bed facility; pharmacists at the larger hospital will prepare twenty-five prescriptions per man-hour as compared with fourteen in the smaller institution. In the larger institution, Haldeman notes, employees have less idle time, personnel are more likely to work within specific areas of specialization, and the hospital itself will tend to attract doctors with special qualifications.

TO PROVIDE Americans with enough hospital beds, the federal government twenty years ago embarked on a program to aid hospital construction, the so-called Hill-Burton Act. States, with federal support, have invested more than \$6 billion to provide more than 300,000 new beds, and 2000 laboratories, diagnostic and treatment centers, and other health facilities. Although hospitals are perilously overcrowded in such rapidly growing areas as Arizona, Texas, and parts of Long Island, the supply of beds is no longer an acute national crisis.

The emphasis under Hill-Burton was new construction in rural areas; the urgent need now is modernization of medical facilities, particularly in the cities. Probably the most exhaustive study ever made of hospital obsolescence was published recently by the Hospital Review and Planning Council of Southern New York. Forty-seven of

New York City's 130 general hospitals were found to be so unsuitable that the council recommended total replacement; all the rest needed at least some modernization, and twenty-four needed major renovation. In fifty-eight voluntary hospitals, only one in five had surgical facilities considered adequate for good operating technique and sterility. In some instances, doctors and nurses had to walk through nonsterile areas in their scrub suits to reach operating rooms, or had to walk through operating rooms in their street clothes to get to their lockers.

More than a third of the clinical laboratories in these hospitals were so crowded or badly placed, said the report, as to "contribute to inaccuracy and compromise patient care." Nearly half the hospitals had no emergency power sources, and only 17 percent met the standards for fire safety recommended by the U.S. Public Health Service.

Most experts agree that similar conditions can be found in the hospitals of most major cities, although Washington, D.C., and Columbus, Ohio, are among certain outstanding exceptions. Using beds as a unit of measurement, Dr. Harold M. Graning, of the U.S. Public Health Service, estimates that 13,000 beds across the country are becoming obsolete each year; the bill for replacing them will come to almost \$10 billion in the next decade. President Johnson has called for a program of government-guaranteed loans amounting to \$1 billion in this year's health message.

Despite talk of a bed shortage, many hospital spokesmen doubt that Medicare beneficiaries will impose a crushing burden on most hospitals this summer. Unquestionably, many men and women over sixty-five have postponed nonurgent operations until after July 1. However, elderly patients account for only a quarter of the total days Americans currently spend in the hospital. Therefore, even if the hospitalization rate among persons over sixty-five should increase by 20 percent, the overall rise in demand for bed space would be only 5 percent.

In the long run, Medicare will take a major burden off hospitals through its provisions for convalescent care in nursing homes or in the patient's own home. Extended care and home care are concepts long neglected in American medicine, and many patients occupy beds in hospitals simply because their doctors have no other place to put them. A hospital planning agency in Rochester found that 15 to 20 percent of patients in the city's hospitals didn't require bed care. As a result, a program to provide new hospital facilities was altered to include three extended-care units and a home-care program.

Aside from its immediate financial benefits to the elderly, Medicare will play an unprecedented

role in implementing the philosophy of continuous patient care. In a symposium published in *Hospitals*, Dr. William H. Ford, president of Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania, put it this way: "This country is moving toward a complete health care system. The question is whether the leadership in the voluntary hospitals of this country is going to measure up to this concept."

Inevitably, Medicare will also raise the quality of medicine practiced in the nation's hospitals. For one thing, the law requires hospitals to establish "utilization review" committees. Made up of staff doctors, these committees will check on admissions to make sure they are necessary, and they will curb overstay. For another, the federal government established standards for Medicare hospitals similar to those of the joint commission. At the very least, Medicare means that hundreds of previously unaccredited hospitals will be subject to minimal controls, including regular staff meetings, tissue committees, and maintenance of explosion-proof operating rooms. State and local boards, moreover, can set even higher standards, and in New York, the state health department is expected momentarily to impose regulations similar to those which Dr. Trussell obtained for the hospitals in New York City.

Medicare's standards for nursing homes will go far toward assuring Medicare patients of care by skilled personnel. The law requires that nursing homes qualifying for Medicare payments must employ a full-time registered nurse and have, at the least, a practical nurse from a state-approved school on duty at all times. At present, only about 250,000 of the nation's 700,000 nursing-home beds are in homes that meet these standards.

ANOTHER new piece of legislation, Public Law 98-239, although less widely publicized than Medicare, may have as much ultimate effect on the future of the U.S. hospital. The law grew out of the recommendations of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Stroke, appointed in 1964 to plot a broad attack on these major killers. Among the commission's main requests was establishment of regional medical complexes built around large medical centers. The law, written broadly enough to cover virtually all diseases, provides appropriations of \$340 million over the next three years to plan ways to establish such regionalized medical care by linking medical schools and large clinical centers with smaller hospitals on a geographic basis.

Such an arrangement would, of course, give patients needing specialized care easier access to the large facilities best equipped to provide it,

would reduce wasteful duplication of facilities, and would help keep doctors at the local levels better informed of new developments coming out of medical-center laboratories and clinics.

The Hunterdon Medical Center already represents aspects of such regional planning. An even earlier model is the Bingham Associates program, begun in the early 1930s to link Tufts-New England Medical Center in Boston with some fifty-eight hospitals and clinics scattered throughout Maine. Local doctors in Maine refer their patients to Boston for management of complex diagnostic and treatment problems, keeping fully informed of how their cases are handled. The center sends senior residents on brief tours of the small hospitals to apprise community physicians of new developments in medicine. The educational program includes closed-circuit television between the clinics and operating rooms of the Boston center and the Maine hospitals. Finally, the Bingham project has encouraged well-trained specialists to practice in communities where they are needed and has established consulting services between the hospitals in the program, making for more efficient use of diagnostic facilities.

The much-talked-about American hospital crisis is not the need for new technological advances, but the necessity of finding the best ways to use the tools already at hand. And with the onrushing development of ever new weapons against disease, the need for efficient organization of hospital services becomes urgent.

Not every hospital will, or should, offer the most specialized care; but every patient, no matter where he lives, must have ready access to everything that medical science has to offer. This means planning along regional lines in the construction and staffing of hospitals. Some institutions may become totally specialized, providing, for example, all the radiation therapy and X-ray diagnosis for an area. The general hospital will remain in the front line, as the hub of health care for the entire community. Its staff will not only assume responsibility for the patients within its walls but coordinate the care of patients in nursing homes and other extended-care facilities.

Recent federal legislation lays down a framework for a true American hospital system. A hospital network not only ensures a flow of new knowledge from the largest medical centers but challenges the physician in the smallest community to use these developments with imagination and skill. How well the physician and hospital administrator rise to this challenge will largely determine how strong outside controls, including government regulations, over medical practice will become. Americans, well aware of how good medical care can be, won't settle for less than the best.

On Being a Patient

by Stephen Becker

To be so close to death that you later remember deciding whether to die or to live — that is the experience eloquently related here by the talented author of A COVENANT WITH DEATH and other novels. A thirty-nine-year-old New Yorker, Mr. Becker attended Harvard and Yen Ching University in Peking, has held a Guggenheim Fellowship, and translated several books from the French, including THE LAST OF THE JUST. He lives in Westchester County with his wife, two sons, and daughter.

FIRST I was a wizened man of ninety-five in Washington, D.C., wearing a brown gabardine suit and a Panama hat and sitting in a warm, humid greenhouse. To step outside, or smoke a cigar, was to die; but the inactivity galled, and fear was shameful, and I stepped outside and lit a cigar.

Then I was my own age, thirty-one, in a small town in upstate New York, and there was an epidemic, and our children were dying, and we could save them only by bringing wooden objects — furniture, crates, toys — to the schoolhouse. Snow fell. Soon there were no wooden objects to be found, and our children went on dying.

Then I was a helicopter pilot, and a space pilot (this was all in January, 1959), and the manager of a theatrical troupe stranded in St. Petersburg (not Leningrad; St. Petersburg). I was the landlord of a boardinghouse on the West Coast, and my tenants were drunken, aged Bohemians, and I left because there were toads in the swimming pool. I lay on a couch in Salzburg — in the house where Mozart died — begging two beautiful women for another cup of cocoa, because the cocoa was drugged, and I needed it, and I offered them money. In Mexico we played a game with the bartender, and a blue bead curtain hung in the doorway; you won the game by smoking your cigarette, and drinking your tequila, in a mysterious and secret fashion.

A man said, “Do you remember my name?” Back in New Bedford I signed off the whaler after a two-year voyage, but the house I lived in was gone. I was cold. I was in command of a Canadian corvette, but they had tied me to my bunk. On the islands between New York and France I sat down to a lavish dinner with many friends, and I was wearing a white gown, bloodstained, and my arms would not move, and I was freezing. A man said, “Do you remember my name?” I was the governor’s cousin, and a car was coming for me. A lady told me to stop being silly, and I swore at her, viciously. I was in a bar in Chicago with Bao Dai, and a man was saying, “Do you remember my name?”

I finally remembered his name, and eventually got to know him fairly well. He was an intern, and he had been trying to rouse me from a week of coma. All those lovely, horrifying, claustrophobic hallucinations — many more than the few mentioned here — had come within two or three days, as consciousness nudged me. Over the next week they ceased to be deep hallucinations and became a fitful delirium, punctuated by my loud insistence that I be taken back to the hospital. Yes, yes, the nurses said; and I hollered some more, because here we were in Texas, or Italy, and I had to be back in the morning for a spinal tap. Sometimes my wife was there. Sometimes no one was there,

and I held long conversations with I.V. bottles. But always I was cold; and often I was tied down, pinned, locked in. I wondered why.

One morning I found out. I woke up, and was calm and lucid and full of curiosity, and they told me I was paralyzed to the neck.

That surprised me. I was too depleted for feelings of shock or tragedy, but was capable of surprise and — the word seems frivolous, but is accurate — dismay. That something was wrong, I had known three weeks before: extreme weariness, explosive puffs of pain in the legs and feet, and a slack, red-eyed face. Just after the new year one of my normally efficient systems had ceased to function, and when the failure persisted I drove myself to the hospital and had myself admitted. I was, for the first time in my adult life, a patient.

That was on a Sunday evening, and I went home ten months later.

IN THOSE days the language requirements for visiting interns were elastic, and unless you were lucky your first interview was conducted in Anglo-Hungarian or pidgin Wendish. My own exhausted intern had been napping, and was not disposed to stretch his mind as far as English. We compromised on French, so the whole experience began for me in a surrealistic haze — the more so as my French was a lot better than his, and after a few moments I had to phrase the questions as well as the answers. When the history and symptoms were on the record I was put to bed; the intern said “Ciao,” which took us another step away from the real. I awoke weak but refreshed, ate well enough, and was punctured here and there by the laboratory people. Shortly my doctor arrived, and then an internist, for an intensive interrogation. By the third day, when my legs would barely move, we knew that my spinal cord was burning away — some sort of myelitis had attacked me, and I learned that the plural of myelitis is myelitides. Wednesday night my wife fed me, and the next voice I heard, over a week later, was saying, “Do you remember my name?”

When I heard that voice I was in another hospital: a large institution run by the state and county jointly, with a good supply of the monstrous instruments that might become necessary, like iron lungs and wooden coffins. I had been rushed there late at night, a tube in every orifice and a gloomy anesthesiologist beside me; had been amply furnished with oxygen and liquid refreshment; and had been fussed over for seven days by teams of young doctors and special nurses. The infection had started at the base of my spinal cord and moved upward, paralyzing me progressively; there was nothing anyone could do but keep me as strong as

possible. If it died before reaching my upper cervical vertebrae I might live, and that was all they could hope for. My eyes were covered with moist cotton, to prevent their drying, and one resident, with a delicacy I am still grateful for, instructed the interns to remove the cotton as soon as I showed signs of life so that I wouldn't wake up and think I had gone blind. Meanwhile, my respiration was down to six per minute, and an iron lung stood ready.

I missed all that, of course, the drama, the tension. I might have died an easy death, unknowing, slipping from one blackness to another. Instead, my respiration went up and my pulse came down, the iron lung was wheeled away, and my wife was told that I would live. A day later I called for her, and I can remember the first sight of her, and her kiss, and myself asking, “Did I almost die?” and accepting her “Yes” as perfectly natural.

At that point I ceased to be an abstraction, and became again a patient. But you must know what I mean by the word: I was not a rich man in a private room with a light touch of gout. I was a pauper in the charity wards of a public hospital, and I was helpless. I slept away the days and nights, and drifted in and out of delirium; I could suck down baby food, but chewing exhausted me; I could talk, but only a phrase at a time. (My closest friend was permitted to see me, and stood silently, wearing a gauze mask, at the foot of the bed. I woke up, and we looked at each other for a while because there wasn't much to say, and finally I wheezed, “That's . . . the last . . . time . . . I ever . . . kiss . . . *your* wife.”) Worst of all — and I remember this much more clearly than the rest — my arms were paralyzed; my hair, after two such weeks, was filthy, and my head itched damnably, and I was unable to scratch it.

Slowly order returned, sequence, continuity. Nurses made mysterious adjustments, and I learned that a tracheotomy had been performed, early on; a metal tube in my windpipe, like a tap in a barrel of beer, had helped me to breathe without chest muscles, and had kept me from choking on my own humors. Without a cork in the tube, speech was impossible, and my first fight with bureaucracy was for free speech in the primary sense. I won. My insistence was taken for rebellion, and therefore high spirits. (I learned later that any patient who argues with the staff is presumed to be improving or senile.) An old friend brought me a sheaf of Utamaro prints; they were tacked to the wall, and I contemplated them thankfully for two weeks, but when I left the contagious ward they were burned. Delirium lessened. Messages reached me from the world at large, reminding me that a novel of mine had been published on the day I passed out. The reviews were mixed but generally good, and it

might even earn its advance. (I wish for all harried writers the equanimity with which I received this news.) I ate better, and graduated to mashed potatoes. I was laved and anointed. I flirted with nurses. I was palped and prodded, and for all I know leeches and cupped. I remember little of the daily routine, because I was not active in it: I was an object and not a participant.

I learned, finally, what was wrong with me. It was something called Landry's Ascending Paralysis. That was the syndrome. The disease was just "some sort of myelitis" — a lesion of the spinal cord, an infection, probably viral, that started low and moved up. No one knew why or how I had contracted it. (No one knows yet. I like to think it was hard work and clean living.) The name of the disease meant nothing to me, but the prognosis was unnerving: "Anything is possible." I could go on for years as I was, a vegetable; I could recover entirely; I could be stabilized anywhere in between. At that news, my emotions were stirred for almost the first time. I was angry and depressed, and my first reactions were ordinary: self-pity; "why me?" (there are some fifty cases a year in the United States); and "what have I done to deserve this?" (an easy question, unfortunately, for any man to answer). But in one of my wakeful and lucid moments, late at night, as alone as I will ever be, I saw how useless my questions were, because I saw what had happened to me: I was smack up against the absurd. I had read about it for years; now I *was* it. That did not burst upon me with the force of a blinding revelation. It simply seemed true; perfectly true; so true that I took it for my answer, and stopped my foolish riddling. After that night a good part of the fight was over, and won, with the conscious decision to do what had to be done, take my lumps, and keep my mouth shut. (That was seven years ago, and this is the first time I have written about it. I probably won't again.)

WHEN the risk of contagion was gone we took a long step: I was moved to a ward full of people, and the special care ended. I was one of thirty then, cardiacs and auto accidents, cirrhosis and diabetes, strokes and fractures. It was a new world, and I was in it for what would doubtless be a long time. (Everyone was cheerful and optimistic in my presence; unintended irony, because after that solitary night I was beyond optimism or pessimism.) As soon as I could move my index finger — a sign that I might recover — I had to decide whether to join this world of strangers, or to remain aloof. The choice was not as simple as it may seem. Not since the war had I faced a long stay with a random crew of men. (A compulsory stay, and with my own

countrymen. I had lived in Chinese dormitories and small French towns, but there was a romance to that kind of mingling, and the exits were never barred.) This new world was not brave; it was a world of rock 'n' roll (everyone seemed to have a small radio, and they all blared at once; for months I could name the top ten, and hated all ten of them), warriors' reminiscences, batting averages, drinkers' boasts, comic books, amatory exaggerations, Abbott and Costello, and racial, social, and religious pride and prejudice.

As the paralysis retreated, the unease advanced. Now, thank God, I could scratch my head. Soon I could touch my first three fingers with the thumb of the same hand; one triumphant morning I could join thumb and little finger. One day I actually sneezed, which is a work of serious proportions; my chest heaved and swelled, air whistled in, the convulsion came; and what emerged was an infinitesimal, barely audible sniff, the catarrhal whisper of a rheumy hamster. A few days later the therapist placed an object in my hand, and I identified it by feel as a roll of adhesive tape. Then, a giant stride: I distinguished a nickel from a dime. My bed was raised: I could sit up and look around without fainting. But I had no desire for company. The music drove me wild; the sounds of television were even more inane than the pictures. I made a comb case by threading a leather lace through holes. It was much admired. I drew a tree in crayon, and was pronounced talented. As soon as I could turn pages — a delicate and complex operation — I read. I could feed myself, and ate solid food. I began to put names to the faces and voices around me, to nod, to say hello. I enjoyed visits from the doctors, and learned phrases like clonic spasm and paresthesia; when the visiting specialists came on rounds, trailing interns like fat hens with innumerable chicks, I liked overhearing their consultations and arguments. But I was like a student misfit hanging around the faculty club. My wife came every day; I clung to her, and to my books and my occupational therapy (always called, regardless of its nature, "basket-weaving"). In short, I was an uncertain intellectual snob. I was afraid of people.

Coffee and cigars brought me around. Hospital coffee is by definition terrible, weak and somehow salty, and one day a nurse brought me a jar of instant coffee with my breakfast. Someone at the other end of the ward had sent it along, and it transpired that he was the X-ray technician who had worked me over weeks before, at the first hospital. A week later a heart attack had brought him here; he was recovering well, possibly because here his wife was a dietitian (she too was very kind to me; we were a club within a club). I got myself cranked up and waved in thanks, an exuberant, abandoned

three-inch wave. People looked at me and laughed. I grinned. Every morning Chris sent me coffee, and with every wave of thanks I was integrated a bit further. And then one evening a fellow named Nate dropped by to chat. He was in his late thirties, a diabetic who died within the year; his eyes were going bad and he squinted, and when I first saw him I thought he looked like a surly barfly, a hater. He was not. He was a soft-spoken and gentle man (a foundling, he told me) who spent his days doing small favors for the bedridden. As we talked, he lit a cigar. It was a White Owl and not an Upmann, but the smoke he blew my way was the most savory I can remember. He offered to blow smoke at me after dinner every day, and I accepted with thanks. He was liked, and brought other men with him, and soon I was no longer a snob and no longer afraid.

The fear was strange; I like people and am gregarious enough normally. I think now that it was a projection of physical fears. When you are immobile, and have no sensation below the waist, any traveling object is a threat; any bump or sharp contact may do vast damage that you will not even feel. For a while I hated needles. Every morning a girl pricked me for blood; twice a week larger amounts were drawn from a vein in my arm. When internal infection set in, injections were the answer. For certain examinations the anesthetic was given by needle. Needles everywhere. And visitors bumping against the bed, and nurses dropping things on my dead legs. But fear gave way finally to acceptance; I ceased to care about the needles, and I made friends. For the first weeks I may have been in a deeper and less obvious shock than simple physical shock, and perhaps that enabled me to assimilate the bad news without horror; and maybe I was afraid to come out of it, afraid of stimulation from needles or people, clinging to a defensive narcosis through the worst days.

IN THE streets outside any hospital are signs requesting quiet; but no room on earth is as consistently noisy as a hospital ward. Bustle is constant. My basic routine was unvarying: wake up, wash, breakfast, Chris's coffee, rest, therapy, lunch, rest, therapy, rest, supper, Nate's cigar, free time, sleep. But the variety of event superimposed upon that routine was limitless. Doctors sweeping onto the ward, interns being solemn, nurses gossiping. Visitors lost. A crew of plumbers trotting in like the Marx Brothers. Gray Ladies and social workers and veterans advisers. The old patient's son and his lawyer, trying to make changes in the will. Admissions and discharges. The flower ladies: every week an orange-juice can full of lilies of the

valley. Accidents: broken glass, silvery liquids, slippery floors. Bedpan jokes. The cloudy octogenarian, hairless and senile, who wanders the wards without pants. The specialist, brisk and imposing in street clothes. Sometimes the specialist was for me, a neurologist; he would poke and tap and stick me with pins and smile encouragingly. Once I lost my cork in the middle of the night and woke with a raging thirst but unable to holler for water. I fell in love with two or three nurses and was assured that it happened often. Once I woke up in London, which was odd only because I had never been in London and was supposed to be finished with hallucinations. A liver case had a nightmare and woke us all with endless, agonized, quavering shrieks. A nursing student gave me a dry shampoo. A Greek pilot with a bad heart gave me a book about Athens; it was in Greek but the photographs were pretty. The doctor in charge of physical medicine and rehabilitation decided I was ready for serious work. The nurses accused me of malingering. We were all very busy, and my emotions were working again. By then I had learned to be cheerful and polite except under extreme provocation, like being given someone else's medicine, but I had also learned to be angry. There were moments of bitterness, despair, hilarity; but my basic emotional state for the next nine months was simple: I was sore as hell.

Not that I lacked the calming and ennobling influence of spiritual advisers. There are many sorts in a hospital. I liked best the much-maligned Gray Ladies. They come by to ask how you are, and whether you want a book or some supplementary basket-weaving, and they chat briefly and go on, and there is no nonsense to them, no backslapping, no inspirational inanities. Then the social workers are fairly good. Their job is to keep your family together, and eating, and they take you away from your own troubles. The man from the Veterans Administration is always welcome because he is showing you either how to save some money or how to get some. When you are a free lance of any kind, dead broke, with three kids and no medical insurance, and no benevolent company to keep you on the payroll, and no "sick leave," and no stocks and bonds or sellable furniture, and no income whatever for what looks like a long time to come, these considerations become important. Worry is unhealthy, and retards convalescence. (I was very lucky here. Many sensible friends sent my wife small sums immediately, without even asking. Simon and Schuster, then my publishers, sent a handsome check — as a gift, mind you, and not an advance. So did the National Cartoonists Society, with whom I was then working on a book. And a small group of ruthless poker players I had been supporting for years established a kitty in my children's name.)

But man cannot live by bread alone, much as he

may want to. I suppose every public hospital has its chaplains, and God knows I had mine. (We even had a choir. A group of ladies came around once a month with a portable clavier, or calliope, or harmonium, a gleaming percolator, and sang the great old songs like "The Lost Chord.") I had, to begin with, a crew of earnestly religious nurses, some evangelistic, and probably the battle between Lucifer and the Lord was joined when the first nurse said to me, "God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." My answer was doubtless a grunt, but at that moment the metaphysical me (a very little fellow; I am one of these *hommes moyens sensuels*) took up a classic stance: chin tucked into left shoulder, left jab on the way, right hand protecting head and ready to hook. My troubles had only begun.

My wife had filled out the admitting forms at the second hospital, and when she came to religion she conscientiously wrote NONE. I could not have done that myself; it is impossible for a Jew to avoid the word "Jewish" without a sense of betrayal, or at least a tedious explanation. But my wife and I are a very usual sort of casual and permissive unbeliever, and she was protecting me from sinister possibilities: that I would come out of the coma nose-to-nose with a stout, cheerful, disputatious reform rabbi from Princeton, who would beam upon me and inform me in cultured accents that God had chosen to spare me for the time; or that I would die in the repellent odor of suburban sanctity, without even a chance to fight back. (She had a more serious and immediate reason: a friend of ours had regained consciousness in the first hospital just as I was passing out, to find herself being given the last rites. A week later she was fine, but still quivering with horror.) My wife was right, but the results were bizarre: being, on paper at least, a lost soul, I was claimed by everybody, and suffered triple visitations.

Of them all I preferred the Roman Catholic priest. He was rotund and bespectacled, vaguely European, and evoked nicotine stains and fiascos of cheap wine. He would come to my bed, shake hands (always), and stand for a moment nodding, as if the NONE at the foot of my bed were no more than he had expected in this vale of pagan tribulations. "How are you today?" I was well; still working at it. "Good," he would say. "Keep it up. You may go all the way." With luck, I would say. Then he would smile, because we both knew he wanted to add "and with help from above," and was refraining only to show me that his sympathy was human as well as professional. "Do you need anything?" No; but thanks. Then a wave, perhaps a sketchy blessing, and he was gone. A good man.

The Episcopal priest was also a good man, but very different: lean and gray, an amateur of the

arts, a medical theorist, doubtless a member of book clubs. When he heard that I was a writer he was suffused by a pinkish ecstasy. From then on his visits were cultural events. I dreaded them; but he was a busy man, and kept them short. Finally at home, and even respected, in daily arguments about Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, Pie Traynor and Pinky Higgins, Jack Daniel's and Old Cirrhosis, I resented interruptions from Sinclair Lewis and Somerset Maugham, from Millet and Millais and Millay and Malotte — interruptions that sent my new friends wheelchairing off in mild terror. But these visits, too, were welcome, sometimes funny and always a test of my good nature, my moral fiber, my grace under pressure.

I saw the rabbi only once, and I was rude; perhaps it was the rudeness that we reserve to cousins and never indulge with strangers. At the time I was on a tilt-table. Bedridden patients, like rising politicians, must be brought to uprightness gradually. They are strapped to tilt-tables and raised toward the vertical until they pass out, which defines the limits. I had worked up to about 70 degrees, and daily spent a pleasant quarter of an hour at that angle, wrapped like a mummy and bound to the table, looking out over my ward like the figurehead of a garbage scow. It was hard work. It required neck muscles to keep the head from lolling, and concentration to keep the breathing steady. I was straining to make a success of this when the rabbi came along, and the first thing I knew I was in an old-fashioned disputation: a roaring discussion of omniscience, omnipotence, oceanic feeling, intercession, and so forth. It may have been simply the frustration of having to argue with my hands tethered, or it may have been that if there was a God I had good reason to be vexed with him, but I found myself informing the rabbi warmly that I was not interested in reform pieties, Sabbath hootenannies, or Rachel and Leah in wedgies; on the other hand, if he represented the old angry bearded Jehovah, I was at his service. He left soon after, and later I was ashamed. He was a young man, but he had probably spent twenty years ridding himself of the old anthropomorphic orthodoxy, and he had left his study to spend a day in Bedlam, and I had taken advantage of his good nature and rude health, and been a boor. He never came back, and I wish he had.

But I hope I may be forgiven; and then the anger was good for me. Getting well is a bitterly hard job. Recalcitrant nerves and muscles depress the spirit, and the work requires every shred of will; the possibility of a short, bedridden life hovers like a nightmare; moral despair and physical exhaustion battle for the soul. Under these conditions a good nurse is worth more than rubies, and a religious caterpillar more hurtful than boils.

Unctuousity and inspirational twaddle can be vicious, and applied pity can be maddening. And the theological dice are always loaded: if you recover, then God is good; if not, then God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. It is Job, and theodicy, all over again, but no one will ever argue it on that level. What you get is metaphysical molasses. A blasted man should be spared such sticky nonsense.

More to the point, and infinitely more invigorating, was my transfer, at the end of the second month, to another ward. Here lived three groups: permanently bedridden charges of the state, terminal cases, and patients in physical medicine and rehabilitation. From this ward we went home or to the grave.

Rapid changes kept me busy. My lung capacity was now normal, and the tracheotomy tube was removed. I was to sleep on my stomach hereafter, mainly because of a bedsore, or sacral decubitus, which is the polite name for a hole in my lower back the size of a lime (the flesh, deprived of circulation and therefore nourishment, and under the constant pressure of my inert body, had simply disintegrated). Best of all, I was to be placed in a wheelchair for several minutes every day. (They forgot to strap me in the first time; I fainted and fell out. Scandal. Investigations.) Furthermore, my therapy was to be accelerated. No more nickels and dimes, and no more basket-weaving, but hard work with progressively heavier weights. The social problem had ceased to exist, by the way. I came onto the new ward as a veteran, and observed with delight only two radios and one television set. For a day or two I was exhilarated.

What happened next is what I will remember when the rest is forgotten. I was wrestled onto the tilt-table and wheeled down to the gym. I proceeded like a tourist through new and exotic corridors and elevators, past pipes and valves and vending machines. In the gym I was flipped over, still happy, and tilted up, and placed before a pair of wooden handles attached to pulleys. It seemed to me that the whole hospital was there watching. At the end of each cable was a weight of one half pound. My Herculean task was to grasp the handles and raise the weights.

I grasped, and pulled, and strained until I thought my bones would crack. Nothing happened. My therapist spoke soothing words, and helped by tugging at the cables herself, and with her strength the cables went up and down, up and down, up and down. Then we quit for the day, in gloomy silence, and on the way upstairs I burst into tears for the first, and as it turned out only, time. It was a violent and immitigable oppression of spirits; nothing in my life before or since compares with it. That was a unique moment of abso-

lute and brutal disappointment; of utter and helpless despair; of a finality like that of death. I had made the mistake of hoping.

Six weeks later I was raising a thirty-pound weight twenty times with either hand.

THE next seven or eight months were anticlimax. I was a professional patient. When a new nurse woke me too early I bawled her out. I wore an intern's jacket in place of the degrading patient's gown. (Hospital dress as status symbol, from the director on down, is worth a study.) I could go from bed to chair and back without help, using a small overhead trapeze. I had one great stroke of luck: the doctor in immediate charge of me was a polio victim, and lived in a wheelchair, and was tough. He hounded me and harried me; he also played chess with me and made off with his share of the fancy edibles my friends kept sending me. He worked me hard, but the example was more important than the whip. At the very worst, I would live as he lived; and he was doing his job and living his life. There was no nonsense to him. He offered no pity and needed none.

I took to supervising my own care, which was not a bad idea. I recommend minor meddling and ready asperity. Patients are damaged, and occasionally killed, in hospitals (which is — obviously, I hope — not to condemn doctors and nurses). Twice I refused medicines, knowing they were not for me; twice I made mechanical adjustments neglected by the night nurse without which serious harm, and possibly death, would have resulted. More and more (outside the gym) I took charge of my own routine. I ate what I wanted, and rejected out of hand the beef lung prescribed. I napped when I wanted to. With permission, if not approval, I took a cigar after supper. (Havanas, in those days. The first one, after three months without, tasted like straw, but they rapidly became my prime solace. Later a friend brought me Burmese cigarettes, each a simple brown leaf rolled small; I was accused of retreating into marijuana, and refused either to explain or to give them up, enjoying the small scandal.) I became the senior patient on the ward, and was consulted by frightened newcomers. I grew a bristly mustache, and my children, who had not seen me for months, failed to recognize me. I wheeled myself to the movies on Wednesday nights; they were all bad, but they were a distraction. I remember explaining to a nurse why a man with a bleeding ulcer should not have aspirin; such pomposities were, I am sorry to report, good for me. I even got back to work, with a tape recorder; I lay mouthing mysteries into a microphone while my fellow patients kept a respectful distance, and my

wife bore home little reels of tape and typed up the day's ragged prose.

I also took to reading my own chart, which was strictly forbidden. The belief seems to be that if a patient is exposed to an accurate account of his troubles he will fall into an immediate decline, possibly even dying of chagrin. But the chart accompanies him everywhere, and it is impossible to keep a determined busybody from hiding in a corner now and then with the forbidden volume. I was pleased to learn that twice my savage outbursts (on the order of "called Dr. W—— a murderous quack") had been considered quotable, and that two doctors had concurred in deeming me "intelligent." I also learned that I had spoken French and Chinese while coming out of the coma. Why such absorbing gossip should be kept from the patient I do not know.

But my life was mainly exercise. The memories of these later months are few now, like those of a man of fifty who tells you of his wild times in high school and college, and then says that he has been with IBM ever since. For two and a half hours every morning, and for two and a half hours every afternoon, I stretched and strained, grunted and groaned, the star performer among ten to twenty paralytics, aphasics, and fractures; a veteran troupier, a senior outfielder, the Sandow of the charity wards, the Grover Whelan of the therapy room. My arms and shoulders became stronger than ever, and my legs began to respond, and finally I was permitted to spend weekends at home.

Which proved difficult. Removed from the womblike security of the hospital, I was frightened again. Anything might happen, a fall, a fracture, a fever; and there I was with no doctors, no nurses, no therapists, no orderlies. No Gray Ladies. Not even a rabbi. The first two or three weekends at home were exhilarating and nerve-racking at once, but the nervousness passed, and was replaced by a ferocious desire to get out of that hospital for good. I was fitted for braces, and taught to use crutches. I was even taught how to fall. Over the summer my world expanded again, and the ward began to seem very small; I wanted to be a little frog again in my old cosmopolitan pond. The state of my health became less important; aside from the clearly defined disability I had become quite strong, and I had been — the realization was sudden and forceful — too long confined. By August I was a rebel, a prisoner reminding himself that his first duty was to escape.

I learned later that the doctors had been waiting for my rebellion, and were pleased. Cleverly I managed excursions, wandering unsupervised through the wards, or outside the gym in the summer sun; but I was more supervised than I knew. They wanted to send me home; but there were unresolved problems of internal medicine, and there was the

bedsore. They knew I was ready for the world, but were not sure that I could live with the uncertainties of recovery. There were mechanical aids and medications that I might need for months, or even years, and prognosis was, as it had always been, impossible. For eight months I had known that today, this moment, might define my condition for the rest of my life; but also that I might go on recovering indefinitely. To release me in that uncertainty was to risk neurosis — depression, withdrawal, bitterness, despair. But to keep me was to risk a surly resentment, a permanent low-level claustrophobia. The doctors were weighing those dangers before I was even aware of them.

They let me go in October, after a last annoyance: they insisted on a final internal examination during the last week, and the examination resulted, as always, in a couple of days of fever, and they hesitated to discharge a feverish patient. I stormed my way through that one, and persuaded them to sign the papers; and on a quiet Friday evening I said my good-byes, wheeled myself to the car, and went home without looking back. I never did recover fully, and had two major operations in the next couple of years, and my way of life was drastically altered. But at least I was no longer a patient; I was a cripple. (Even hardened hospital personnel dislike that word, and search for euphemisms; but it is a decent and accurate word.) The difference is, I suppose, that a patient has no real independence; his life is defined and regulated by other people. A cripple's life is defined and regulated to some extent by his disability, but after that he's on his own. I still can't walk without a cane, and I need hand controls to drive, but last year I swam a shallow river full of piranha and rays from Brazil to British Guiana, and for one idiotic moment in midstream I wished that all those doctors and nurses were watching, lined up on the far bank with their stethoscopes and thermometers and long faces.

There is no moral. You decide in the first month or two whether you want to live or die, and once the decision is made you are nothing special. If you decide to die no one can stop you. If you decide to live you must decide simultaneously not to ask favors and not to ask "why me?"; you must reject pity and singularity with equal and absolute indifference. I suppose I learned that much, and more about getting on with my fellowman. Otherwise it was not that I learned; it was simply that I knew better and more surely what I had known uncertainly before. That we are promised nothing. That one man's hangnail is another man's broken neck. That the great trick is not to keep hope alive, but to keep going without it in a random universe.

That nature never rejoices, and never mourns.

\$50 a Day—and Going Up

by Edwin L. Crosby, M.D.

Since 1954 Dr. Crosby has been director of the American Hospital Association, and in 1963 he became its executive vice president as well. He grew up in Rochester, took his medical degrees at Albany Medical College and Johns Hopkins, and has had more than thirty years' experience in the practice and teaching of medicine and the administration of hospitals.

WHEN Gary Winston entered the hospital last January, he had very little notion of what would happen except that his gallbladder would be removed. He had only a vague idea of the extraordinarily complex process of patient care that goes on in a hospital. Surgery, he knew, required doctors and nurses and anesthesia and an operating room, but he did not know that several dozen hospital employees would have a hand either directly or indirectly in his care.

Winston was somewhat surprised at the number of persons that he saw before he was taken to his hospital room. He would have been even more surprised at the number he did not see who had some task to perform simply because he had been admitted to the hospital. An admitting clerk took all needed information to complete his admission form and turned Winston over to a volunteer to take him to his room. When he left the admitting office, the clerk notified eleven other persons that Mr. Winston had been admitted to the hospital for surgery on the following day. Among these were the switchboard operator, the information clerk, the ward clerk, and the mimeograph operator.

The volunteer took Winston to the nursing unit, where the head nurse met him, looked over his admission form, and discussed with him certain routine admission requirements, such as a chest X ray and a blood count. She also introduced him

to the nurses on the unit who would be caring for him during his hospitalization. At this point, Winston surrendered his admission form to the station clerk, who entered certain information on his patient record for the physicians who would be looking after him. A nurse's aide then took him to his room. Once he had unpacked, he was brought to the radiological department and the clinical laboratory for an X ray, a urinalysis, and a complete blood count. Had he thought of keeping track of them, Winston would have realized that nine hospital employees had had direct contact with him during the admission procedure.

Shortly after he returned to his room, a house physician gave him a preoperative physical examination, a dietitian conferred with him about his postsurgical diet, an anesthesiologist dropped in to discuss what anesthetic would be used and its advantages, the surgeon stopped by to review his record and check the results of the examination, X ray, and blood work, and his own physician came in to reassure him and to say that he would participate in Winston's postoperative care with the surgeon. When he finally settled down in Room 1575, Winston had been the subject of a series of closely coordinated activities designed to make his hospital stay as comfortable mentally and physically as possible, and to speed his return to health and the resumption of his normal activities.

Winston had the necessary cholecystectomy, which proved to be uncomplicated, recovered uneventfully, and returned home ten days later having lost his gallbladder and acquired a hospital bill of \$520. No one could have told him in advance exactly the amount of his bill because the length of his hospital stay was not definite and it was not known what services he might require during his hospitalization. He knew, of course, that his semi-private room would cost \$30 per day. This charge covers what hospitals call "routine services." But Winston's bill averaged, apparently, \$52 per day. Since \$10 of the total covered his use of the tele-



phone and rental of a television set, the actual daily average was \$51. The \$21 per day above the thirty-dollar room charge covers what hospitals call "special services." Now let me try to analyze this \$51 per day for you.

The two major components of all hospital care are routine services and special services. Routine services include room and board, nursing care, and minor medical supplies. Special services include, for instance, use of the operating room, anesthesia, drugs and laboratory tests, and physical therapy. All patients use approximately equal amounts of routine services, but patient use of special services varies greatly.

The routine services furnished Winston cost the hospital \$30 per day. It would have cost a substantial portion of \$30 every day even if his room had been vacant. The hospital must staff the nursing unit, furnish kitchen facilities and staff them, and employ maintenance, housekeeping, and laundry

personnel for 365 days a year. From the time Winston climbed into bed until he put on his street clothes to return home, it cost the hospital \$30 daily to give him nursing care, a planned diet, and a clean room with a comfortable bed. Let me now break down this \$30.

The skilled nursing care given to Winston during his hospital stay cost the hospital \$9.95 per patient day, nearly one third of the thirty-dollar total cost of the routine services. This per diem cost of \$9.95 for nursing care is obtained by dividing total nursing-service salaries by the number of days of patient care given by the hospital during a twelve-month period. The \$9.95 is an average figure, for Winston was given intensive nursing care during his immediate postsurgical days, but probably very little the day he was discharged. Since this is the usual pattern, hospital use of averaged nursing costs is both reasonable and practical.

Nursing salaries have risen sharply since World

War II. This is true of other hospital employees' salaries too. At the time of Pearl Harbor, a graduate professional nurse earned about \$110 per month. Today, a nurse with the same qualifications would start at \$460 per month. Since nursing-care costs are included in room rates, it would hardly be reasonable to expect a Pearl Harbor room rate of \$8 per day. The increase has come about mainly because nurses were grossly underpaid for years, but also because they are now performing tasks of greater complexity, requiring more skill. Furthermore, their educational costs to acquire new skills are higher than in the 1940s.

In addition, hospitals operate around the clock all week long, which means three shifts every day, all of them requiring the presence of registered nurses. Licensed practical nurses and nurse's aides render a great deal of help to the nursing staff, but they are limited by law and training in what they can do. The main burden of nursing care still rests on the registered nurse. She is the executor of the physician's orders for his patient. She has the responsibility of seeing that his orders are carried out properly and of recording the patient's reactions to therapy, tests, and other measures. Only she among the personnel staffing the nursing unit is qualified by training to detect signs and symptoms that indicate a patient is worsening, and then she must immediately notify the physician. Responsibilities that involve the lives of patients simply cannot be delegated to others.

Nearly every hospital we know of is short of nurses. What can a hospital do to overcome this shortage? Well, many hospitals have been conducting schools of nursing for years. In fact, the vast majority of all registered nurses now in practice have graduated from hospital schools of nursing, and in the foreseeable future, the majority will come from this source. But if a hospital runs a school of nursing, it must pay the cost. Since a nursing school directly benefits patient care, it is reasonable to add a portion of the cost to the patient's bill. This does not appear, of course, as a separate item, but is included in other costs. All of us should remember that medical and nursing education is among the primary functions of a teaching hospital. On any one day, there are more than 300,000 persons engaged in educational programs in American hospitals.

LET me describe briefly the food-service complex that lay behind the delivery of a warm, nutritious meal to Winston three times a day for only \$4.40. First, although hospitals prepare an enormous number of meals annually, they face several problems that hotels and restaurants do not. These

problems include serving practically all meals to all patients in their rooms, a limitation that hotels and restaurants do not have to contend with. In addition, very few patients in a hospital are given the same diet. In a six-hundred-bed hospital, for instance, from 60 percent to 65 percent of the patients require special diets.

Hospitals attempt to prepare basic diets, which may number from five to eight, but the combinations called for by the medical and surgical conditions of patients will run between forty and fifty, including special preparations for tube-feeding and blender-feeding. A patient with a cardiac condition may be on a salt-free diet, but if he also has diabetes, he will be on a diet of no or low starch. If, added to this, he should require surgery, then he would be on a liquid diet, but still salt-free and low in starch. One hospital of more than 700 beds finds that nearly 400 patients require thirty different diets every day.

To prepare these requires about 200 food-service employees, including chefs, dietitians, and aides. In the metropolitan area of New York City, a hospital may have to pay from \$10,000 to \$14,000 per year to obtain a good chef. A graduate dietitian, who has also completed her year of internship, will command a starting salary of from \$110 to \$150 per week in the same area. And then there are the salaries of the other food-service personnel.

To sum it up, while Winston was in the hospital, he received meals that were probably more wholesome and better balanced than he would have received at home — all for a cost of \$4.40 per day. Professional dietitians planned his meals, trained chefs or cooks prepared them, and other specially trained aides delivered them to him quickly to retain their qualities of flavor, warmth, and attractive appearance. Because of his gallbladder surgery, Winston required a special diet, one of the many that the hospital's food-service department handled in stride.

Clean linen for Winston cost the hospital \$1.21 per day; keeping his room clean and tidy cost \$1.99; utility services and maintenance cost \$3.78 — a total of \$6.98 for laundry, housekeeping, and maintenance. Deducting this amount from the \$15.65 balance now leaves \$8.67 to account for in terms of the thirty-dollar cost of routine services.

Administering the vast complex of facilities and services that constitute a hospital costs \$7.21 per patient day in the hospital where Winston had his operation performed. This covers the administrative costs, for instance, of admitting him to the hospital. Maintaining Winston's medical record, which is vitally important to him, his physician, and the hospital, costs 70 cents per day. Other miscellaneous items of expense total 76 cents per day. Major items of hospital expense, then, total

\$29.24 per day, and minor items 76 cents per day, a total of \$30.

This breakdown of the thirty-dollar-per-diem cost of routine services covers one major component of every hospital bill. The other major component, special services, varies according to the needs of the patient. Since Winston was a surgical patient, he required, for instance, anesthesia and use of the operating room. A patient who had had a stroke or a heart attack would probably not require these special services.

Patients requiring the same special services, such as anesthesia or the operating room, do not use the same amounts of these services. A patient undergoing brain surgery, for instance, would be in the operating room longer than was Winston, who had an uncomplicated cholecystectomy. The costs of special services cannot be averaged feasibly to provide a standard per diem rate as is done with routine services. The range of special services provided patients is simply too great.

When Winston entered the hospital, he knew that routine services would cost him \$30 per day, but he did not know — nor did anyone — what the total cost of required special services would be. We know now that they totaled \$210, or \$21 per day. Included in this amount was \$77.50 for use of the operating room, the largest single item of cost in the special services category, which covers both direct and indirect expenses of the operating room.

At this hospital, for each dollar of direct expense there is a corresponding indirect expense of 98 cents. Direct operating room expense, then, is slightly more than indirect expense. Direct expense includes salaries of personnel working in the operating room, cost of medical instruments and supplies, and miscellaneous expenses, such as maintenance of surgical lights and operating table. Salaries account for nearly 49 percent, medical supplies 30 percent, medical instruments 9 percent, and maintenance 12 percent. So, roughly, \$20 of the \$77.50 cost for use of the operating room went for the salaries of the operating room nurses.

THE indirect expenses associated with Winston's use of the operating room can be broken down as follows: 31 percent for administration (salaries and office expense); 17 percent for laundry and linens; 12 percent for salaries of interns and residents (these are medical education costs); 9 percent for nurse education; 6 percent for depreciation of operating room equipment (such as table and lights); 6 percent for plant maintenance; 4 percent for utilities; 3 percent for plant depreciation; and the balance for other miscellaneous items, such as

employees' health and welfare benefits. These expenses plus the direct expenses made up the cost of \$77.50 for use of the operating room to remove Winston's gallbladder.

Of course, Winston used many other special services too. The cost of his chest X ray, \$10, of a complete blood count, \$7.25, and of a urinalysis, \$2.50, appears on his bill. Anesthesia supplies cost \$10, and examination of the excised gallbladder by a pathologist cost \$12. Good medical practice dictates the careful examination of all tissue removed at surgery. By this means, unsuspected or undiagnosed cancers, for instance, are not overlooked, thus providing a better chance of cure.

Since postoperative infections do occur, in spite of all precautions, Winston's physician ordered some sensitivity tests performed to determine

\$51 A DAY (for 10 days)

ROUTINE SERVICES		SPECIAL SERVICES	
\$30 A DAY		\$210	
Nursing Care	\$9.95	Operating Room	\$77.50
Three Meals	4.40	Chest X ray	10.00
Clean Linen	1.21	Blood Count	7.25
Clean Room	1.99	Urinalysis	2.50
Utilities	3.78	Anesthesia	10.00
Administration	7.21	Biopsy	12.00
Medical Record	0.70	Various Tests	49.00
Miscellaneous	0.76	Medication	41.75

whether, if antibiotic treatment became necessary, his patient might react unfavorably to any of the drugs commonly used to treat infections. This possibly life-saving measure cost \$7.25. Since his physician probably told him of the advisability of this test, he will regard it as another evidence of good medical care.

After surgery, Winston was placed on an intravenous solution of glucose and sterile water to prevent dehydration and to nourish him until he could again take food by mouth. Perhaps other substances were added to the solution to prevent an electrolyte disturbance, which may develop after surgery from either loss of fluids or the effect of the operation itself. The cost of this solution to speed his recovery to health is around \$3 for each bottle.

Following surgery, Winston's physician kept careful check on his patient's progress. He ordered various tests of blood and urine and a throat culture to ensure that no occult infection was developing. The cost of these is included in his bill.

The culture cost \$4.75, another urinalysis \$2.50, and various blood tests, including a complete blood count, \$34.50.

He received drugs too. Quite apart from any question of infection, he probably was given atropine or its equivalent before surgery to reduce mucous secretion, thus making for a safer and easier anesthesia. Possibly, others were administered after surgery to overcome the effects of the anesthetic and to reduce the abdominal discomfort that frequently follows this type of surgery. The drugs administered before, during, and after surgery cost \$35.15, bringing total costs of special services to \$206.40. Other items, such as disposable and medical supplies used in surgery, bring the total to \$210.

Summing up the explanation of this \$510 bill for a ten-day hospital stay, an average of \$51 per day, we find that \$300, or \$30 per day, went for the cost of room and board and nursing care, and \$210, or \$21 per day, went for the cost of the special services required by Winston. Although his bill reflects what his medical condition required in the way of hospital care, it is representative in its major components of the millions of hospital bills that are issued annually in the United States.

It should be remembered, however, that many factors influence hospital costs. Among these are size and type of hospital, physical plant layout, geographical location, salary rates in the community, costs of construction and maintenance, federal legislation providing hospital care at government expense for certain segments of the population, costs of health education, and free services rendered by the hospital to indigent patients. All these factors vary from hospital to hospital and from region to region.

I mentioned the volunteer who conducted Winston to his room. Hospital volunteers make a tremendous contribution to patient care, and their unpaid services provide amenities not otherwise available to patients. In many hospitals, they perform such services as manning the gift shop, the coffee shop, and the information desk.

The enactment of Public Law 89-97 (Social Security Amendments of 1965), commonly called Medicare, will be a great boon to hospitals financially. Both hospitals and the medical profession have given thousands of hours of free care every year since the profession and hospitals took root in this country. Medicare will lift this enormous financial burden from hospitals and enable them to improve their facilities, broaden their services, train their personnel on a continuing basis, and take other steps to continue the improvement of patient care.

Medicare will not stop the rise in hospital costs, but, like other measures, it will help to retard the rate of rise. Hospital costs have been rising by 7 or 8 percent per year for a number of years now, mainly because of the salary lag between industry and hospitals. Hospitals have been overcoming this lag to some extent, but a gap still exists. It will have to be virtually closed if hospitals are to attract the competent personnel required to furnish the kind of hospital care to which Americans have become accustomed.

Hospitals are seeking to control costs by the introduction of various accounting and management techniques that have proved successful in business and industry, such as the use of computers. But one cannot "computerize" the services of a nurse or an X-ray technician or a physical therapist. Automation has been introduced into the hospital clinical laboratory, and into the hospital business office and the medical records department in some instances. Doubtless, as techniques are refined and as equipment is produced that is less expensive, hospitals will expand their use of these machines. However, as business and industry are finding, installation of a computer does not necessarily reduce the number of personnel required by a particular organization. Where hospitals are concerned, it is mainly patient safety that dictates the use of computers, not reduction of personnel.

Although hospitals are distinct from business and industry, they are also affected by social and economic trends and factors that are not within their control. In addition, medical advances and technological developments all contribute to the upward spiral of hospital costs. For instance, when hospitals began preparing for open-heart surgery, it was found that the investment in facilities, equipment, and personnel cost \$75,000 — before the first patient was admitted for surgery. These costs must be allocated among all patients entering that hospital or be underwritten by grants or gifts. Perhaps a large hospital bill will seem a little less undesirable when one considers these factors.

Hospital costs will have to be controlled by the public, the government, and the hospitals. Hospitals will have to obtain maximum efficiency from personnel and equipment and control costs as effectively as possible. Government will underwrite the medical care of the indigent, thus relieving hospitals of this heavy burden. And patients will help too, by not insisting on unnecessary or unnecessarily prolonged hospitalization just because they have hospital insurance. It is a three-way partnership to which we all must contribute for the benefit of all.

The Public Pays the Bill

by Gerald Rosenthal

Too many of the incentives written into medical legislation and hospital-care plans tend to increase costs, waste, and duplication, says Assistant Professor Rosenthal of Harvard's department of economics. The upward spiral will continue, he believes, until the public finds ways to force hospital administrators and doctors to more efficient planning and procedures. The author is a consultant to the U.S. Bureau of the Budget and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and a member of Harvard's Inter-Faculty Program in Health and Medical Care.

THE American hospital is predominately a local institution serving a particular area. But the decisions made by individual hospitals regarding the services they provide, the size of hospital, the quality of care, and even staff privileges have significance beyond the concerns of a single institution.

Every taxpayer in the United States pays part of the cost of construction of each hospital supported under the federal program of grants-in-aid for building new hospital facilities. In the enabling legislation, Congress attempted to ensure that the taxpayers' interests would be protected. First, matching fund provisions were set up to allow poorer states to receive a larger share of the total cost. Second, numerical standards for facilities per 1000 population were established beyond which federal funds would not be spent. And most significant, a requirement was added that no funds could be spent in a particular area until it could be demonstrated that the proposed projects were consistent with an overall plan for the entire area. Funds for this planning activity were made available, and concentrated efforts have been made to develop area-wide planning agencies to evaluate all requests for capital construction within broad geographic areas, regardless of the sources of funds involved. The planning requirement in the federal program — indeed, all planning beyond a single

institution — encourages individual hospitals and communities to coordinate their desires with the broader public interest. The use of public taxes makes protection of the public interest imperative.

Just as the sources of capital available to the individual hospital for construction of facilities have expanded beyond the actual and potential users, similar changes have occurred with respect to the sources of payment for the services provided by these facilities. Less and less of the payment for the use of the hospital is received from the patient. A large proportion of patients in the hospital pay the hospital nothing out-of-pocket, and few pay the entire bill. While the institutions which have developed to take the place of the individual as a payer for services are varied, in every case the result is to involve a broader segment of society in paying for than in using the hospital's facilities.

To what extent have the institutions been adapted to these changes? Do expenditure decisions for the use of hospital services reflect the preferences of the payer and the public as well as those of the patient? Granted that individual hospitals are run efficiently and economically, have we allowed a pattern of expenditures for hospital services to develop which yields considerably less benefit to society than might other feasible expenditure patterns? Is the hospital system, as a whole, inefficient in the economic

sense? That is, could greater benefits to society be provided for the same cost, or could the same benefits be achieved with less duplication of resources?

While the actual distribution of payments to the hospital varies considerably depending on the institution, hospitals ordinarily receive most of their revenue from Blue Cross, insurance companies, and patients' cash. The proportions vary widely. In one county served by three hospitals, of an average daily bill of \$36.54, only \$7.85 (21.5 percent) was paid by the patient, while Blue Cross, other insurance, and welfare paid \$11.11 (30.4 percent), \$9.48 (25.9 percent), and \$3.23 (8.8 percent), respectively. In addition, \$4.87 (13.3 percent) of the average bill was written off or charged to the hospitals' own accounts. For one of the hospitals in the community, patients' cash was only 10.6 percent of receipts, while the welfare share was 28.4 percent. In the other hospitals, patients' cash covered more than 30 percent of billings.

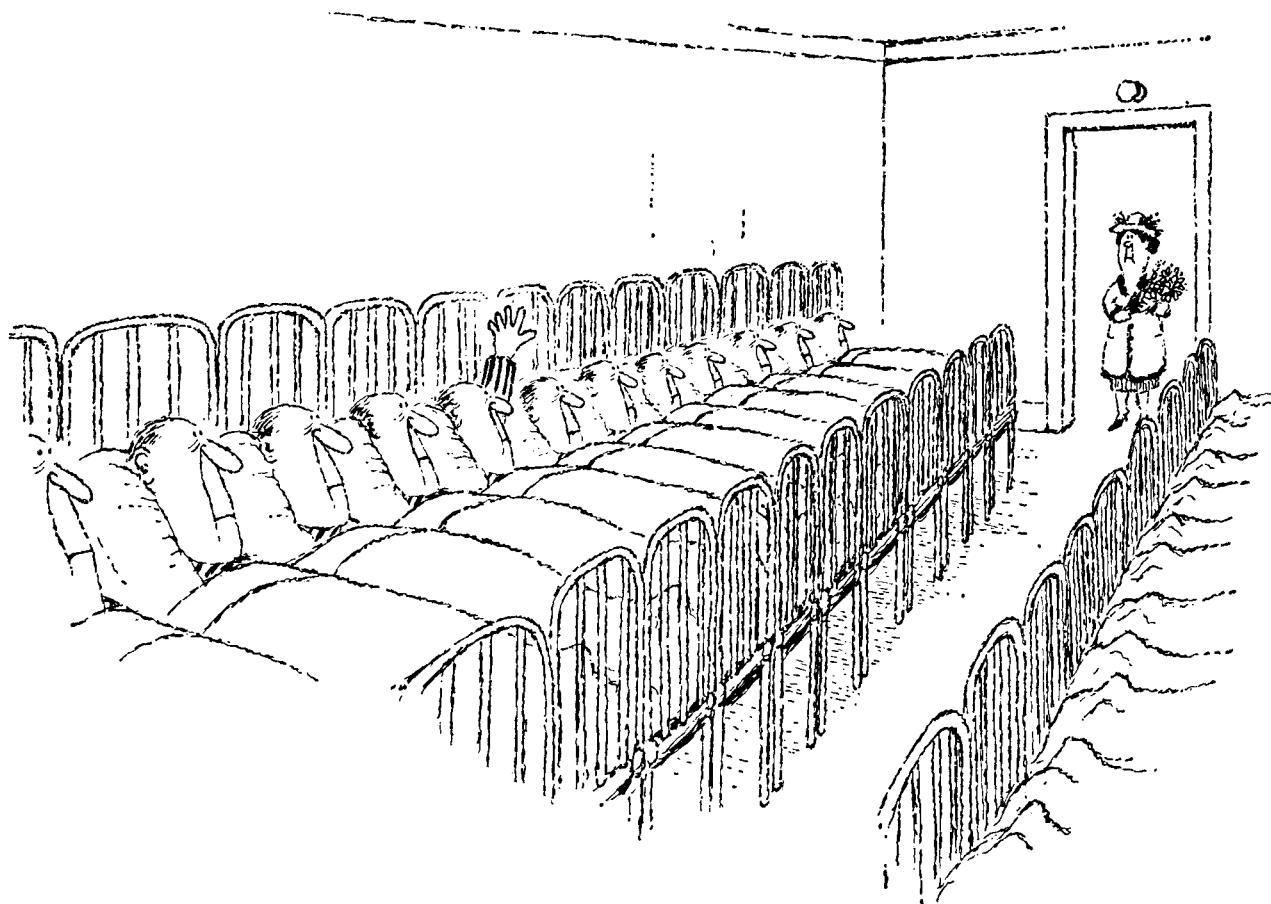
The proportion of bills which are paid entirely by the patient is smaller still. In one hospital, approximately 10 percent of the bills were paid wholly by the patient, and this included some insurance payments direct to the patient. However, this 10 percent represented less than 7 percent of

the total billing, since the higher the bill, the less likely it is that the patient pays it all.

Usually each hospital deals with many separate insurance companies, but primarily with a single Blue Cross plan. This means that even if a hospital receives most of its payments from insurance companies, it is still likely that the largest single payer for services is Blue Cross. The other significant source of payment is welfare. Although the importance of this source varies widely among institutions and areas, nevertheless for the hospital system as a whole, welfare represents a large payer.

While there are other sources of revenue, such as research grants and some small separate charity funds, the only other major category against which billings are charged is allowances. This category is significant in that it measures the difference between the prices which the institution sets for services and the actual cash receipts. These allowances are of two general types. In some cases they represent "discount by agreement" for purchasers who have special pricing arrangements, such as Blue Cross and welfare. In other cases they represent uncollectible debts from patients.

Also there is a considerable difference between the prices which the hospital prints on the bill



(and the public discusses) and the actual prices paid for services. Very few people pay the "list price." When the insurance is of the indemnity type, the patient is liable for the whole bill at "list price," but his out-of-pocket payment is less. For the other major payers — Blue Cross, welfare, and the new Medicare program — a different pricing arrangement is made. The implications of these pricing policies and their role in relation to the public interest are key elements in a discussion about the efficiency of the American hospital.

THE PUBLIC INTEREST

Under the free enterprise system, price is one of the elements necessary to ensure an economically efficient allocation of resources. From the individual's point of view, prices provide a guide for decisions. His resources are not infinite, and he alone can know his own preferences. The prices of alternative uses of his limited resources enable him to compare and select. Even if everyone values hospital services highly, there is a wide range of possible expenditures, each of which yields a somewhat different amount and kind of satisfaction to the individual. If the only relevant criterion for the patient's decision were its impact on the medical outcome, the lowest priced medically acceptable service would be as satisfying as the most expensive, and he would probably settle for the cheaper.

More elaborate hospital care requires more resources to produce, and the hospital has to charge a higher price to cover the higher cost. If no patients felt that the additional services were worth the increased price, hospitals would divert their resources to other uses which would increase the return to society. This would result in an economically more efficient use of resources.

For certain services, the waste involved and the adverse impact on medical quality are obvious. According to the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Stroke, 30 percent of the 777 hospitals equipped to do closed-heart surgery had no such cases in the year under study. Of the 548 hospitals that did have cases, 87 percent did fewer than one operation per week. Of all hospitals equipped to do open-heart surgery, 77 percent did not average even one operation per week, and 41 percent averaged under one per month. Little of this work was of an emergency nature, and the mortality rate of both procedures, the Commission reported, is "a far higher rate than in institutions with a full work load." There are sound reasons for discouraging this kind of duplication, but our reimbursement structure is such that the public accepts without protest the higher costs involved. Indeed, ten hospitals on the same block would be

reimbursed for the higher average costs involved in maintaining the facilities for open-heart surgery even if no operations were performed.

According to one highly competent radiologist, "every fully equipped radiology department should have a deep therapy unit." There is no question about that. The question which must be answered is, How many fully equipped radiology departments do we need to provide quality medical care for the American public?

PLAIN OR FANCY CARE?

This is a drastic simplification of the whole economic argument, but it provides the basis for a look at the impact of hospital pricing policies on efficiency. It has been argued that the only relevant decision-maker in determining the use of hospital services is the physician, and that the basis for the decision is medical and not affected by prices. There is, however, considerable evidence that increased hospital insurance and other forms of price reduction which spread the cost result in an increased use of the hospital. Patients go to the hospital because their insurance pays the bill for services which it does not cover at home. If, indeed, physicians did make the decision without considering the patients' preferences, the impact of price would be much less significant, since the physician need not even know what the price is.

This reduction of the influence of the price level on the patient's decisions has produced pressure on all hospitals to expand both the breadth and variety of medical services offered and the luxury of the surroundings. Some of this improvement in hospital services is related to medical quality in that the medical outcome of a hospital experience is improved. Much of this improvement, however, is related to the patient's convenience and preference. Since the patient does not pay the full cost of these improvements, he is more likely to demand them than if he were faced with a direct choice between plain or fancy care and plain or fancy costs.

These pressures have tended to create a situation in which all hospitals *want* to produce only fancy care. The potential for "Cadillac only" medicine is nowhere more real than in the American hospital. Nevertheless, the mere existence of pressures from patients and physicians for expansion of services in quantity and quality would not be sufficient to elicit the expansion if the payers, who might have other preferences, were in a position to refuse to pay for the higher priced services.

The current reimbursement structure does not encourage this kind of buyer control. The insurance companies are unaffected by higher prices since, for the most part, their fiscal obligation is limited to a fixed dollar indemnity, regardless of the total

bill. Both Blue Cross and welfare operate under special pricing arrangements. In most cases, individuals covered under the programs are entitled to given amounts of services rather than a fixed dollar value of service. This means that these payers are strongly affected by changes in prices.

While there are specific differences among plans, in general Blue Cross contracts with the hospitals to pay "the lower of costs or charges." This usually results in a reimbursement structure in which the price to Blue Cross directly reflects the actual cost of the service. Welfare also typically reimburses the hospital for some of the costs incurred. Although there are differences in regard to what costs are reimbursable, particularly with regard to teaching and research activities in the hospital, the payers actually exercise little control over prices and offer little or no resistance to increases. In the case of welfare, the public automatically picks up the bill by paying higher taxes. For Blue Cross, it may be necessary to seek a rate increase, which must be authorized by some public authority. In actual fact, such authorization cannot be denied. Here, too, the public pays, through Blue Cross tax-exempt status and the widespread community base of its support.

This automatic "cost pass-through" from hospital to payer, together with the decreased relevance of the price to the patient, provides a basis for the considerable inefficiency of the hospital system as a whole. If a fancier radiology department (conceivably with absolutely unchanged quality) would cost twice as much annually to operate, the "price" charged to Blue Cross would rise proportionately without affecting demand from patients. The impact would be most felt in the ultimate increase in Blue Cross premiums, proportionately much less than the cost rise because of the broad base of subscribers. For uninsured patients or welfare patients, the impact will be greater but not offsetting. In such a circumstance, there is little reason to expect the hospital to resist running a fancier radiology department. From the hospital's point of view, improving services helps it to compete with other hospitals and laboratories serving the same area. But it is hardly consistent with the public interest.

Such behavior is inevitable, however, since no controls have been instituted which can protect the public interest. No requirement, similar to planning for construction, is attached to the payment to the hospital for services received. It is interesting to note that Blue Cross has denied payments to a hospital constructed without permission to build from the area-wide planning council. The argument made by Blue Cross was that excessive facilities lowered occupancy and thereby raised average costs and the cost per unit of service to Blue Cross.

This same argument could apply to services within the hospital. However, few Blue Cross plans, created by the hospitals whose representatives make up a good proportion of their boards, are likely to pursue this course, and welfare does not account for enough revenue to exert effective control.

THE SILENT PUBLIC

There is now a new payer on the scene, Medicare, which will also reimburse hospital costs, thereby increasing the pressures for higher prices. In this program, as in the other major cost reimbursement programs, each hospital is treated in isolation from other hospitals, or the "system" as a whole. According to the guidelines issued by the government:

The provision in the law for payment of reasonable cost of services is intended to meet the actual costs, however widely they may vary from one institution to another. This is subject to a limitation where a particular institution's costs are found to be substantially out of line with other institutions in the same area which are similar in size, scope of services, utilization, and other relevant factors.

Although there is no indication of how the limitation will be implemented, this proviso suggests that those who drew up the guidelines are aware of the danger in simply removing the lid on costs.

Effective hospital planning requires that each hospital should be related in a meaningful way to other hospitals serving the same region. For certain services, such as open-heart surgery, the area served by a single institution should be quite large; for other services, such as obstetrics and emergency services, the area may be considerably smaller. It is impossible to provide a complete range of services in all institutions without excessive duplication, economic waste, and a reduction in quality.

Much of the growing proportion of personal income devoted to health expenditures — over 6 percent in 1964 — is spent by people who do not go to the hospital; indeed, some may not need any health services at all in a given year, although they continue to pay their taxes and insurance premiums. As costs increase, this silent public is becoming more aware of the inconsistency between what they get and what they pay for. The response to these pressures has been shown in the increasing interest in hospital planning. If the planning is to be successful, the payment mechanisms which we develop must operate as incentives, not hindrances, to efficiency. The deficiencies in our current system of payments are clear. It remains to be seen whether the new government-sponsored plans aimed at making high-quality medical care available to all Americans will bring about the necessary controls. If they do not, the public will have to find ways to force the issue.

What Money Cannot Buy

by Jan de Hartog

How to put tender loving care back into nursing — that is the problem examined here by the Dutch novelist Jan de Hartog, who catalogued many of the critical limitations of modern medical care in his 1964 best seller, THE HOSPITAL. Mr. De Hartog is the author of several novels and plays and spent nearly four years as a volunteer orderly in Houston's City County Hospital.

ONE stormy night in the fall of 1964, around eleven o'clock, I was called to the telephone at the nurses' desk in the emergency room of Houston's City County Hospital, where I worked as a volunteer orderly. The emergency room of the charity hospital was the only one that operated on a twenty-four-hour basis in the city of Houston; it was frantically busy most of the time; on nights like this it was a madhouse. As I hurried to the desk, I wondered who could be telephoning me here, at this hour. It couldn't be my wife, who worked in Female Medicine upstairs the same shift as I, for we had agreed that I would come to fetch her whenever I was through.

It turned out to be a reporter from one of the Houston papers. His specialty was local politics; in the past I had often benefited from his intimate knowledge of the personalities and motivations of the local politicians. My wife and I had arrived in Houston in September, 1962, and had become involved with the city-county charity hospital a few weeks after that. Conditions as we found them were such that we felt compelled to inform our local Quaker meeting and ask for their help; thirteen members agreed to take the Red Cross training course and pledged to serve in the hospital one day a week once they had received their license.

Our small group had worked in the hospital for

nine months when a city councillor suggested that the budget of the hospital be cut. This resulted in such despondency among the already inadequate staff that our Quaker meeting decided one of us should write an article for the papers, to inform the citizens of Houston. As a professional writer, I was the logical choice. I wrote the article, which turned out to be the first innocent step toward a much deeper involvement: a book on the hospital to rouse the community into action. The night of that secretive telephone call, the first chapter of the book was about to be published as a pullout section of the Sunday Houston *Chronicle*.

My caller, sounding more and more like an actor in a spy movie, urged me to meet him as soon as possible after my shift, for he had something of the greatest importance to tell me. I warned him that this might not be until two or three in the morning; the emergency room was turning into bedlam; four ambulance stretchers with moaning or unconscious victims of accidents or violence were lined up at the desk waiting for the first cursory examination, after which the patient could be transferred to a hospital stretcher.

"Let's meet at Louie's," the voice in the telephone said. "I'll be there at one o'clock. Try to make sure that no one sees you. This is serious." Then he was gone.

Louie's is an all-night diner on the outskirts of the city, frequented by truck drivers. When my wife and I finally arrived toward three in the morning, the parking lot was jammed with giant trailers. Inside, a jukebox was booming a watusi tune with convention-hall volume. Our friend sat hidden in the farthest booth: "Ah! At last! I thought you'd never come."

"I'm sorry," I said. "You shouldn't have waited; we couldn't make it any earlier. What's up?"

I must withdraw my book from the market, he said, or at least postpone its publication date; under no circumstances should that first chapter be published in Sunday's paper, or I would be rubbed out like a bug. Houston, he said, now the number one boomtown in the United States, was a city without leaders. The old ruling clique of local millionaires who had run the city as a private hobby from their club and their downtown offices had gone; no new group or combination had taken their place, so here was the richest political plum in the Southwest, ripe to be picked by whatever machine or Mafia got there first. At this very moment, two powerful groups from up north were competing for control of the city. It was a toss-up which one of them would win, but as far as we were concerned, the outcome did not matter. What mattered was that neither combine was likely to tolerate the emotional commotion the book on the hospital was sure to cause, and he felt he had to warn me, most urgently. It sounded utterly fantastic to me, but I could not doubt his sincerity, and the urgency of his concern was underscored by the fact that he had been sitting there since one o'clock.

"But why?" my wife asked incredulously. "Why should anyone consider him a political opponent, when all he's doing is telling people what is going on in the charity hospital? It's a purely humanitarian issue —"

He looked at her before he answered. He seemed to take in her nurse's uniform, her kind dark eyes, her tired face radiating the compassion common to those who battle in vain with the suffering and death of others. It seemed as if during that moment of silence she embodied for him a hope that he knew would never materialize. Then he said, "The only time a political machine can take over a community is when its people don't care what happens to anybody else except their own families. So, to the manipulators who are planning a take-over, anybody who arouses in people a concern about their neighbors is a threat. It doesn't matter what the concern is about, a charity hospital, the poor, the Negro; the moment people are shaken into awareness of what's going on around them, the combine that wants to grab control has lost its chance. The boys in question know this as well

as I do. After fifteen years in this business, I have passed the stage where I thought of humanity as a pack of hyenas. I have come out the other end, and know by now that in every man, however cynical and selfish he may seem, there is a secret yearning to respond to a movement of pure goodness. It is a latent atomic power that when unleashed will wipe out any political machine that operates on the basis of contempt for humanity. The boys in the back room, if they are not just a bunch of local hicks out for chicken feed, but big leaguers, recognize a potential rabble-rouser when they see one. And believe me, they don't mess around when they do. My guess is that once you publish that excerpt in the paper, they'll —" He snapped his fingers, and smiled.

I HAVE related this incident because it sums up a basic conflict in our modern urban society and contains the seed of its solution. As it happened, Houston was not taken over by a political machine, but I cannot judge how real the danger was when our friend communicated his dramatic warning. The book was published on schedule, and the pullout section containing its first chapter came out in the following Sunday's paper as planned. No one tried to rub us out or made a move that could even remotely be interpreted as violent.

The reaction of the citizens of Houston was unequivocal and, at first sight, bizarre. To the appeal for money for the hospital they failed to respond, as had been their consistent custom for the past fifty years, but the reaction of what my friend had called their "secret yearning to respond to a movement of pure goodness" was staggering. One instance will illustrate this. The actors of the Alley Theater, Houston's leading professional company, organized, within a day of the publication of the chapter in the *Houston Chronicle*, a benefit performance for the charity hospital. Anyone who fancied seeing the first play of the season before anyone else, who liked to see his name in the paper, and who cared to contribute to a worthy cause could have all three for the modest price of ten dollars, deductible. To the dismay of everyone connected with the benefit, less than one hundred people turned up; the theater was obliged to paper the house with nurses and students.

But during the same period of time, over four hundred citizens enrolled for training as volunteer orderlies and nurse's aides, pledging themselves to serve a minimum of four hours per week thereafter. To put it more graphically, while less than a hundred people were prepared to part with ten dollars for the sake of sick old nigras in Ben Taub General, four hundred were prepared to carry their bedpans. Since September, 1962, when we started with three,

over six hundred volunteer nurse's aides and orderlies have been trained. One need only ask the administrator and the director of nurses to find that these volunteers — if they are directed and supervised by the nursing office and not some outside agency — completely identify with the hospital, are highly reliable and totally dedicated to the care of their patients.

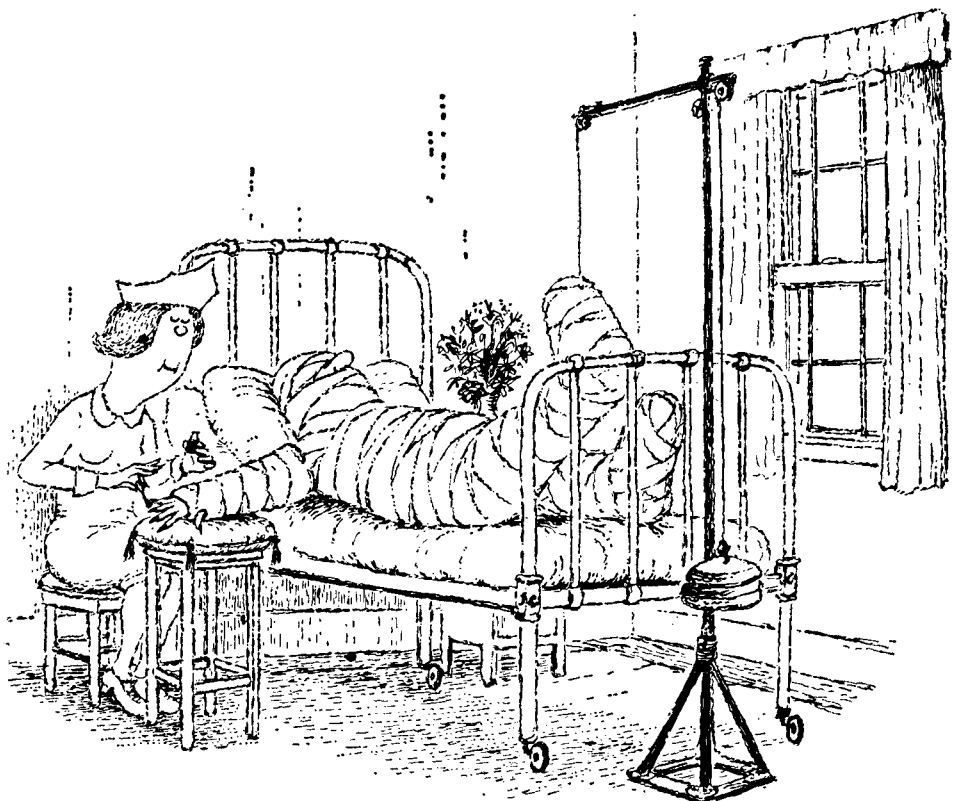
In the November, 1965, election, the Houston charity hospitals were at last voted sufficient funds to operate as hospitals instead of public utilities to keep the dead and the dying off the streets; so the financial emergency is past. But the element that money cannot buy — the personal concern, the respect for the human dignity of the individual patient, which had virtually disappeared after fifty years of public indifference and neglect — returned with the arrival of the nursing volunteers. It was not just the fact that these people were highly motivated and emotionally mature; their secret was (and is) that they work in the wards only one shift each week, and thus are able to carry into the hospital the kindness and the concern they would show for a member of their own family who had fallen ill.

For to deal with the sick in a professional capacity during a forty-hour week inevitably results in a detachment that often, unobtrusively, deteriorates into indifference. Even the most luxurious and richly endowed hospital, if it happens to be a teaching hospital connected with a university, runs the danger of falling victim to the depersonalization of the patient. Dr. John H. Knowles, M.D., general director of Massachusetts General Hospital, stated in an address to the Association of American Medical Colleges in Miami on December 9, 1964: "In instances where teaching and research have dominated the hospital, the attitude has become set that the patient exists for the teaching program and not that the hospital exists for the patient."

Since my service in Houston's charity hospitals, I have come to know many other hospitals in the United States as well as abroad. I have found that the majority of these show the symptoms described by Dr. Knowles, which can be assembled under the head-

ing "the efficiency syndrome." I have come across very few hospitals where efficiency has not become the ultimate consideration by which "success" is measured. At first sight, this passion for efficiency would seem beneficial to the patient; in practice it does not work out that way. Efficiency demands rules and regulations; rules and regulations are by their very nature impersonal, concerned as they are not with people of flesh and blood in pain and fear, but with "the patient," a purely administrative unit to be fed into a computer. In addition to the shortage of professional staff being experienced in most hospitals all over the world, we are faced with the acceptance of the computer as the ultimate arbiter between good and evil. This combination will inevitably result in the death of compassion, and occasionally, in the type of insanity to which computers are congenitally prone. A story now going the rounds of academia tells of a Dutch professor who demonstrated this insanity by feeding into his country's most sophisticated computer the following question: "I have the choice between two watches, one is broken and irrevocably stopped, the other loses one second per 24 hours. Which watch should I use?" The computer replied, "The one that is stopped, as it indicates the correct time twice every 24 hours; the other one does so only once every 120 years."

This kind of logic will ultimately prevail in any hospital where efficiency has been proclaimed the



standard by which all else is measured. Anyone with some knowledge of modern hospitals, either as a worker or as a patient, will be able to furnish examples of this. Typical is one concerning a young father who wanted to take his wife and newborn baby home and who found himself without his checkbook at the cashier's desk. He was told by the clerk on duty that the hospital would not release the baby until the bill was paid. The hospital in question was one of the most famous and expensive private hospitals in the Southwest. I cite this example because of its comparatively innocuous nuttiness; I could cite others of steadily diminishing innocence, down to instances of bureaucratic savagery perpetrated under the pressure of "having to obey the rules."

Unless we do something — and by "we" I mean you and I, citizens of our modern urban societies — the process of depersonalization of "the patient" is bound to reach a point where it begins to attack the very humanity of our communities. When all is said and done, the element that ultimately determines the difference between a human community and a society of insects is communal compassion. Ever since the dawn of civilization, the concern for the sick and the injured has been considered the one closest to the Divine among all man's preoccupations. Not only in Judaeo-Christian ethics but in most religions of mankind, a variation can be found of the basic tenet of the New Testament: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Today, "the least of these" rarely appeal in vain to the charitable impulses of their more fortunate brethren. In the highly intricate, multileveled complex of the modern hospital, there can be found, as a rule, a charity ward or privately endowed beds for indigent patients. It is not the least of these, but their more fortunate brethren who seem to be lost souls in the hospitals of today, vainly waiting for a look of recognition, a smile of understanding, the comforting hand of a neighbor who recognizes in them the indwelling presence of the Divine. Who among my fellow hospital workers has not at one time or another witnessed the loneliness of the first-class patient? There he lies, in his motorized bed, which will elevate head, knees, or feet at the touch of a button. Surrounded by gadgetry, staring disconsolately at a television set, he is addressed via a loudspeaker by the impersonal voice of the nurse on duty. In response to his call she replies, efficiently: "Yes?" Imagine her reaction if the loudspeaker on her desk were to answer, "Love me." Yet this is what each call amounts to, though the actual words may be, "I'd like a glass of water, please," or "My feet are cold, may I have a hot water bottle?" or "Could you give me something for my pain?"

All experts agree that with the advent of Medicare, the building programs, and the chronic shortage of nurses, a situation will soon develop where virtually every hospital is critically understaffed. The experts' answer to this imminent dilemma is "increased efficiency," or "more automation," or a combination of the two. The generally accepted aim is to reduce the number of professional staff per patient.

It is my conviction, based on practical experience, that this solution will compound the problem. The problem is not so much the lack of professional staff as the decline in TLC, "Tender Loving Care," the gradual shift of the concept of nursing from a calling to a profession like any other. There was a time when, once they ended up in a hospital, the sick were certain to find an atmosphere of kindness and motherly concern. The nurse who modeled herself after the example of Florence Nightingale, or in Roman Catholic hospitals the nursing nun who was religiously rather than economically or socially motivated, had an attitude toward her patients that was intensely personal. I have known, as a boy, hospitals where "matrons," as they were then called, reprimanded sisters because they talked about "they" when referring to patients. I remember one intimidating director of nurses, with rimless glasses, rustling skirts, long-distance boots, and the faint lavender smell of an old-fashioned linen cupboard, who sternly berated a young nurse because she had dared to say, "They always try to get out of bed, saying they want to go home," referring to people who were about to die. "Only God," the matron said, her voice quivering with dignified outrage, "may have cause to refer to suffering human beings in the plural, although I doubt whether He does. You, miss, by generalizing about your patients, are denying the very essence of our calling. In future, before you go in for a sweeping statement, substitute 'my mother' for 'they.'" I have often thought of that matron, and how horrified she would be today to find a newly arrived patient sitting disconsolately on the edge of her bed, welcomed by an immature, unimaginative aide with a list, ticking off new arrivals.

"Your name, please."

"Doc. Mrs. John Doe."

"Any pain?"

"No . . ."

"What are you here for?"

"I — I had a miscarriage . . ."

"D and C. OK. Undress please, and get into bed. There's your bathroom; here's your ice water; this controls the position of your bed; this, the TV set; you'll find the speaker under your pillow. Anything you want, press this button and wait until the nurse at the desk answers you; then speak clearly into this mike. OK? Bye now."

There she lies, the young mother who has seen her hopes dashed, whose dreams have suddenly turned into emptiness and despair. If ever there was a creature in need of tender loving care, it is she, but because she came into the hospital on foot instead of on a stretcher, the young aide entrusted with the care of her bruised humanity ticks her off on the list as NH, "*No Hurry*."

The old matron who used that outdated and by now corny word "calling" would have been horrified at other things, too. In her days, no hospital worthy of its name would have put a patient admitted for a D and C after a miscarriage in Labor and Delivery, where every sound, every sight, spells babies being born. Fathers are pacing, mothers-to-be chat in the doorways of their rooms, heavy with child. No one stops to recognize the cruelty of taking the young mother who lost her baby past shops with baby clothes and toys, waiting rooms full of chain-smoking males and a sign over the door showing a bird carrying a bundle and the words "*Stork Club*." The efficiency in dealing with human parturition has increased a hundred-fold since the days of the buxom busybody who fussed so bossily around the high railless bed; but the very essence of her calling has been lost in the process.

How to put tender loving care back into nursing? This, it seems to me, is the crucial question facing our urban hospitals today. Not just in the United States, but everywhere in the world, in every growing megalopolis, the same specter of dehumanizing efficiency roams the aseptic halls of the institutions of healing. There is more at stake than pandering to the sensitivities of a few highly strung or anxious patients; every patient entering a hospital is highly strung and anxious, only some hide it better than others.

Somebody, somewhere, will soon have to step in, and by sheer power of identification, liberate the hospital patient of today from the traumatic realization that all he is — with his pains, his fears, his unique and immortal soul — is a cog in a machine that is obsessed by the esoteric intricacies of its own operation. The only effective solution I have seen is the admission into the closed shop of the hospital of mature, specially trained, and professionally supervised nursing volunteers. Not the ladies in pink, blue, gray, or yellow who man the information desks, the gift-shop counters, and the cafeterias, but fully trained, licensed orderlies and nurse's aides, drawn from the community, who will work one shift a week as a civic service.

The United States is full of mature middle-aged men who would like to plow back some of the harvest of their lives into the common field. There

are millions of mature, experienced women yearning to put to use all the warmth, the common sense, and the capacity of identification that result from the raising of a brood of children. The children have gone, time is on their hands; who wants the wealth of tenderness, concern, and understanding of those millions of mothers-on-the-dole, now bleakly facing the bridge table, the seminar on seventeenth-century painting, or the Caribbean cruise? Hospital administrations and boards of managers, medical directors and directors of nurses who exclude this tremendous potential of tender loving care for reasons of pride, prejudice, or prestige do so to the peril not only of their patients but of the community of which their hospital, for better or for worse, is the soul.

And here we return to my friend the political journalist and his warning that night in the diner. His "latent atomic power" is not a romantic fancy; it is a reality that I know, for I have seen it. I have seen it take hold of one of the worst hospitals I knew and shake it to the marrow and transform it by the indomitable dedication of a handful of nursing volunteers, dedication to the dignity of the individual patient, to the uniqueness of the human personality, to "that of God in every man." No overworked R.N., no harassed aide, no virile young intern, no administrator distracted by dreams of efficiency can ignore for long the mysterious presence that moves into any hospital once it admits these mature, well-trained, and highly motivated nursing volunteers drawn from their own community. It is not the idea that they replace professional staff; they are meant to supplement it. They do not encroach upon the duties of the nurse; they release her for the jobs she is qualified to do. All they will do, and do supremely well, is to perform that totally inefficient and administratively intolerably wasteful task known as "fussing around the patient." I see no hope for either the hospital, the community, or the patient unless the impulse of mercy, hibernating in each of us, is allowed to reach out to those who need it, and who will need it more desperately with each passing day.

Let the churches organize groups of volunteers among their congregations, let the Red Cross or the instructors of the local health department train them in evening or daytime classes until they are qualified to work as orderlies and nursing aides. Then let them take care of the basic physical needs of "the patient," under the supervision of hospital-appointed professional supervisors and under the direction of a hospital-salaried, full-time director of nursing volunteers.

The result will be the breaking of the vicious circle, the end of the dehumanization that is bound to increase with every increase in efficiency.

The Emergency Ward

by John H. Knowles, M.D.

As a young doctor newly assigned to "the E.W.," Dr. Knowles in 1951 saw in the growing traffic through the emergency ward how the functions of, and demands on, the American hospital were changing. Now general director of Massachusetts General Hospital, one of the world's great medical complexes, he reflects on how far the changes have gone.

WHEN I first came to the Mass. General Hospital in 1951, I was assigned to the emergency ward for a two-month stretch. There were two interns and two residents covering the area during the day, and only one intern on at night. My initial feeling on being thrown into the "pit," as it was called by the house staff, was one of trepidation, a feeling of agitated anxiety about the unknown situations which might demand decisions involving life and death. My shakiness was calmed by the residents who supervised my work, and after a month or so I began to look forward to each new case as an exciting challenge.

The first night that the resident left me in charge, I was awakened by the clerk at 2 A.M.

"Ya got one, Doc! Young kid, coughing up blood, says he's got a fever!"

The patient was a haggard twenty-five-year-old who coughed incessantly. He complained of pain on the left side of his chest aggravated by deep breathing. He had had a cold the week before, followed by the development of his cough, chest pain, chills, and high fever. I examined him and heard the noises of pneumonia and pleuritis on the left side of his chest. I quickly obtained a sample of his sputum, smeared it, and stained it. I found abundant gram-positive, biscuit-shaped diplococci, characteristic of pneumonia. Another smear showed no tubercle bacilli. A urine sample

failed to indicate infection in his urinary tract, and I pricked his finger for a blood sample, to see if there was corroborating evidence for bacterial infection in the number and type of white blood cells. The urine was normal, and his blood count and smear showed the changes of bacterial infection. I quickly drew several specimens of blood for culture and smeared a sputum sample on the culture plate. Although I could make a presumptive diagnosis of pneumococcal pneumonia, I needed final proof.

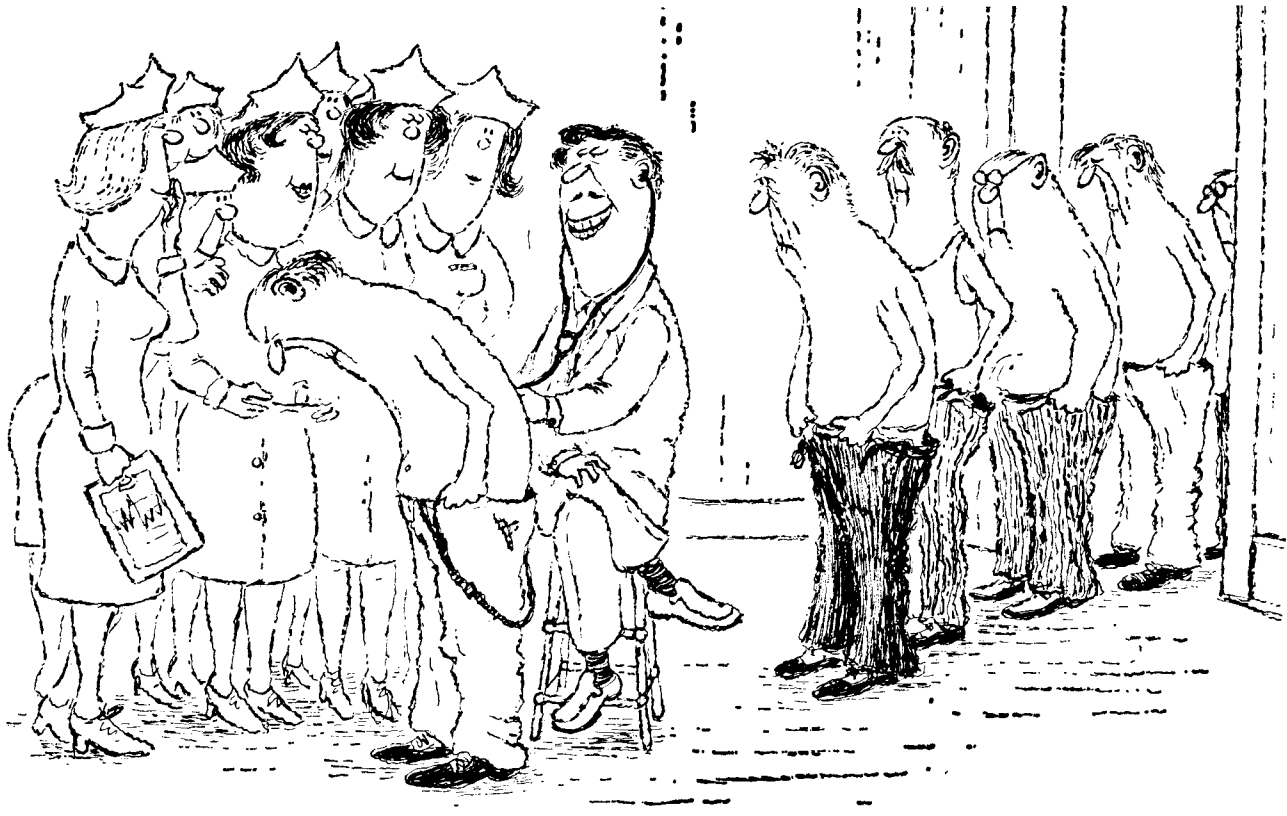
It was now 2:45 A.M. My initial work was complete. I began his treatment by giving him 600,000 units of long-acting and 300,000 units of rapid, short-acting penicillin. I sent him upstairs for a chest X ray, wrote the nursing orders for the next twenty-four hours, and took them to the night nurse on the short-stay ward, expecting to transfer him from there in the morning.

The patient was wheeled past me en route to the X-ray department as I sat down. The most wonderful feeling of accomplishment came across me. The exhilaration of meeting the first "crisis of responsibility" in my professional life warmed me. I had taken this man on at two in the morning, all by myself. I had covered him completely; I'd done it with dispatch, and produced a neat package. His therapy was under way; I *knew* the man, and I knew the man's enemy.

Not all cases were this successful. Several nights later, I was called to the phone by one of our senior staff physicians, who was at the Christian Science Home, where he was examining an eighteen-year-old boy with a congenital heart disease.

"The boy is very ill," my colleague said. "He has heart and kidney failure, and I'm sending him right in. Get busy on him as soon as he gets there, initiate his treatment, and then call me."

The patient arrived thirty minutes later, by ambulance. I recall to this day his yellow, sallow skin, his watery eyes with that far-off death look,



his fine blond hair which stood out in sharp contrast to the deep-blue color of his lips. He smelled of urine. His belly was distended with the fluid of heart failure. His voice was weak and sad, and yet he seemed to have hope.

"Don't you worry, my boy, let me do the worrying. We're going to get busy here and make you feel better. I know you feel like hell, and we're going to help you." I was whistling in the dark. He was deathly ill, and both of us knew it.

After various procedures to corroborate the diagnosis of heart disease, heart failure, and kidney failure, I removed a pint of blood from him to relieve the load on his heart. He seemed to look better following this, but maybe I just hoped he did.

I then asked the nurse to bring me a syringe with digitalis in it. I found a vein in his arm, put the needle in the vein, and began to inject the drug slowly. Half of the contents of the syringe were in the vein when, suddenly, his body stiffened, his eyes rolled up, and he gave a great rasping, throaty cry, and then, nothing. He was dead, and he had died while I was treating him! I was horrified and depressed. To witness the death of one so young *and* during my active therapeutic attempt was extremely upsetting.

I immediately called the referring physician, told him the distressing news and how sorry I was that I was unable to do anything for him. Indeed, I was worried lest I had hastened the patient's demise by my treatment.

He answered, "No, we can't help that. He was

terminally ill, and nothing could have saved him. But remember, if you take credit for your therapeutic successes, you must also be willing to take the blame when you aren't successful. In both instances, more often than not, you are equally unjustified in taking blame or credit."

This was an important, helpful statement by a senior physician; it was philosophy which I have never forgotten, and it proved to be true time and time again.

I learned many lessons during my stints in the emergency ward. Very early I found out why emotional involvement can distract the mind and becloud the issues, preventing proper diagnosis and therapy. The occasion developed the last day the circus was to be in town, whence it was to go to Baltimore. At 2:30, one of the prima donnas of the high-wire act was sent to the emergency ward by the circus manager because she had developed a mild fever and a rash and was not well enough to go on with the matinee. She was a lovely young lady in her twenties, and the romantic gypsy life of the circus came to my mind as I set about my work. She did indeed have a diffuse red rash over her entire body, and an enlargement of lymph nodes behind her ears. I could also feel her spleen. I conjured up the notion that the "ballerina" might have leukemia, a rapidly fatal disease. It might also be infection, but there would have to be more tests and admission to the hospital.

The circus manager now arrived and insisted that the whole troupe and our patient move on

the next morning to Baltimore. I was finally persuaded to allow her to go on the condition that she be isolated during the trip and that she report immediately to the Johns Hopkins Hospital and to a doctor I knew there, whom I would contact.

Several weeks later, I received a letter from my doctor friend in Baltimore, stating he had been happy to see the patient, and notifying me that she had had German measles and was now fully recovered! I made two mental notes to myself: 1) do not let age, sex, or occupation interfere with objectivity of approach, and 2) common situations occur commonly, and although leukemia can display the manifestations of German measles, leukemia is the much less common.

I CAME to know the police well and used to enjoy the repartee surrounding their delivery of the sick and injured. I remember several specific episodes. The first was concerned with the daylight robbery of a finance company in downtown Boston, in which one of the bandits had shot his way out and a bullet hit a policeman. I remember my feeling of abject horror at the sight of such wanton, happenstance destruction, my feeling of anger over mad dogs allowed to carry guns, and a transient feeling of uncertainty and insecurity. Here was law, order, and civilization struck down by the bandit. The man had been hit in the chest and the jaw. He needed rapid emergency surgery, and within minutes he was rushed up to the operating rooms. He survived. Others didn't. I developed new respect for policemen.

A second episode occurred one evening about five o'clock when the doors swung open and in rushed one of the largest Irish cops I had ever seen. His face was frantic, and he was breathless. Buried in his arms was a very small five-year-old boy, wrapped in a blanket.

"I was driving along the Charles River, when over I looked and saw this little kid fall into the water. I pulled him out. Is he OK? Is he OK?"

The policeman was becoming more emotional by the minute, his breathing heavier, and his face more intense.

I looked at the child, took his blood pressure, and listened to his chest. He was cold and scared, but perfectly all right.

The policeman hovered over us, and finally, as I could feel the tension mount, he blurted, "Doc! Doc! Do you know what the kid said when I pulled him out?" His breathing increased in rate and depth, and he was straining at every word. He was howling now. "Doc! Doc! He said, 'I love you!'"

The third episode involved a mob of policemen

and a young man in an incredible predicament. The first man to enter the emergency ward was a policeman, walking backward carrying the end of a board roughly six feet long and two feet wide. The next man was walking alongside the board, midway in its length, with his arm up to the elbow encased by what appeared to be a massive piece of silver-painted metal with a large snout, about three feet high and fixed firmly to the board. The man was able to walk and was surrounded by two more policemen helping him along. At the other end of the plank was another policeman supporting that end. The patient worked in a commercial meat company and had been putting meat in a grinder. His hand had been caught in the blades of the grinder.

How in heaven's name do you get a hand out of a commercial meat grinder, I asked myself. I called the surgical resident, and we accompanied the patient to one of the two emergency operating rooms. The immediate problem was to determine which way the wheel turns on a large meat grinder so that we could turn it in the right direction while pulling the hand out. If turned the wrong way, it could cut and damage more of the hand. Neither one of us knew, and all of us, which now included about twelve people — policemen, doctors, nurses, clerks — stood there dumbfounded. The patient was relatively comfortable, his hand tightly enmeshed in the blades. There was almost no bleeding, as the blades were still implanted in his flesh.

Someone suggested that we call the M.G.H. maintenance department and ask one of the maintenance men to help us. He arrived within minutes, and after a few moments of study, told us which way to turn the wheel as we gingerly removed hand and arm from the jaws of the grinder.

The hand emerged in relatively good condition, only one fingertip unaccounted for, although there were deep cuts across the fingers and hand. The surgical resident called one of the senior hand surgeons, and they took the patient up to a regular operating room. Ten days later, the patient was discharged with his hand well patched together.

This was a team effort and everybody helped — the policemen who had the sense not to separate patient and meat grinder, the maintenance man at the M.G.H. who told us how to extricate the hand, and finally, the hand surgeon, anesthetist, and nurses who restored the hand to useful function.

I learned many things in my four years on the intern and resident staff at the M.G.H. — things about sick and injured people and those who accompanied them, things about the police and about the people who worked around me, and things about myself. Medically speaking, the experience in the E.W. trained us to approach, manage, and solve problems rapidly and success-

fully. It taught us to be decisive in emergent situations. It taught us compassion and understanding, and it gave us confidence to face other problems of medicine. It made men out of boys, or it broke the boys. It taught us how to be good administrators — how to get many people and many things going for the patient, with minimal expenditure of energy, and maximal speed and efficiency.

THAT was 1951, and 18,000 patients were seen in the emergency ward that year. In 1953 I entered the Navy Medical Corps in the doctor draft and served two years, returning to the M.G.H. in 1955 as a resident. I came back just in time to work in the emergency ward during the polio epidemic. Literally hundreds of frightened patients and their families rushed to the E.W. that summer with fever and headache, either with or without established paralysis. I remember doing one lumbar puncture after another to determine whether evidence for polio was present in the spinal fluid.

Many more people were coming to the E.W., and perhaps only one quarter to one half of them had conditions requiring emergency facilities and treatment. They were referred by their local doctors at odd hours, at night or on weekends, frequently without having been seen by a doctor, or they came because they had no local doctor or were unable to reach one. They were sent from community hospitals because their conditions were too complicated to be treated there or because they could no longer pay their bills. Our own staff doctors saw more and more of their patients in the E.W., where expensive technical facilities absolutely necessary to proper diagnosis and treatment are available. More people were coming with social and psychic problems — alcoholics, people in an acute state of anxiety, attempted suicides, and people in crisis situations such as the loss of a job or a death in the family. There were more automobile accidents.

Several other experiences stand out in my mind. There was the lady who used too much chemical hair curler one night and came in with her hair shriveled down into little orange balls of denatured protein sitting on top of her head. The two of us picked and combed it out until she was virtually hairless. Then we looked into the mirror together at 2 A.M., and both of us sat down and laughed. As she said, better to be laughing than crying.

One frequent visitor was an elderly man with mild paranoid schizophrenia, who found he could gain admittance to the hospital (to escape his imaginary enemies) by complaining of chest pain. The intern would then take an electrocardiogram and find an abnormality, which could have been there

for years or could signify a recent heart attack. The old man would then have to be admitted for observation. Ultimately we caught on to him, for he never changed an old pair of mismatched Argyle socks. We kept a list of such individuals under the blotter at the front desk — people who required help but not for the initial complaints that they described. Malingerers, psychopaths, walking schizophrenics, and narcotic addicts were included in this group.

Certain conditions came in bunches. I saw two patients within four hours of each other, both with serious brain hemorrhage due to head injury. There are relatively few situations where a matter of minutes can mean the difference between life and death, but this is one of them, and every intern must know how to diagnose such cases and take immediate action.

The first patient was a young man who had been struck a grazing blow on the head by the block and tackle of a crane. He had been knocked unconscious for several minutes, after which he awoke and asked to be relieved to go home for the day. As he started walking, he felt progressively sicker, so much so that he rang the citizen's alarm and was brought to the hospital by the police. He was carried in on a stretcher. When I heard the above history of his accident, I immediately thought of acute epidural (meaning on top of the covering of the brain) hemorrhage, particularly because of the characteristic "lucid interval" — the period of recovery between the initial injury and unconsciousness. As I talked to him, the right side of his face began to droop and become paralyzed. His speech became mushy and incoherent. I asked him to raise his arms. His right arm swayed and fell to his side. I knew immediately that he was bleeding in the space between brain and skull and that a massive collection of blood was pressing on his brain, giving him a rapidly increasing paralysis.

Within fifteen minutes, the patient was seen by the surgeon, taken to the second floor for an X ray and up to the operating room, where his skull was opened, the blood clot removed, and the bleeding stanching. He did indeed have epidural hemorrhage, and his life, which could have been snuffed out at any moment, had been saved. He was discharged one week later, a normal, healthy man.

Four hours later on the same day, we repeated the episode with an elderly woman who had fallen downstairs and hit her head. The clot was removed, and the bleeding was stopped, but because of a longer time before surgery, she retained a mild degree of permanent paralysis.

There were patterns of utilization of the E.W. which we all noted. Children were brought in by one parent in the evening, while the other stayed

home with the rest of the children. Occasionally, a doctor had been called and either refused the house call or told the parent to take the child to the emergency ward.

Saturday mornings were notable for young married couples bringing in an elderly father or mother for whom they were caring. "Dumping" was the term we used, for frequently the young people wanted to be free for a weekend without having to care for the parent. Sometimes they admitted they needed a rest from grandpa. More often they would conjure up stories guaranteed to gain admission, like "Father has had blood in his stools and has lost a lot of weight," or "He had a severe pain in his stomach, won't eat, and hasn't passed his water for a week." Similarly, some nursing homes would dump patients at the hospital by ambulance when they were tired of caring for them for a variety of reasons.

Sunday noon and afternoon, after church and on holidays, many people would come to the E.W. for the solution of problems that had plagued them all week. Monday mornings could be tranquil. Saturday nights were always wild occasions because of alcoholics and automobile accidents.

The number of patients seen in the E.W. increased from 18,000 in 1951 to more than 65,000 in 1965 — roughly one patient every eight minutes around the clock. In the same period of time, the budget for this single area has increased more than tenfold, to greater than \$1 million annually. There are now eight to fifteen house officers on duty and on call at all times, and nearly the same number of nurses and of technicians. An X-ray unit has been installed at a cost of \$500,000 to expedite the X-ray examination. People continue to come in growing numbers with growing hopes and expectations to a growing army of people working in the area. More and more come because of social and psychic dis-ease, but they are matched by those with disease and injury — heart attacks, ruptured blood vessels, accidents, suicides, accidental taking of poison, strokes, cancer, and so on. Whatever the need, the people and facilities are combined in the emergency ward to give the best care to the injured and to the sick, whether the problems are social, psychic, or somatic in origin. It is an incredibly successful function of the modern hospital.

One of the best measures of a hospital's concern for serving its community is the status of the E.W., its staffing, its technical facilities, its willingness to serve as a sanctuary for the sick and suffering seven days a week. The present form of the hospital has been or should be shaped by the wants and needs of the society. As one of the community's most important institutions it must reflect those needs. Both patient and doctor need such

a facility, and no hospital worthy of the name is without emergency coverage today.

As the director of a large urban teaching hospital, I am now concerned with the organization, utilization, and distribution of all services within the hospital so that a patient will receive the appropriate care in the appropriate area — all with the least inconvenience to patient and hospital staff, at maximal efficiency and least cost. I am concerned with our services as they relate to the other hospitals and caring institutions (churches, united community services, state public health and welfare departments) so that we can avoid costly reduplication of services and facilities and provide among us a comprehensive, rational plan of health services for the entire region.

I am also concerned with the internal balance of functions, which in a teaching hospital encompass patient care, the teaching and training of doctors, nurses, social workers, dietitians, and other health and hospital workers, and biomedical research. The articulation of all this work with public wants and needs, so that the public interest is protected, defines the work of any teaching hospital. Our first function is to take the best possible care of the sick and injured today. Teaching and research improve the immediate function of caring and provide for tomorrow's health needs.

People have discovered that their needs are attended to quickly and with minimal inconvenience in the hospital emergency ward. Although many do not need emergency care, they obviously cannot know what is and what isn't a dire emergency. Fever in a child can be "just a cold," or it can also be life-threatening pneumonia. Both doctor and patient need the diagnostic accuracy of the expensive technical facilities available only in the hospital medical center. To a certain extent, this also explains why home visits have become a thing of the past. Both doctor and patient *have* to, indeed *want* to, meet in the emergency ward when acute illness strikes. The technology is readily available, as are teams of specialists and experts. The chief reason for the ever expanding use of the emergency ward is simply that it is today the best possible place in which to solve a medical problem quickly and accurately. The public knows it, and so does the doctor.

The major failing of the hospital and the medical profession has been their inability to structure other ambulatory facilities as successfully. The doctor has solved his problem partially by moving his office closer to or into the hospital or medical center. If emergency diagnosis and care are needed, the patient has only to be taken across the street or downstairs to the emergency ward for ultimate decisions about his best care. Doctors' office buildings adjacent to the hospital have

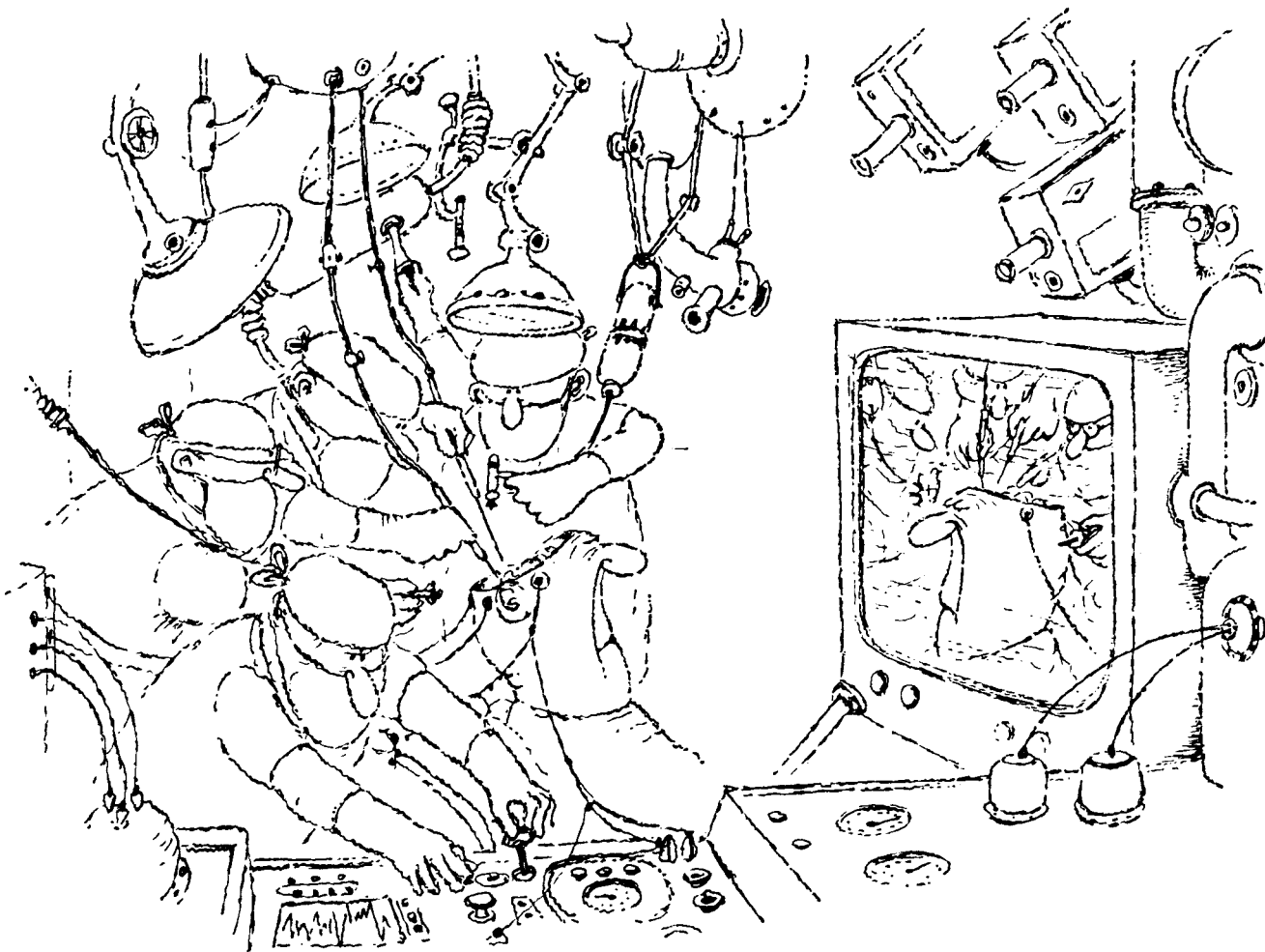
sprouted like mushrooms. This is fine for private patients, but does not take care of the indigent sick, who view the hospital as their doctor.

Urban hospitals, in their necessary preoccupation with acute, curative medicine, practiced on inpatients, have neglected their outpatient departments (ambulatory clinics), as well as their departments of social service. Improvement of these two areas would allow a redistribution of patients from the emergency facilities, would maintain the high quality of care, and would free the emergency facilities for those who really need them. Ambulatory clinics could be run in the evening and on weekends and would care for patients who come to the E.W. because they have nowhere else to go.

A case in point is the care of alcoholics, who can tie emergency ward personnel in knots, distracting them from the care necessary for other patients. The alcoholic may be combative, recalcitrant, noisy, and may throw up in the middle of the floor at any time. The M.G.H. has now developed a special area away from the center of our emergency facilities where these patients can be

observed and cared for. In addition, an alcoholic clinic has been developed, which assumes responsibility for these patients on an ambulatory basis. Alcoholics need help — psychiatric, social, and medical — but the work of the emergency ward must be reserved for those in dire, immediate need.

In short, hospitals must distribute the patients so that appropriate care can be rendered at the least cost — in terms of money, people, and facilities. We must improve and expand ambulatory clinics and social service departments; we must educate the public to make the best use of medical facilities; and we must develop with the community a better, integrated system of caring agencies so that the “right” patients will be using the “right” facilities. To accomplish these objectives, we need the help of an enlightened community. The most vocal segment of society today seems to be the destructive, ill-informed, malcontented complainers. They distract, but offer little help. As Abraham Lincoln said, he has the right to criticize who has the heart — and the head, I might add — to help.



DE HOSPITALIBUS EXCELSIOR

(Wood Shavings From the Hospital)

BY JOHN H. SLATE

THE first sentence of Aristotle's *Metaphysics* in the Jowett translation reads: "All men by nature desire to know." Then the savant goes on in this and other tomes to say what it is they desire to know. Actually, as it turns out, what is chiefly set down in these works is what Mr. A thought *he* knew, which was not quite so much as he thought.

Be that as it may, I was scanning the *Metaphysics* only yesterday and found to my surprise that despite its ostensibly medical tone (in Greek, *meta* means "after," and *physic* has the usual meaning), there is not one syllable on the right conduct of the High-minded Man, on whom the ancients placed such mistaken reliance, upon finding himself in the hospital — or "in hospital," as they say in the U.K. Perhaps this brief study will supply that lack, and then again, perhaps not.

A visit to hospital may be broken down into three rough stages, the middle being the roughest by far:

1. Entering
2. Staying
3. Leaving

I will have a word to say below in regard to these matters, so that each reader may derive benefit therefrom according to, or even notwithstanding, his needs.

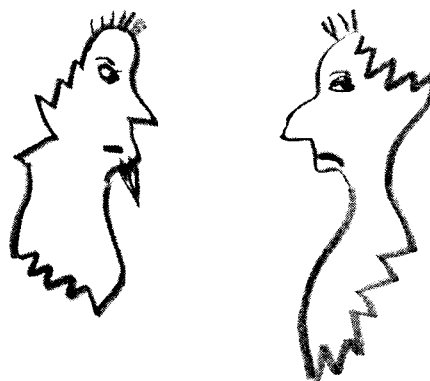
Entering (the) Hospital

As you pass through the Entrance, on your right you will find a dense throng of idlers whose only apparent purpose is to impede your approach to the admissions desk. Indeed, by the time you reach the desk you may — especially if you are in the acute phase of a coronary or the like — be dead. In that case, go home, loosen your clothing, lie down, and await further developments. On no account should you pester the hospital on the "telephone" as they already have their hands full with the live ones.

Once arrived at the desk, be sure to answer all questions asked in the admissions interview, completely and cheerfully. It sometimes seems to those in frightful agony or bleeding copiously on the linoleum that the question of their grandmothers' maiden names and secondary schools might perhaps be left for a later time. However, this is far from being so.

The necessity of these interrogations has been

Drawings by the author.



"Cutaway" Profile of Dr. E. C. Mc—— and Patient

demonstrated dramatically by Dr. E. C. Mc——, who, after all diagnostic efforts have failed to penetrate the mystery of some obscure tropical flux, employs the stratagem of saying, "Why, this patient has exactly what his grandmother had when she was at Choate."

Your Stay in "the" Hospital

On your arrival upstairs you will find everything vastly different from downstairs as well as from what you had hoped. At once you are whisked into a garment Balzac so aptly described as "La peau de chagrin" (or the wild ass's skin), one that seems both backward and upside down but is not, and then this raiment is immediately removed and an enema administered. If you are accompanied "upstairs" by your family or friends, it is well to warn them of the prevalence of the enema in hospital, as cases are on record of innocent bystanders being unexpectedly seized and dealt with in this way.

Another aspect of hospital "life" to which you will have to become accustomed is the unwillingness of the nurses to tell you anything except what you do not want to know. This is known as the Law of Inverse Communication:

Nurse: And how are we today?

You: I must have internal bleeding as I am always vomiting blood and vital organs. What do you suppose is wrong?

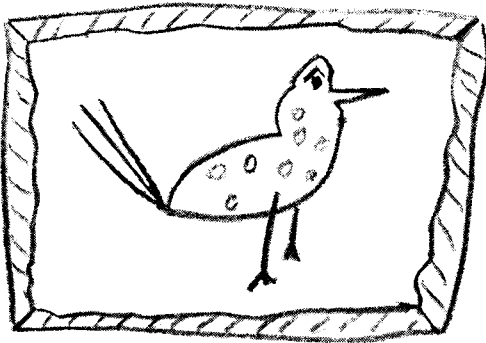
Nurse: Doctor will be here tomorrow.

Contrast this with the following:

You: How's tricks?

Nurse: Well, Florence my sister-in-law took and bought this Persian lamb coat at Lord & Taylor's, and I said to her when she brought it home, "Tom (that's her hubby) won't like it." So sure as you know, when Tom come home he . . . [etc.]

The only other point to be kept in mind is that it is entirely unnecessary to panic in the presence of medical terminology. Just take it in your stride, remembering that it is both colorful and pregnant with some meaning. For example, if you are told you must have an "otoornithectomy," just calm down and say to yourself, "That is nothing more



First Bird Recovered Alive From Human Ear (Raemer)

than an operation for the removal of a bird from my ear." A *radical nasal otoornithectomy* is, of course, the advanced procedure employed for removing a bird from the ear *through the nose*. However, it is rarely employed except in terminal cases, when the patient's interest in aviary matters is at a minimum in any event.

Take Up Thy Bed and Walk

While we are speaking of surgery, or at least before we speak of something else, doubtless some account should be given of the postsurgical regime known as "early ambulation" — although it had a different name in the inquisitorial dungeons at Toledo. This consists of plucking the patient virtually from under the surgeon's knife, thrusting his feet into knitted slippers of unsuitable design, and frogmarching him (intravenous standard, tubes and all) to the Visitors' Lounge to mawl, puke, and smile through his tears at six to eight total strangers.

Since this procedure was "perfected" by the military surgeons during the Second World War, the ambulation has become earlier and earlier. Indeed, it is difficult to credit, but several cases are actually

on record of the patient's being required to walk about even *before* the operation.

No Soup du Jour Today

To gibe at hospital food would be beneath the dignity both of the author and of this publication. One no more does such a thing than one would dream of taxing the ocean for being oceanic. For hospital food is, necessarily, just that.

However, it seems desirable to advert to the somewhat oblique view of the matter taken by hospital personnel themselves. This was nowhere made more evident than in the recent incident of the patient who, scanning the "Salt-Free Menu," ordered not *salt* (as one might have supposed in view of the sequel), but simply the Soup du Jour. Needless to say, his tray came up without soup. Instead, there was a laundry list with the penciled message "There is no soup du jour today."

Mystified and hungry, the patient thereupon phoned the dietitian to say that if the kitchen had *any* soup he would welcome it as the soup du jour. However, the dietitian stuck to it that although she had several *other* soups, "We have no soup du jour today."

This episode has been reported at length not just because of what it teaches us about soup, but because the facts have attracted international attention. For it was on that very evening that the patient's electrocardiogram became so violently agitated that a large number of persons were rendered senseless by blows from the runaway stylus.

Leaving the "Hospital"

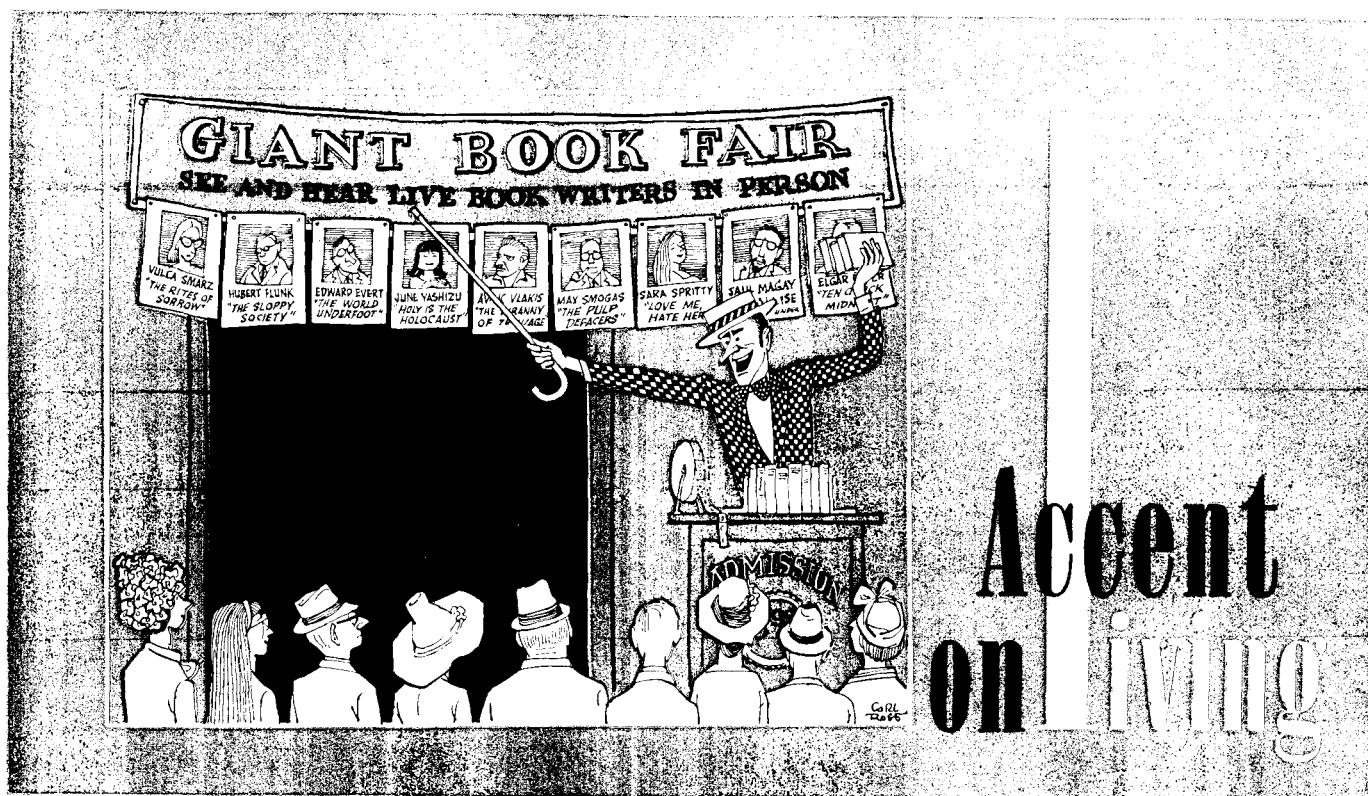
It is, of course, a mere truism to say that nothing becomes our entering hospital so much as the leaving of it.

Just as you entered by the Entrance, you will leave by the Exit. First, however, there is the financial interview with the Bursar, who will present various documents for your consideration exactly as if the "facts" they purport to set out were true. On no account should you attempt to disabuse this dignitary of the belief that you are actually someone else who stayed twice as long as you and placed repeated telephone calls to Biarritz.

At the final moment of departure you will be asked one last question: "Hot enough for you?" (in the summer) or "Did you enjoy your stay?" (at all other times).

It is acceptable practice to answer either Yes or No.

Mr. Slate is a New York attorney currently at work on a ten-volume History of Silence.



THE BOOK FAIR

BY EDWIN O'CONNOR

Book fairs, those curious public entertainments where a handful of writers may talk on the congenial subject of themselves to as large an audience as will pay to hear them, continue to exist and continue, moreover, to be popular. People go to them; they seem to like them; they come away satisfied and even happy. This is strange to me, for I have been to three book fairs in my life, and each one was, in its own way, a disaster.

The first of these was held in Boston during the final days of World War II. It was sponsored by a newspaper which had a tradition of supporting culture as long as it didn't cost anything. In that year the excess profits tax was still in effect; the choice was either to pony up for literature or give it all to the government. Once again the lesser of two evils won; there was a book fair.

The setting was Symphony Hall. On the night I went, the hall was packed, the stage bulged with writers, and the master of ceremonies was a well-known publisher who

seemed overjoyed about the whole thing until he discovered that the public-address system had broken down and could not — or at least would not — be repaired. At this point he pushed the useless microphone to one side and announced in a forlorn voice barely audible beyond the lip of the stage that the program would go on as scheduled, but that he would have to beg our indulgence. He was interrupted in this statement by a peremptory, cavernous voice from the balcony.

"I cannot hear you!" it bellowed. "Kindly speak into your machine!"

The master of ceremonies went into a rather pathetic pantomime, intended to indicate the nature of the problem; hurriedly, he introduced the first writer. The writer spoke, but not a word was heard; once more the bellow came from the balcony.

"WOULD YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS TO SPEAK INTO YOUR MACHINE? THEN PERHAPS THOSE OF US WHO HAVE PAID TO HEAR YOU MAY DO SO!"

The master of ceremonies rushed back to the center of the stage again and repeated his explanatory pantomime; it did no good. The book fair continued, a dismal dumb show

broken only by the fierce patrician shouts from the upper air which kept on — or so it seemed to me — until the very end.

Years passed. I wrote my first book; I was invited to speak at a book fair in Providence. I shared the platform with three others; my immediate companion was Miss Jessica Dragonette, author of the recently published autobiography *Faith Is a Song*. She was not, however, the star of the day. That role went to a monsignor, a literary monsignor, a smooth and handsome man who wrote a syndicated column for diocesan newspapers in which he regularly rebuked the leading writers of the day. On his face there was a smile of gentle pain: it was obvious that, for this day only, the monsignor was playing the small time.

An announcement was made that each speaker would be allowed eight minutes, no more. I spoke, Jessica Dragonette spoke, another writer spoke. Then the monsignor spoke. He was easy, he was polished; he was interminable. The minutes passed; the audience began to grow restless. At the end of thirty minutes the restlessness amounted almost to revolt; the monsignor's smile of pain became more pronounced, and suddenly he said, "Ladies, there is

no cause for alarm: *I shall be finished when my eight minutes are up!*" And he talked for ten minutes more.

After the speaking, we dismounted from the dais and mingled with the crowd. To my astonishment I was immediately surrounded by a great number of women. I had expected nothing like this; was I, now, meeting my readers? Had I *fans*? No. Without exception, they all wanted to know how I had enjoyed talking to Jessica Dragonette.

My third book fair took place some years later in the ballroom of a New York hotel. From one point of view it must have been an immensely successful affair, for it was crowded. I had never seen so many women gathered in one place (the comedian Fred Allen, reflecting upon his experience at this book fair the previous year, said, "It looked as though someone had overturned a Y.W."). I was the last speaker on this occasion, being preceded by two others. The first of these was a European woman who had undergone great hardship during the war in a succession of forced labor camps. Her trials must in fact have been ghastly, but for this audience she had evidently decided to transform them into something comic. "Ho, ho, ho," she said, and talked of running, lightly clad, through the snow in sub-zero tem-

peratures, of having boisterous snowball fights in the prison yard. It all seemed rather jolly, but the reality beneath somehow came through, and I saw the women in the audience looking at each other. They were becoming uneasy.

The second speaker was a doctor who had written a book on cancer. His opening sentence was arresting. "One year from now," he told the ladies, "twenty-five percent of you will not be here!" Uneasiness gave way to frank alarm, but the doctor had just begun. Grimly he went on, drawing from a depthless mine of grisly statistics; in a matter of two minutes he had his audience shaking and ready to run. By way of conclusion he reminded them that the time they spent in their baths was perhaps the most important time in their lives. "For it is here," he said, "that you may examine yourselves for suspicious lumps!"

It was against this backdrop that I spoke. From the first word I knew that nobody was listening; my audience was lost before I began. I was conscious only of what appeared to be a universal rustling, of movement, all the time I spoke. It was the audience, surreptitiously beginning their search for suspicious lumps.

I have not since been to any book fairs.

Charles W. Morton is ill but is expected back in his accustomed place soon. His guest contributor is the author of THE LAST HURRAH, THE EDGE OF SADNESS, and an important new novel, ALL IN THE FAMILY, to be published in September.

For My Pregnant Cat Grendel Who's Giving Love Another Chance Without a Single Thought

BY ROBERT HOLLANDER

Vos saluo naturos et tibi Tabby cano. Remember
Your long line of dead: stillborn, broken-necked, infected, and
Run over — woeful family tree — the last touched by a hand
Only once while he was dying on a warm day last November.

Yet you've outside in the yard another,
Stubborn child to match her stubborn mother,
Last descendant, sharp and shy like you,
Runty, determined, and by God she's pregnant too.

Prestige

BY R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER, who lives in London, is widely known for his light verse, but he sends us an occasional bit of prose which we are pleased to share with ATLANTIC readers.

Prestige — call it status if you like — is in great demand these days. It is nice stuff to have, too, but it is not everything. It is like money, or sex: it is only important when you don't have enough of it. The moment you have enough of it, you take it for granted.

I speak as an authority, since prestige has always come easy to me. Of sex I will not speak, except to say that I find it a dingdong battle, as do most single men I suppose; mostly it works out well enough, though a disproportionate amount of time and effort has to be expended to keep it that way. With money, though, I am always on the losing side. I have never had nearly enough of it, and the result is I think about it constantly. I never think about prestige at all, but it homes on me, like taxis. I never take taxis, but wherever I go they crowd around me in herds, like curious cows. I suppose they catch the rich whiff of prestige, and fail to realize that there is no money to go with it.

I was in a pub not long ago, and a man asked me if I had been to Norway. I replied, without thinking, "Two or three times, but never south of the Arctic Circle." I could see he hated me immediately. He had been about to make an OK remark himself, and mine killed it stone dead. If I had thought of it in time, I should have made some noncommittal remark implying that I had once spent three days in Oslo. Then he would have bought me a pint of bitter and told me about his travels in Scandinavia. Instead of that, he went off to the Queen's Head by himself, looking rather depressed.

I was with a bunch of poets once in an attic in Wigmore Street. One of them said that he had just bought the Dorothy L. Sayers translation of Dante's *Inferno* and did not think much of it. Leaping to the defense of a respected craftsman, I said I thought it excellent. The poet asked

me, with some condescension — since he knew I was a scientist, and virtually illiterate — what other translations I had read. Possessed, as usual, by a devotion to the simple truth, and a ludicrous lack of restraint in uttering it, I replied, “Previously, I’d only read it in Italian.” I never dared to go there again, which was a pity, since the poets, though disorderly, were occasionally amusing.

All this excessive, and unmerited, prestige comes partly from being a writer. As a scientist, though I was more useful to society, I had little prestige. When I became a writer I discovered that it was inherently an OK thing to be. People at parties ask me, languidly, “What do you do?” I say I write. Immediately they gush like uncontrolled oil wells. They say, “How interesting!”, and ask me to come to cocktails on Tuesday. This is one of the few solid benefits of prestige, that it brings in its train a lot of free alcohol.

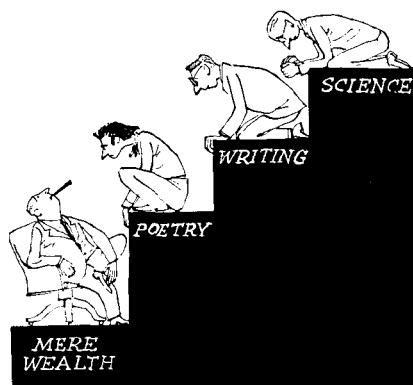
In fact, writers are not necessarily at all interesting. They may be interesting or they may not, just the same as architects, engineers, or advertising men. They are rarer, that is all, so that people have less chance to find out how deadly dull they can be.

When I was in America, this form of prestige came even more easily, because I was an *English* writer. The Americans are remarkably nice to foreign visitors anyway, and although they can be quite rude about the English sometimes, nationally speaking, I found no trace of this understandable though regrettable attitude in personal contacts. On the contrary, to be English appeared to be a positive social asset. This was astonishing, and even touching. English people are deeply suspicious of other English people — and of anybody else, for that matter — so that the Englishman in England is accustomed to being received, if at all, with chilly reserve. In America it is not so. As an English writer, I was asked everywhere and had a wonderful time.

Travel is another of the things that bring prestige, though on the whole, people who have traveled a lot are much more boring than people who have never been anywhere. I was in China a couple of years ago, in the capacity of a journalist, though I was disguised as a tourist. This is not really at all interesting in itself,

but I fully expected that after my return this visit would confer some additional status whenever I could drag it into the conversation, since it is rarity that appeals, and not so many people have been to China lately. What I did not expect was that prestige would dog my footsteps in China itself. I had not been long in Peking when Mr. Li asked me what I did for a living back in the corrupt West. I was a writer, I told him. When he asked me what I wrote, I confessed that I was to some extent a professional poet. I made this deplorable avowal with my usual apologetic mien, conscious that I was revealing myself in a bad light. To my astonishment the attitude of Mr. Li, and his colleague Mr. Chao, immediately became almost deferential. Poets, it seems, have prestige in China, though they have negative prestige everywhere else.

It was a refreshing change to be highly regarded merely for being a practicing poet, but this was not all. I was hobnobbing with some open-hearth men at the Wuhan Iron and Steel Works when it occurred to me to mention, in order to establish some common ground, that I had once worked in a steelworks myself. The effect was remarkable. In England, if I ever mention that I



once worked in that noble industry, the announcement is greeted with a mixture of amused incredulity — since all the English know that steelworkers are huge hairy men who keep whippets and mostly speak only Welsh — and nervousness that I should be so indecorous as to confess it.

In China it was far otherwise. To be a poet was a big deal, but to be a poet who had once been a steelworker exposed me at once to the full floodlight of Chinese esteem. From then on I could do no wrong. Even when I ventured to suggest

that the proportion of the American people who, starved into subjection by a tyrannical oligarchy, were eagerly awaiting the opportunity to overthrow the United States government was, according to my own observations, appreciably less than their own estimate of 90 percent, my hosts merely smiled indulgently, as at an innocent but lovable dupe of Western propaganda.

Prestige comes at me from all angles, not only from literary ones. A few years ago, as an unusually clumsy beginner at skiing, I was on my way up the Kriegerhorn with a friend when we simultaneously fell off the drag. Our class went on without us. Rather than go down to the foot of the drag and fall off it once again on the way up, we plodded up to the final chair lift on foot.

Arriving at the summit, we found that the class had gone on ahead, expecting to find us waiting at the bottom. The mountain was deserted. After sitting in the sun for a time, in a state of terror and despair, we decided to ski down. Our descent of the Kriegerhorn was the most ludicrous exhibition ever staged since the first Lapp tied a pair of planks to his feet. We fell at every turn; between turns we dived off both sides of the piste into drifts, head first. I left my woolly hat in one drift and my broken sunglasses in another; my companion tore the seat of her pants, so that a square foot of scarlet underpants showed through.

We found our class eating lunch on the terrace and rejoined them with shame, but the shame was brief, turning at once to glory. It appeared that for beginners to descend the Kriegerhorn unaided was a feat of rare daring. From then on we were pointed out in every beer cellar in this section of the Arlberg as incipient tigers, a prophecy which has since proved wholly incorrect.

It was gratifying. Prestige is pleasant, as I remarked earlier; but it is not everything. I would trade some of mine any day for solid cash, if I could do so. Equipped with more cash and less prestige, I might go skiing more often. As it is, equipped with limitless prestige and a marked inability to descend the Kriegerhorn without falling down, I am more likely to end up back at the old steelworks, breeding whippets.



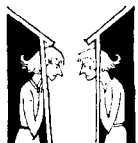
The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

We don't mind our children having different virtues from ours, but it seems disloyal of them to have different faults.

Our strength is often composed of the weakness we're damned if we're going to show.

Few of us could bear to have ourselves for neighbors.



Live and let live: now *there's* a pair of impossible commands.

The neurotic's constant prayer: that nothing *worse* will happen.

Puritans will never believe it, but life is full of disagreeable things that aren't even good for you.

The way the neurotic sees it: bars on *his* door mean that he's locked in, bars on *your* door mean that he's locked out.

Most sermons sound to me like commercials — but I can't make out whether God is the sponsor or the product.

Women let you know how awful they're really feeling, and how bravely they're concealing it.

Of the few happy marriages a neurotic sees around him, most seem to him unsuitable.



Being neurotic is like shooting fish in a barrel, and missing them.

Suburb: a place that isn't city, isn't country, and isn't tolerable.

To talk easily with people, you must firmly believe that either you or they are interesting — and even then it isn't easy.

Your children remember every unkind thing you ever did to them, plus a few you really didn't.

The young are generally full of revolt, and are often pretty revolting about it.



There's nothing man has done that man cannot do better.

If a man likes his wife's best friend at all, he likes her too much.

Talent is one muscle no one has ever overexercised.

Trust is to love as icing is to cake: not strictly necessary, but it sure sweetens the taste.



There's only one person who needs a glass of water more often than a small child tucked in for the night, and that's a writer sitting down to write.

Neurotics always feel as though they were going way up or way down, which is odd in people going sideways.

We're charmed by coincidence, except when it inconveniences us.

I know a young man who doesn't believe in God, but does believe in the devil. It's my hunch that this is acceptable to God.

Each day, the American housewife turns toward television as toward a lover. She feels guilty about it, and well she might — for he's covered with warts and is only after her money.

The young can seldom be faithless for long to the same person.



Today's music always sounds cheesy to those who remember yesterday's.

Grasp your opportunities, no matter how poor your health: *nothing* is worse for your health than boredom.

I half believe in reincarnation, and I'd like to come back as an otter: so far as I know, it's impossible to be a bad otter.

There are people who hide their love from you, and people who hide their hate, and you'll be wise to stay away from both.

If you've got the talent, you've got the energy.

It's easier to part with a friend than with an opinion.

Without sex, alcohol, sleeping pills, you are always with yourself.

A man will desert the wife he loves much oftener than the type he loves.

When real pleasures fade, there's always the stock market.

Nothing so blights a party as a hostess with plans for making it jolly.

Anxiety is like clinging to half a rope, halfway down a well.



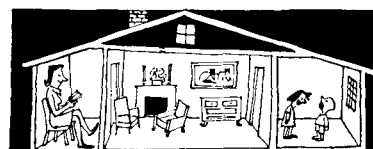
There are some people we just plain don't like the looks of, and they all nestle close to us at the beach.

Nowhere but in the arts can talent, experience, dedication, and years of hard work lead to a steady decline in quality.

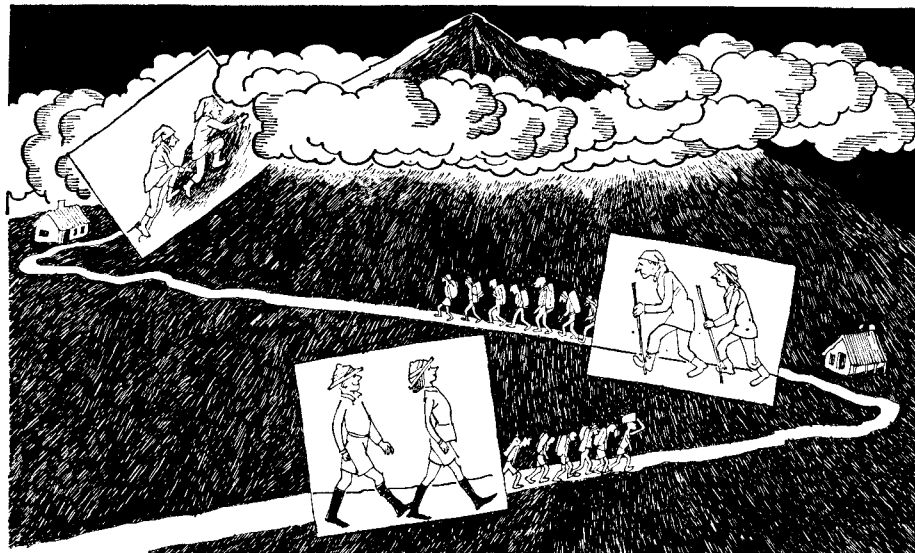
Most of us can easily do two things at once; what's all but impossible is to do one thing at once.

Women who feel naked without their lipstick are well over thirty.

The ideal home: big enough for you to hear the children, but not very well.



pleasures *and* places



UP KILIMANJARO

BY GRACE MANNING ORENSTEIN

The sun was orange hot, steaming the jungle. A cooling breeze blew. We stood at the base in front of the Marangu Hotel, searching the skies once more for rock. "Where is the mountain?" we asked. The hotel proprietress, a healthy German lady who had climbed the mountain several times in her youth, extended an arm. "Just over there, behind those clouds." I looked again and saw nothing of it. The mountain in a sly tactical maneuver was keeping itself hidden. I imagined that under its puffed blanket it was enjoying a tremendous joke on us. Was it not its rumbling laughter that made the clouds heave so?

In the hotel office on the following morning we studied a map. The proprietress traced with a baby finger the path we would follow to the top. She spoke with tender authority. We listened respectfully.

In a chilling mist we began our walk up, slowly, evenly, waving over our shoulders to the proprietress, who, with a faint smile, watched us depart. Our porters, barefoot, had taken off ahead at a light trot, carrying great bulky things on their heads which looked to have squeezed their chins to their chests. Our cook, Joseph, walked not far in front of us. He was the only African I had ever

met who had a mustache that was successful; it pranced above his lips in irresistible crinkles and balanced the morning dew like diamonds on its crests.

Kumatari, our guide, paced behind us with lumbering steps. He was an elderly African, making his two hundred and forty-eighth climb. Tall and magnificent in his age, he had that awesome, irrevocable steadfastness that belongs to natural wonders of the world. He went well with the mountain.

I took a deep breath, blowing it out heavily in exultation. Moe, to my left, mistook this for a sign of exhaustion and began to advise me, as husbands like best to do. He stated with exuberant gruffness that we had hardly begun and was I going to turn patsy on him before we had encountered the real hardships? This was just a walk.

I was not complaining. Indeed, it was a walk, a pleasant and peaceful walk, on a clay road that cut through a foliage matted with jungle and orderly rows of banana trees. The Wachega tribe, whose gray huts clumped in shadows deep within, were coffee growers. They nurtured their delicate bushes on the mountain hills under banana tree fans. Above these struggled the wilderness, jagged

branches, coiling parasites, leaves snarled like rats' nests. And then rose the great green pines, dwarfing the life at their feet and in turn dwarfed by the peaks Kibo and Mawenzi, which capped the mountain . . . Kilimanjaro. We saw them now but briefly between passing clouds, solemn and majestic, remote. From where we viewed we understood suddenly why men of old worshiped the sun, the river Nile, the mountain. It is no waste of devotion to place one's faith in such solidities. They are worthy of a man's faith. Kilimanjaro commanded a man's faith.

At noon we stopped for lunch, boiled-egg sandwiches and cheese. Kumatari, squatting on the ground between his bony knees, munched an apple. As we ate, we heard from ahead the thuds of approaching feet. Five or six climbers, tired, dirty, and uncaringly cheerful, appeared from around the bend, on the last stretch home. They did not stop to chat, so entrenched were they in their pace, as though they had descended all the way from the top with this same loping step; but they called out as they passed around us — for Moe and I had jumped up to greet them, making obstacles of ourselves in the middle of the road — that, yes, they had made it to the top. You bet. And how far was it to the hotel? Seven miles — oh, glory. And then they were around another bend, and we stood listening to the thuds of their steps grow faint. Now the porters heaved their loads aloft. At this signal we arranged ourselves and began to walk. Joseph had tied Kumatari's jacket around his waist, as the guide had found himself warm. We did the same with our sweaters.

The road was becoming less pronounced. The banana trees had faded into jungle growth. Africans along the way, who saluted us sportingly as though we were the first to make the climb, became fewer and fewer. Finally we were alone, together in our file, the porters, Joseph, Moe and I, and at the last, Kumatari; yet we were each in our own world, removed from the others by the soothing vastness that lies between separately struggling minds.

And now I can say honestly, while we were strolling through an emerald jungle, engaged in a walk to a mountain peak which would assuredly be reached — and yes, at that

time I knew with untested confidence that it would be reached — that after the first two hours the romance of it was gone. I state this as a remembered fact, yet I now feel nothing of the actual dreariness that was there. For after one experiences a great moment, all else is colored by it. But I am bound to say, though I do not believe it, that the rich landscape had become monotonous; that the walk was dulling, and being so far from the top, unchallenging. My thigh muscles hurt. The baby toe on my right foot was throbbing. And I had not the physical exhaustion which would have given me that satisfaction a person feels in exerting himself beyond his usual limits. I was glad when in late afternoon we arrived at Bismarck Hut on top of a knoll engulfed by mist. It was cold; the fireplace was clogged. We slept the night in a cloud of smoke, and awoke to find it was raining. Joseph, his mustache dripping with a seemingly self-perpetuated precipitation, presented us cheerily with fruit juice, cereal, eggs and bacon, and coffee. This did not seem to be consistent with the primitive ruggedness of a mountain climb. I started our walk frowning.

Now we were on a rolling plateau, sparsely covered with greenish-gray flora and the dull yellows and pinks of everlasting flowers. The rain had returned to mist, softly smoking the terrain. We walked up a hill, down a hill. Up a hill, down a hill; across a rocky brook. Up a hill. Down a hill. I hated coming down, feeling I had just made a wasted effort in going up, knowing I would have to make the same wasted effort again when we had finished going down. Once we met two German boys on their way back who asked us the time. We halted on the narrow path to let them by. We did not look behind to see their figures disappear in the mist.

We hurried our pace, following closely behind the porters. When Joseph found us for lunch, resting in a stone gully, he said we were walking too fast. "Poli Poli," he advised, and with gestures he demonstrated the effects of altitude. We were at 11,000 feet.

That evening we came to Peter's Hut, at an elevation of 12,200 feet. (Both Peter's Hut and Bismarck Hut have been given African names since we made the climb.) We washed ourselves in a stream so cold that it

stung our skin. A bird, one of the few that could survive at this height, sang echoing notes. Once again we encountered people who had come down from the top; they were spending the night in the hut. We clustered around the small tin stove in the cabin. Moe and I listened to their tales of the climb with an uncomfortable sense of frustration and foreboding. They joked seriously that the last part was begun at two o'clock in the morning because at that early hour you couldn't see what you were climbing. If you could you'd never make it to the top. "Yes, but how was it? Really?" "You'll see." From their descriptions, we gathered that the trip across the Saddle, the expanse of land which sweeps down between Mawenzi and Kibo, was exhaustingly unendurable, that the last five hundred feet up were excruciatingly unendurable, and that, as a group, they were very happy the whole business was over and they could sleep the night untroubled. I spent the night deeply troubled by altitude sickness, which kept me awake far into the night.

We were up early, and for ten unbelievable, beautiful moments, caught Kibo, the peak we would climb, in the uncluttered sunlight. We had not seen it since that glimpse on the first day out. Then it had been serenely majestic, unreal. Now it was immense and overpowering, alive, violent. It erupted. It soared. The sun banded it in gold phosphorescence, made its gray rock glisten, polished its icy dome. We watched it, breathless, and when a cloud passed over it we watched it still, studying its image that remained in our eyes with the illusive post-brilliance of an explosion.

Joseph approached, and detecting a haggardness about my eyes, withdrew immediately to make for both Moe and me an extra portion of porridge. A few moments later Kumatari emerged in a stocking cap pulled snugly over his ears. In the sun it was too warm for jackets, but our ears and noses, extending unprotected, were like ice. We breathed in air and blew out steam.

On that morning we walked again, but now over rocky hills. Forty-five minutes out from Peter's Hut we came to the last water hole. The porters filled kerosene tins to the brim, and with these on their shoulders, left us behind to drink. They

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were still barefoot, though the night before I had seen them in shoes when they strolled about outside the cabin.

Two hours later we reached the Saddle. We came upon it from over a ridge. It dipped down coarsely from where we stood and swept across in a dull roll. On our right rose Mawenzi, a jagged finger of brown granite, veined with snow. Five miles distant, at the other side, stood Kibo, a peak that had had its top chopped off, strangely incomplete, encrusted with a circle of ice that remained the year round, though the mountain rested just off the equator. Cascading down 1600 feet from its barrel top was the scree. We could barely make out the path engraved upon it by the innumerable climbers before us. Another 1600 feet below the scree a spark glimmered as though someone were signaling us with a mirror. Joseph said this was a reflection off Kibo Hut, the tin shack we would spend that night in. It did not look far away, but we would not reach it for another three hours.

After lunch we lowered ourselves slowly onto the Saddle floor. The sun stayed behind in the world of man. We entered a thin gray atmosphere that drew our energy from us. The land was silent, brown, blotted with ugly boulders. Our path led on, marked with the footprints of former climbers. We read these as signs of an extinct civilization. In the distance we could see black specks that were men. For an hour we walked toward each other. Gradually their figures grew. At a mile apart we could see them distinctly, but we did not meet for another fifteen minutes. And when we did come upon each other in the flesh, it was with the impact of a collision, startling, catching us unprepared, for we had been tricked into viewing these distantly approaching figures as permanent parts of the landscape. We breathed slight greetings and within two steps were separated by soundless space, as though the meeting had never taken place, a disturbing, ungraspable encounter with a mirage.

The altitude began to play with us. Though we were walking up a gentle slope that in fact looked very flat, we had to stop frequently for breath. There were lead weights on my feet, which were becoming increasingly difficult to lift; my chest pushed painfully against an unyielding strip of rubber. For each step forward

that I took, the tin hut, in reality only a mile away, withdrew ten giant steps backward. We dragged on, pacing ourselves off in whispers; after every sixty feet we stopped, our bodies heaving, without even the energy to laugh at the ridiculousness of working so hard to accomplish so little. What was this anyway? Pure silliness. Certainly no mountain expedition. Moe, who had not shaved for three days, looked ragged. I was trying with some difficulty to overcome an urge to cry. Had we not been closer to the end than to the beginning, I would not have gone on. Inwardly I was already back at the Marangu Hotel, wrapped in six blankets, soaking my feet in hot water, describing in vivid detail to a rapt audience the experience of climbing a mountain. "But how was it? Really?" "You'll see." At that point it was not necessary for me to reach the top to know what it would be like in those final moments of the climb. I knew already, I thought.

Kibo Hut approached us, or so it now seemed, for assuredly in our feeble efforts we were making no headway toward it. Then we reached it, and once inside, we



crawled under blankets that the porters had laid out for us. It was unbearably cold. We chattered as we spoke; when we did not speak, our mouths moved anyway. Joseph came in later with hot soup. Ah, Joseph. He now acquired the aspect of saintliness. Could anything else at that moment have been better? As the weird twilight became night, we curled ourselves into stiff balls under the blankets and tried to sleep.

A speck of yellow entered the room. It was Joseph with a candle and more hot soup and an encouraging cheerfulness that made us grumpy. "Now you climb to top," he said. We struggled from under the blankets and began to pull on our

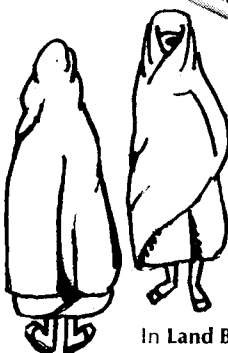
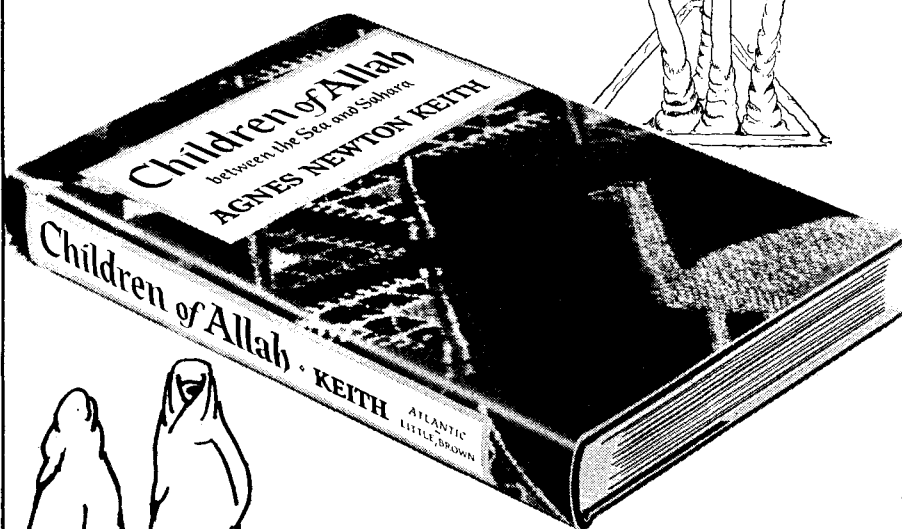
boots, our sweat shirts, our jackets. Moe jerked a tassled ski hat over his head. I fiddled into three pairs of gloves. Outside we met Kumatari, who had donned a woolen army uniform and hiking boots, clothes that were old and venerable, having served him many times before in his climbs. His reason for being had arrived. He would lead us to the top. Joseph and the others would remain behind.

At 4 A.M. after we had clumped up still more hills, rock hills that angled at an acute degree, we hit the scree, and for two more hours made our way up it crosswise, little mice scurrying futilely up a sand heap. We came to snow sixty feet from the top. Over our shoulders we saw the red glow of dawn, lifting above the clouds like rose petals. Below us, to an endless depth, sank the mountain-side. For another hour we slipped and clawed. The air, empty air, froze expressions of frowning agony on our faces. My body ached with a dulling consistency, a numb vehicle at odds with my spirit. Inexorably we were being whittled to nature's size. Ten feet. Slip, claw. Rest. Touch the top now almost with an extended arm — no, too far. Out of reach. Slip. "One step forward . . ." Claw. "Two steps back; that's the line of our attack." Rest. There, the summit. Five paces. Just up there. How far! Oh, almost. One last effort. No. A final effort, the very last. No. I can't. Will it never end? Slip and claw. Rest. Now . . . now. Make it in a dash. No. I can't move. I cannot move. Kumatari. Slip. Two hundred and . . . forty-eight times. Claw. I can't breathe. Can't breathe. Rest. What could possess . . . the man. Lord of Heaven. Mountain. You cursed rock. I hate you. I HATE YOU. Slip. Claw. One step. Yes. Two steps. Oh, yes. Oh, Oh, Ohhh. Moe. We're on the top. Moe, WE'RE ON THE TOP. WE DID IT. MOE. KUMATARI. WE DID IT.

We did it. And then we came down. How was the view? people asked us when we returned. What view? We had not seen the world that lay at our feet 18,700 feet below. The peaks Kibo and, across the way, Mawenzi had rested on a layer of clouds, like iced rock piles on a pink cotton-padded barge. But I do not think, now, that people climb mountains for the view.

**AGNES
NEWTON
KEITH'S**
new book is
"grand reading"*

Children of Allah *between the Sea and Sahara*



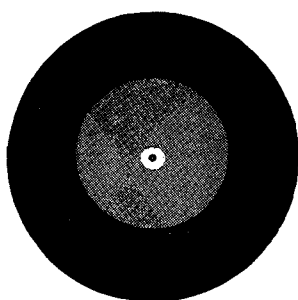
In *Land Below the Wind*, winner of the Atlantic Non-Fiction Award, Mrs. Keith told of her adventures with her husband in the jungles of North Borneo; in the bestselling *Three Came Home*, she wrote of her family's ordeal as Japanese prisoners of war. And now, in her first book in more than a decade, she tells of the nine years spent with her husband in Libya where "reality exceeds fiction in drama, beauty and fascination," where she fell in love with the dust-swept Sahara, the gaudy dunes of the Red Desert, the jagged profile of the Black Plains — a land of ancient rites and veiled faces, of modern fixtures but no water, of nomads asleep beneath tattered tents and "nouveaux riches" who race Alfa Romeos and vacation in Rome.

With the grace of a poet and her usual irrepressible wit, Agnes Newton Keith delights readers with the story of how she lost her heart to Libya.

*Publishers' Weekly

Illustrated with 50 line drawings by the author; \$6.95 at all bookstores

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Bach: Suites for Unaccompanied Cello
Janos Starker, cellist; Mercury SR3-9016 (stereo) and OL3-116: three records
Bernard Shaw once remarked after listening to a solo cello that he "had as soon hear a bee buzzing in a stone jug." There isn't a buzz to be heard on the six LP sides of Mr. Starker's account of the Bach suites; yet for all his tonal suavity and subtle phrasing he gives them a feeling of tension and virility. The music, inherently so solitary and aloof, is made to dance, sing, pulsate — almost to breathe. Nearly every great cellist from Casals on has recorded these works; Starker's surely is among the finest of the modern vintage.

Brahms: Hungarian Dances

Julius Katchen and Jean-Pierre Marty, pianists; London GS-6473 (stereo) and CM-9473

This is the fifth in a projected series of eight records which the American pianist Julius Katchen is devoting to the complete piano music of Johannes Brahms. It also is one of the most engaging, for Brahms was never more genial than in his Hungarian Dances. He wrote them originally as piano duets, and subsequently arranged some for piano solo and for orchestra — their most popular form nowadays. In this sparkling record, Katchen plays numbers 1 through 10 himself, then is joined by Jean-Pierre Marty for numbers 11 through 21. The pianism is brilliant, but there is a decidedly more relaxed and affable quality when four hands are sharing the taxing technical burdens of these dazzling and intricate pieces.

Humperdinck: Hansel and Gretel

Mario Bernardi conducting Sadler's Wells Opera Company, with Patricia Kern,

Margaret Neville, Rita Hunter, Raimund Herincx, and Ann Howard; Capitol SGB0-7256 (stereo) and GBO-7256: two records

All right, so *Hansel and Gretel* is a children's opera. But it also is an opera brimming with appealing melodies, a warmly romantic spirit, and several orchestral interludes as lovely as anything in post-Wagnerian stage music. Much of the charm of this recording lies in its being sung in English, the first time it has been recorded complete in this language in stereo. The Sadler's Wells singers, moreover, make a fine ensemble, the voices of Patricia Kern (Hansel) and Margaret Neville (Gretel) blending delectably. No libretto is provided, but practically everyone sings so clearly that for once none is needed.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 4 in A Minor, Opus 63; The Swan of Tuonela, Opus 22, No. 3

Herbert von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 138974 (stereo) and 18974

The Fourth is one of the darkest and most forbidding of Sibelius' symphonies; it also is one of the most rewarding. Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic give it a remarkable performance, somber without being harsh, precise without being pedantic. The symphony is spare in its instrumentation and cool in feeling, and yet Karajan and his fine orchestra build its sounds into a fascinating musical structure. Similarly, the mournful journey of the Swan of Tuonela has seldom seemed so majestically beautiful.

The Asch Recordings, 1939-1947, Volume I: Blues, Gospel, and Jazz

Compiled and edited by Samuel Charters, with Leadbelly, Josh White, Sonny Terry, Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, Sister Ernestine Washington, and others; Asch Recordings AA1 and AA2 (monaural only): two records

Moses Asch, the director of Folkways Records, has been making recordings since the late 1930s, and many of his old masters — in more senses than one — are well worthy of revival. In this fascinating collection Muggsy Spanier's band plays a bouncy and zestful "You're Driving Me Crazy," Leadbelly sings his celebrated "Keep Your Hands Off Her," Josh White makes a personal lament out of "Careless Love," and Sonny Terry produces what is surely

one of the great harmonica recordings of all time in the scalp-tingling "Lonesome Train." Nor should one overlook the authentic and unabashed gospel singing of Sister Ernestine Washington and a group called the Gospel Keys.

The Death of Patroclus (from Book XVI of Homer's Iliad)

Read by Vanessa Redgrave, Alan Dobie, Martin Starkie, Terry Scully, and Christopher Logue, directed by Douglas Cleverdon; Spoken Arts SA-926 (monaural)

This is a very free modern adaptation of the *Iliad*, one which is not above a touch of slanginess, or turning Achilles' invocation to the gods into something very much like the Lord's Prayer. But Christopher Logue, who made the adaptation (and also plays several of the roles), has succeeded in making at least one of the episodes of the Trojan War — the assault of Patroclus on the walls of Troy — seem graphic, grisly, and tragic. And the fine cast of actors turn the Homeric warriors and politicians into remarkably vivid personalities.

Two Beat Mozart

The Claude Bolling Sextet; Philips PHS-600204 (stereo) and PHM-200204

This is an instrumental counterpart of the Swingle Singers' vocalized jazzing up of the classics. It is marked by the same sense of fun, freshness, and imaginativeness, and oddly enough also emanates from France, Claude Bolling being a Paris-based jazz pianist with a tight little Dixieland band and a deft musical inventiveness. The idea is simple: play Mozart in a New Orleans style with a strong beat and room for improvisation. It has been tried before, of course, but never so successfully. Bolling's arrangements are neat, clean, and fanciful; they respect the original music even while exploring its jazz possibilities to the more distant reaches. Among the works thus treated are the Piano Sonata No. 11 in A, the overture to *The Marriage of Figaro*, and the aria "Voi che sapete" (here listed inane under its French title, "*Mon coeur soupire*"). Most remarkable of all is a complete four-movement *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, in which a little string ensemble plays along with the jazzmen, intertwining strands of Mozart's original with Mr. Bolling's bouncy rearrangements. It sounds crazy, but it works.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

DURING the war years the Walter Lippmanns had a famous pair of large well-trained black poodles, Courage and Brioché, who took a discreet interest in the dinner guests. Their place was under the piano, where they slept and watched until precisely ten thirty, when they would rise, face the company, and stretch with the most prodigious yawns. One evening as the Brazilian ambassador, in deference to the poodles, took his leave, he remarked to our hostess, "Helen, have you heard the results of the recent poll in Paris as to why Frenchmen get up in the night?" Of course, no one had. "Three percent," he said, "get up for natural causes, five percent to shut the window, and ninety-two percent get up to go home."

There remains the unconsidered percentage of those who get up because they cannot sleep. I used to envy Thomas Edison, who was said never to sleep for more than two hours at a time; now I find myself gravitating toward his regime. I slumber in waves of two or three hours' duration depending on the dinner, alcoholic content, or whether I have an article or an address nearing the deadline. Martinis may bring me to the surface at 3 A.M.; in the spring the birds have my car before six; and when I lie within sound of a salmon stream, my time clock will often summon me while the dawn is still olive.

In most decently ordered camps where the salmon pools are fished in rotation, the activity of the predawn addict is strictly confined. He must not roil the water of the other rods, and he should not cast in his pools for the coming morning while the guides are still asleep. Alden Ripley, the artist, quiets his impetuosity by fishing for trout in that deep run in Caribou where the salmon never hold; I, when my affliction was recognized, was allocated a flat stretch in the cove at the head of the basin where no one had been known to hook a fish. "But Weeksie," said

my host, Jim White, "let me warn you that you're 'bilin' the kittle at both ends!"

We were at Dam Camp on the northwest Miramichi, where the roar of the falls emptying into Corner Pool is always in your ears, a sweet sound to send one into slumber as the last log flickers in the Franklin stove, and a summons so insistent that I am usually wide awake at four. From under my mound of Hudson's Bay blankets I contemplate the shadowed room. I contemplate the fly I shall begin with, and settle on a Green Highlander number 6 and a new twelve-foot leader. Glancing up, I check the necessities laid out on the small shelf at the head of my bed: fly box, bug dope, a fresh pair of home-knitted blue wool socks — the lucky ones — and my watch, which when I reach out from under the mosquito net says, as I expected, 4:05. In the squares of cotton netting, lashed like little rooms above each cot, I could hear rather than see the sleepers. As I dressed, I thought I detected a soft tread on the porch outside. The screen door with its strong spring was cranky to negotiate, but with the mildest slam I stepped out into a gray-green world. And there was Francie, our hostess, in wool shirt and Levi's.

"I put on too much bug dope last night," she explained. "It's been giving me a bad time, and I just had to get up."

"You've tried to wash it off? Tough. Well, let's go down to the cove and net for each other."

The rocks in the trail were slippery with dew, and the grass and wild iris dampened us from the knee down. I had on my line the big Silver Gray which I like to use as my last bid in the dusk, and it seemed feasible now as the mist over the river dissolved. We took turns, and for a time all we caught was the moss and bunchberry on the high cliff at our back. Then by some fluke, a small grilse, roused perhaps by the splash of the big fly, appeared from nowhere and hit it.

Salmon are gentlemen, not early risers, and this young one was still half asleep. He gave a leap of surprise, managed one short run, and then rod and fly were too much, and he came to the net as if in relief. "Well," I said, as we admired him on the grass, the heavy air alive with the sweet salmon scent, "I guess that's a piece of water I shan't be allowed to fish again before breakfast." And I was right.

NEVER WAS SO MUCH . . .

On Tuesday, August 6, 1940, in his ornate stone palace, Hermann Göring, commander in chief of the Luftwaffe, and his staff completed the attack plan which was to destroy the British Air Force. The collapse of France had given the Luftwaffe fifty bases within twenty-five minutes' striking distance of the English coast. The attack would begin with the precision bombers of Group 210 knocking out the four key radar stations in Kent, and this would open the door to mass attacks on the British airfields. Sitting or flying, the R.A.F. would be exterminated in no more than four days.

Across the Channel Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding had twenty-three R.A.F. fighter squadrons with which to defend a 250-mile front against odds of greater than three to one. He knew that the attack would come as soon as the weather signal was propitious, and he knew what Göring did not credit — that the German ME 110's, which had met only token opposition from the French (not even Saint-Exupéry could arouse the French Air Force from its lethargy), had sustained serious losses in their early dogfights with the Spitfires and Hurricanes. Their lack of maneuverability and speed had already compelled the German pilots to defend themselves by flying tightly within "the circle of death."

Grouse shooting opened as usual on the glorious Twelfth. Twenty-four hours later the first wave of the German Luftwaffe flew out of the morning sun. "Beware of the Hun in the sun" is the old warning, and although the British radar trackers had given the alert, it did not reach most airfields in time. "Stuffy" Dowding knew the value of dispersal as General MacArthur did not, but on this savage morning only John Peel's 145 Hurricane Squadron was airborne with enough height to damage the German bombers.

In *EAGLE DAY* (Dutton, \$5.95) **RICHARD COLLIER**, who was born in 1924 and enlisted in the R.A.F. eighteen years later, dramatizes this crucial assault, which was to continue with mounting heroism and losses for thirty-two days, when at last Hitler was grimly forced to realize that his chance to invade Britain was lost. Mr. Col-

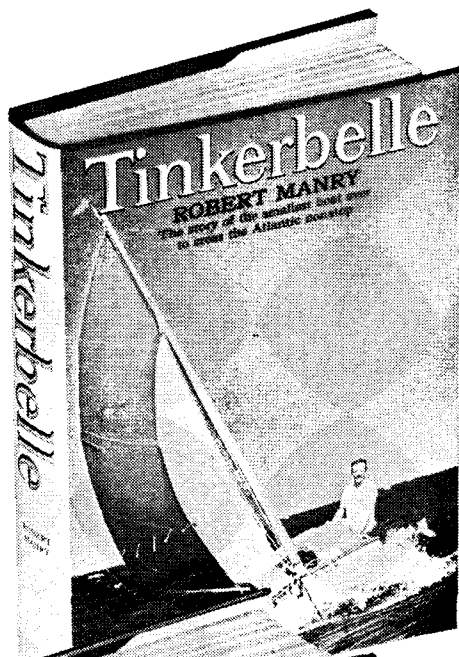
lier's narrative is an extraordinarily graphic mosaic, a composite of thousands of episodes drawn from the interrogations and archives of both Air Forces and showing how the incredible endurance and the superior planes of the British stood off the onslaught of as many as 2119 German planes in a single attack.

Fortune played its part too: clouds forced a delay, and the revised German orders did not get through, with the result that bombers flew without fighter cover and the vulnerable ME 110's went up without their escorts. On the British side, apart from the scarcity of pilots, the most serious scarcity was that of fast motorboats, for 60 percent of all the fatal air battles were taking place over the Channel and there simply were not enough craft to rescue the pilots who had to ditch.

The author, I feel, has the tendency to overdo the theatrical, but even when most chaotic, this book is exciting, and through the multitude and din of combats one sees the great truths emerging: the Luftwaffe, foiled in its ravage of radar and airfields, turned to the mass bombing of the cities and the British; and even on Black Thursday, when Churchill was in the Fighter Command Operations Room and when the glowing red bulbs in the wall panel showed that every squadron in southern England was either engaged or out of action, even in that week Lord Beaverbrook was achieving the highest production of Spitfires on record. Heroism and humor, the fury of the squadron leaders at the mistakes of high command, the reaction of the British farmers, the courage of the W.A.A.F. in the tracking stations, the last resourcefulness of nervously exhausted men — here is what prompted the greatest tribute Churchill was ever to phrase.

THE DAUGHTERS OF BENGAL

When after bleak and lonely years in an English public school Rudyard Kipling returned to India, the land of his birth, the homecoming unlocked the storehouse of his imagination, and he began to write. When in November, 1914, two small sisters, **JON** and **RUMER GODDEN**, aged seven and a half and six, were shipped back to their English parents in East Bengal — to get them out of harm's way — they too returned to India's "large warm embrace" and to a home where they were greatly loved and indulged. For the ensuing five years in the little village of Narayangunj they shared the bliss of a life freed from all the preoccupations they had briefly known in London, school, games, dancing classes, theaters, and shops, an Indian life by British standards which they have recaptured so im-



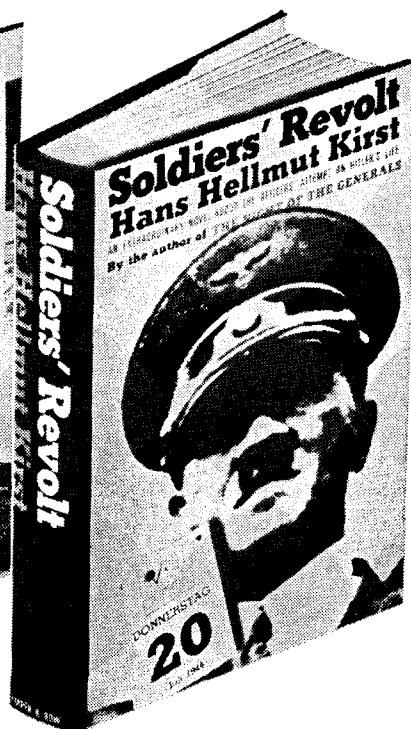
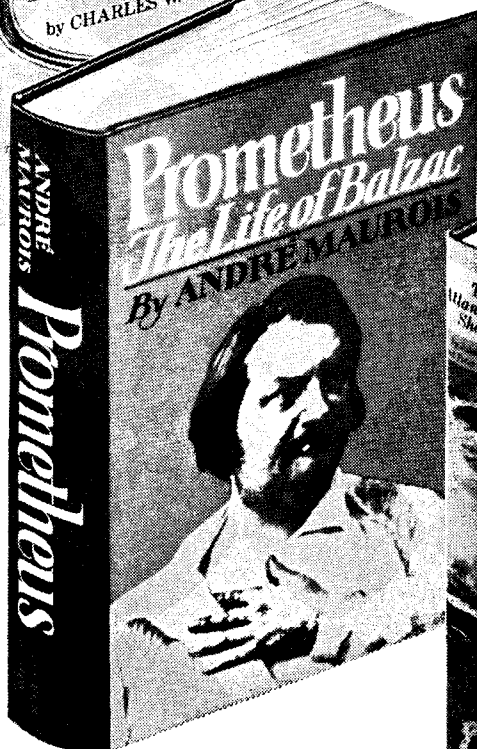
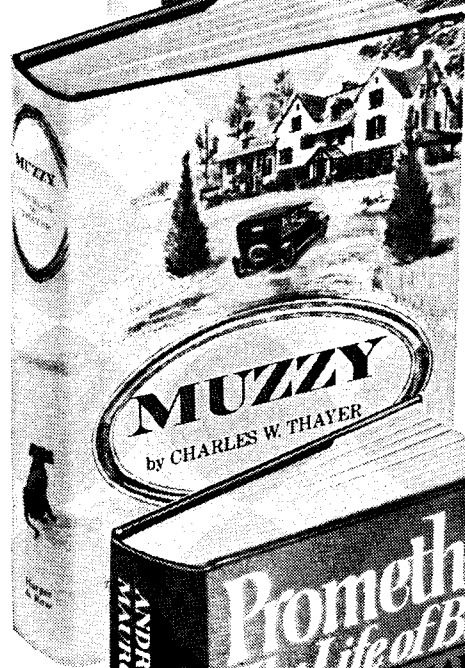
The story of an adventure that has captured the world's imagination, **TINKERBELLE** by **Robert Manry** tells how a middle-aged, midwestern newspaperman dreamed of crossing the Atlantic in a 13½-foot boat and turned dream into deed. *With many photographs, and with drawings of Tinkerbelle's construction.* \$5.95

Charles W. Thayer, author of **GUERRILLA** and **DIPLOMAT**, learned early the flexibility both roles require . . . from his mother, a Philadelphia Main Line lady with a genius for enjoyment, who radiates energy and entertainment in **MUZZY**. \$4.95

PROMETHEUS, The Life of Balzac by **André Maurois** is, says Louis Auchincloss, "The splendid culmination of a splendid career — Maurois's great life of the greatest of novelists is his finest achievement in half a century devoted to the art of biography." Illustrated. \$10.00

From Long Island to Labrador, **THE ATLANTIC SHORE** by **John Hay and Peter Farb** superbly recounts the geologic and human history of that coast and describes its flora and fauna: "Most informative and entertaining all the way." — **JOHN KIERAN**. *With drawings of common seaside plants and animals, and a guide to natural areas.* \$6.00

In **SOLDIERS' REVOLT** by **Hans Hellmut Kirst**, the author of **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS** surpasses even that success with a fast-paced novel based on the 1944 plot against Hitler's life — the plot that *almost* succeeded. \$5.95



AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Harper & Row

pressionably in their delightful family piece, **TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN** (Knopf & Viking, \$5.00).

Jon has all the tyranny of the eldest ("Don't I help her?" said Jon. "Aren't I always telling her what a fool she is!"); she is strong-willed, emotional, with a cruel streak. Rumer is the more susceptible to the natives, with the clearer eye for color, and tenderer. Their reabsorption in the family and in India is the story, and like their gradual awakening to femininity, it is told with fine detail. Their universe is ordered by Aunt Mary, who takes them home and who is to be their teacher; by their father, Arthur Godden, known as "Fa," a shipping agent with private launches at his command and who means to live in style: he rarely plays with them but applies the discipline; and, most important, by "Mam," who has kept her looks for all her four daughters and who lives for them. One of Fa's tall stories, hinting of his loneliness, is that one night when Mam was sleeping on the veranda, a man-eating tiger came and seized her, and all she said was, "Eat me quietly and don't wake the children."

There are limitations of interest in any family chronicle. What redeems this one is the sensuous diversity of the Bengal seasons, the personality of the household — Govind the gardener, a Brahmin; Jetta, their father's bearer, a Buddhist; Azad Ali, the haughty butler and a Muslim — and the naturalness with which these experienced writers have disclosed the small dramas of their girlhood: their terror in playing "Turki," their curiosity about the fertility rites, their fascination in the Hindu wedding, and the sudden seizure of their own calf love. That the British order in India would be disturbed by the war and its aftermath never, of course, occurred to anyone.

REBELLION IN CANADA

Edmund Wilson, from his close knowledge of French-Canadian writing, has warmly endorsed **A SEASON IN THE LIFE OF EMMANUEL** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50). This is the fifth book of **MARIE-CLAIRE BLAIS**, who began publishing at nineteen. A satire in the mood of Joyce, this short novel is the voice of her generation protesting against its clerical-ridden, starved, and overpopulated world. The sordid struggle for survival of the poor French-Canadian family is illuminated and made pitiable by the fantastic autobiography of Jean-Le Maigre, the adolescent dying of TB. He is the brightest, and through his suffering we feel the degradation of the others. In the meager world of Mlle. Blais, half dream, half real, one feels the anger of rebellion. The translation by Derek Coltman is admirable.



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

Only incest is lacking in the June selection of the Literary Guild. The adolescent, caught masturbating by his mother, does not carry through in his desire to rape her. But **THE DETECTIVE** by **RODERICK THORP** (Dial, \$5.95) has almost everything else, the luxuriant details accompanied by sniggering parenthetical moralizing. It is not nice criminally to assault seven-year-old girls, and homosexuals are dirty, nasty people. But now this is how it is done.

Readers who enjoy such thrills will find the price cheap. It is not necessary to plow through the 598 pages of turgid prose to get at the stirring passages. The book is made for the browser; the flimsy plot and the inane characters are unlikely to distract the attention of the skim-and-dip reader.

No doubt *The Detective* will supply useful material to the social historian of the future, who will have to judge whether it really does reflect the taste of the 1960s. Learned scholars too will puzzle over the portrayal of its hero. Joseph Leland is an honest cop and a former air force pilot. He stumbles into a labyrinthine network of civil corruption, sexual perversion, and violence. He has to deal with three beautiful neurotic women, and he is not so stable himself. Yet he does not get beaten up; he holds a gun only once as a detective and then does not use it; the girl comes to his bedroom, and the telephone rings just as he gets to the buttons.

His is a curiously static role. He does his detecting in a novel fashion — by listening. The ladies take turns in pouring their little stories out, the psychologist and accountant explain the knotty points of the problem, and the denouement comes by way of a tape recording. The hero is the patient recipient of true confessions.

Joe Leland is thus a much reduced version of the detective who held the imagination of Americans in the 1930s and 1940s. The Bogart-figure was a man of action, tough, decisive, clear of illusions, and ready to stand as an individual against the world. He encountered violence, sex, and corruption at firsthand and not through the babblings of others. Yet he was unambiguous in his response to a disorderly environment, for he was guided not by conventional morality but by

the personal integrity which was his sole possession.

DASHIELL HAMMETT, more than any other writer, established the identity of that character. **THE BIG KNOCKOVER** (Random House, \$5.95), an interesting collection of his lesser known stories, comes to us with a moving preface by Lillian Hellman. The book also prints the fragment of an unfinished novel, *Tulip*, which contains striking autobiographical elements.

The individual pieces are uneven in quality, but none are dull; and the volume is worth reading for its vivid sense of Hammett's work and indirectly of his personality.

The detective, before Hammett transformed him in the 1920s, had been the guardian of good against evil, a knightly character, pure and without reproach, the urban equivalent of the cowboy. Hammett's world blurred the distinction between good and evil, and his heroes were not without blemishes of their own. Their virtues were distinctly personal—courage, dignity, and patience; and to them the hero clung for their own sake, not because the client for whom he fought had any worth. Honor to Sam Spade was conformity to a code of rules which he himself invented, a means of demonstrating his own worth against the world.

The character he created corresponded to the felt needs of Hammett's personality. The detective in almost all his stories was "I"; and it was no coincidence that he gave the first name he himself discarded (Samuel) to his best-known hero. He took his writing seriously no matter how trivial the subject because through it he projected his experience.

Hammett was almost thirty when he began to write. He had fought in the First World War, been hospitalized, and was left with illnesses which plagued him throughout life. He worked for a while as a private detective and then took to the pen, cutting himself off from his family and drifting into a bohemian existence in San Francisco. A wife and children, money and possessions were impediments to him, as they were to his detectives. His writing, whether for the pulps or in the novels that earned his literary reputation, was hard and tough, the product of a rigid discipline. "The care for every word, the pride in the neat-



"Man's reach should exceed his grasp—"

ROBERT BROWNING

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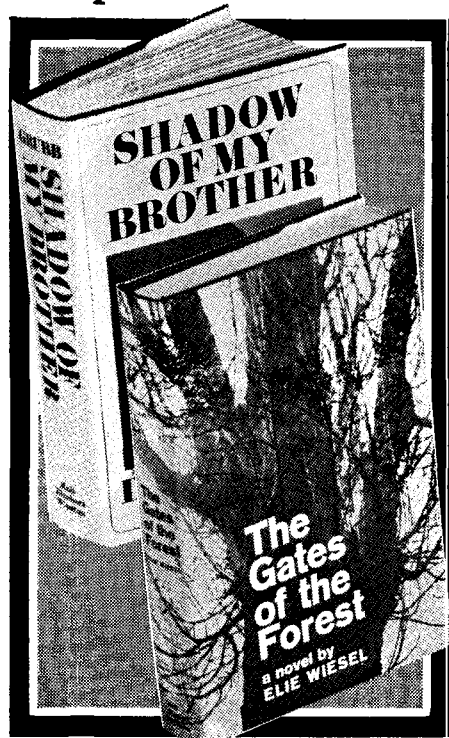
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ness of the typed page itself, the refusal for ten days or two weeks to go out even for a walk, for fear something would be lost" were parts of the regime he imposed on himself. Integrity demanded a job well done.

He conformed to his own image. His badly cut leg was a constant reminder of his encounters with violence, which revolted him but which he nevertheless knew was a necessary feature of modern life. Gentle in manner, elegant, well educated, he looked on life with resigned compassion.

Hammett was a Marxist in a sense that left him free to criticize the Soviet Union and the American Communists, but that also offered him an outlet for his disquiet about his own society and thus a means of expressing his code. In 1951 he went to jail for refusing to divulge the names of contributors to the Civil Rights Congress. He did not take the Fifth Amendment; indeed, he could readily have escaped penalty by revealing the fact that he did not know the names. But his code demanded that he go to jail, as part of the protest. "If it were more than jail, if it were my life, I would give it for what I think democracy is and I don't let cops or judges tell me what I think democracy is." The same impulsive desire to assert his individuality had drawn him, at the age of forty-eight, to enlist in the Army to help fight the Second World War.

The later years of his life were uncreative. After the peace, alcoholism brought him to the verge of death. But he succeeded in the sustained effort to stay away from drink. Five years after the crisis, Miss Hellman told Hammett that the doctor had doubted that he could stay on the wagon. Dash looked puzzled. "But I gave my word that day," he said. "Have you always kept your word?" Lillian asked. "Most of the time," he answered; "maybe because I've so seldom given it."

The collection gains immeasurably by Lillian Hellman's tender account of the thirty years of their friendship. This may be the best piece of writing Miss Hellman has ever done. Deeply felt and therefore deeply moving, it conveys the sense of a relationship between two human beings, private and undemanding of one another, and yet capable of lending each other strength and warmth.

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Translations from Latin America dribble northward so slowly and so sporadically that few readers in the United States acquire a coherent picture of the literary life of the rest of the hemisphere. Two recent works from Brazil are therefore welcome; they add substantially to the range of books from that country available in English. And they are worth reading in their own right.

PLANTATION BOY by JOSÉ LINS DO RÊGO (Knopf, \$6.95) brings together, in a smooth translation by Emmi Baum, three short novels by a key figure in modern Brazilian literature. Its subject is boyhood and youth on a great sugar plantation in the northeast. Carlos de Melo grows up in the complex family establishment which forms an ordered world of its own. At the age of twelve, sent off to boarding school, he discovers a new environment and must rethink his relationships with others while suffering the usual pains of adolescence. As a young man, he returns to take over the plantation, but is unable to carry on the patriarchal tradition of his grandfather. He fails because he cannot meet that society's psychological demands on him; he is too much an individual to adjust, and the attractions of the city ultimately lead to his departure.

The casual, direct prose carries the narrative but opens into lyrical passages that convey the emotional tensions of plantation life. There is often humor in the delineation of individual character, sometimes ironic, sometimes compassionate. These men and women come alive, and with them the manners and attitudes of an archaic Luso-Brazilian society.

Plantation Boy is, in part at least, autobiographical. Born in 1901, José Lins do Rêgo was reared on a plantation and studied law in Recife. Before he died in 1957 he had written twenty-three books. If this is a fair sample, we should see more of them in English.

JOÃO GUIMARÃES ROSA represents a more recent generation of Brazilian writers, and he treats a totally different part of his vast country. He was born in Minas Gerais, became a country doctor, and practiced for years in that primitive frontier region. Although he later entered the Brazilian diplomatic corps,

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

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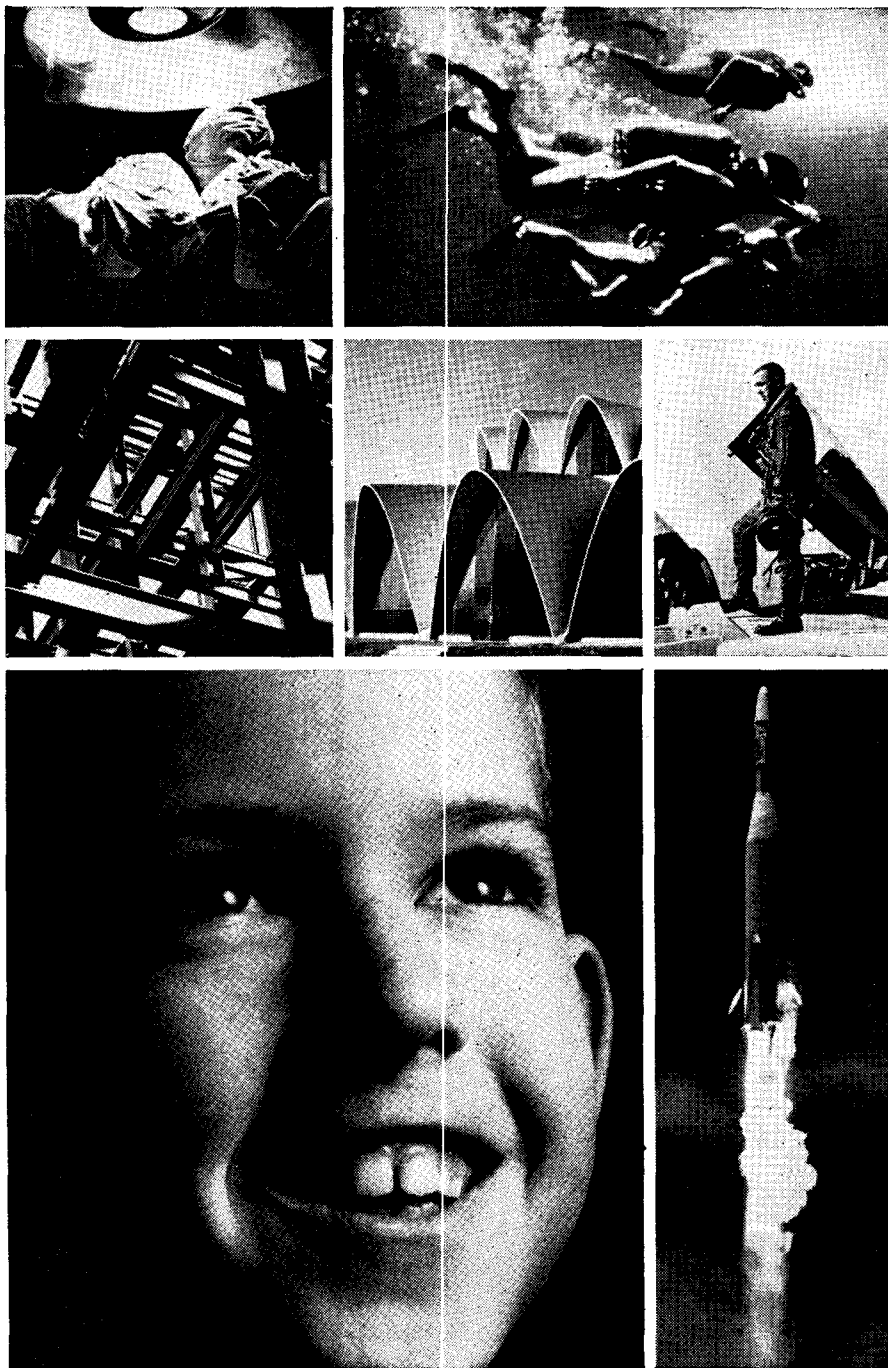
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his writing continued to deal with the life of the frontier on which he grew up.

SAGARANA (Knopf, \$5.95) is a collection of nine of his short stories. An earlier work than the novel *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands*, translated a few years ago, it shows some of the same qualities. These carefully worked out tales have rich, convoluted plots which focus on colorful characters described in leisurely detail. The stories do not make easy reading. Harriet de Onís has given them an expert translation, but one that nevertheless makes demands on the reader's attention. The effort is worth it; the dense prose and the tricky shifts of chronology and setting are the means for re-creating a vibrant society.

Guimarães Rosa's is a world of untamed nature. The people are cowboys, backwoodsmen, and landowners; and animals share with humans the vast spaces of the region. A cattle drive has features reminiscent of the frontier of the United States. But the differences are more important; the Brazilian frontier accommodates a society of stratified classes, of Negroes, mulattoes, and whites, and of Catholicism and magic.

The two Brazilian novelists deal with very different aspects of the life of their country. Still, to the foreign reader the similarities are also impressive. In that thickly peopled country passions are close to the surface; violence erupts casually and brutally, and men and women are rarely far from candid sexuality. At the age of twelve Carlos de Melo had already recovered from a bout with venereal disease.

THE BURDEN OF VIETNAM

When it comes to American policy in Vietnam, the war of words grows in intensity as the fighting in the field does. Not in a century has a military enterprise, once launched, evoked such dissent in the United States. The sustained debate on television and on the printed page reflects the disquieting uncertainty of a nation moving along a course for which it is ill prepared by history. In this conflict there can be no illusions about an early total victory, and responsible discussion, whatever the criticism of existing policy, emphasizes the absence of any easy way out. Yet patience is the quality

Americans are least likely to display. Hence, the mood of frustration.

Significantly, the debate has rarely considered seriously the genuine alternatives to the Administration policy — rapid decisive escalation with all its risks, or complete withdrawal with all its penalties. Instead, the discussion that is not purely defensive drifts toward wishful thinking: if only somehow the United States would try hard enough, peace would be there for the asking. That the adversary may not really wish the fighting to end is a possibility too cruel to contemplate. When the first halt in bombing brought no peace, it seemed reasonable to suggest that the pause was not long enough. Since the second suspension proved Hanoi still intractable, emphasis has shifted to the desirability of negotiating directly with the Viet Cong. Two influential books state that case forcefully.

JEAN LACOUTURE'S VIETNAM: BETWEEN TWO TRUCES (Random House, \$5.95) outlines as the acceptable condition of peace a truce that would admit the National Liberation Front (Viet Cong) to the government of South Vietnam, which would retain its separate identity and which would, with North Vietnam, be permanently neutralized. Lacouture is a prominent French journalist, who served both his government and the press in Vietnam and in North Africa. His knowledge of the country and its people lends plausibility to his argument.

His account contains the record of some interesting interviews, although it is always difficult to evaluate the worth of inside information of this sort. Despite a poor translation and a confused organization, the book contains a competent narrative of events down to the outbreak of hostilities.

The stated premise of his prescription for peace is the proposition that the NLF is truly independent of Hanoi and is engaged in a genuine civil war. Americans who recall the assurance of other experts less than a decade ago that Mao too was an agrarian reformer may be unduly skeptical; but the credentials Lacouture supplies its leaders carry no conviction that the NLF is more than a front for the Communist Party of North Vietnam.

More significant is the unexpressed premise of the argument. Lacouture believes that negotiations with the



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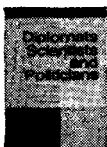


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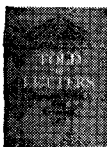
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Viet Cong would lead to a truce if it were allowed to "carry the decisive weight in the country's future political development." That is almost the identical formulation by which Hanoi has stated its demand for surrender. An independent South Vietnam, it proves, is for Lacouture only the prelude to ultimate reunification on Ho's terms. Neutrality means the integration of Vietnam into a restored Indochinese union which would subject Cambodia and Laos to the same influence.

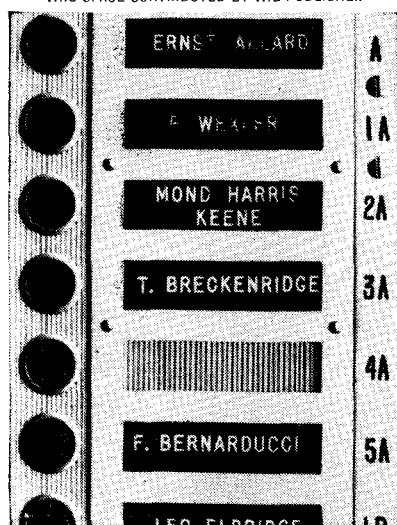
The truth is that the terms thus proposed amount to a demand for the withdrawal of the United States, which Lacouture regards as the consistent aggressor in the area. To make his case he does not flinch at gross distortion. The liberal use of rhetorical questions and innuendo convey the impression that American retaliation for the attack on Pleiku was designed to prevent a "missed rendezvous" between Premier Kosygin and McGeorge Bundy that might have led to peace.

Better the Communists than the American puppets! Although Lacouture has been north of the Seventeenth Parallel, he wastes no tears over the economic failures there or over the victims of Ho's purges.

BERNARD B. FALL'S VIET-NAM WITNESS 1953-66 (Praeger, \$6.95) is a very different kind of book. It shows at least an awareness of the price that would be paid in a deal with the Viet Cong.

The volume contains a collection of thoughtful essays, written in the last thirteen years by a competent scholar. The collapse of French control, the liquidation of colonial government, the Geneva accords, and the outbreak of fighting supply the subjects of these informative analyses. It is useful to have these essays republished without emendations in the light of hindsight. They reveal the gradual evolution of policy, the difficulty of predicting the consequences of decisions as they were made, and the narrow range of alternatives open to Americans since 1954.

Fall, at least, has no illusions about North Vietnam. He recognizes that its government is totalitarian and oppressive; and although he insists upon the local origins of the Viet Cong revolt, he concedes that its control and direction come from Hanoi. In the end he favors



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concessions to the Viet Cong only because he sees no other way of bringing the fighting to an end.

Peace may not, however, be that accessible. There is nothing in these books to quiet the fears expressed by Dean Rusk that a yielding in Vietnam would only shift the scene of the fighting to other areas of Southeast Asia.

Doubts about the military outcome, in the case of both authors, reflect their French background; their thoughts run to the disaster at Dien Bien Phu and to the miserable Algerian campaigns. Those precedents may not be apposite. The depletion of French power made a political accommodation inevitable, no matter how disagreeable. The quite different American problem is how to modulate the use of the immense power still available in order to attain a desirable political outcome.

MARGUERITE HIGGINS' *OUR VIETNAM NIGHTMARE* (Harper & Row, \$5.95) is overdrawn in the opposite direction. She sees no limit to what the Americans could do if only they wanted to. She therefore ascribes many of the difficulties to the failure of the Americans wholeheartedly to support the Diem regime. She exaggerates. Yet the late Miss Higgins was a knowledgeable reporter and wrote with verve; and her incisive account of the Buddhists reveals the political implications of the forces mobilized from the pagodas.

THE CRUSADES

ZOÉ OLDENBOURG deals with an earlier encounter between East and West in *THE CRUSADES* (Pantheon, \$6.95), the century-long effort of European Christians to establish a foothold in the Holy Land. Miss Oldenbourg is a skillful novelist whose fiction has been notably successful in re-creating the medieval past. Here she turns her attention to straight narrative history.

This book lacks the feeling for intimate personal detail that enlivens her novels, but she has mastered her material, and she tells an interesting story. The Crusades, she shows, undermined the Byzantine empire but provided the young nations of the West with a common ideal in which material and spiritual aspirations fused. Modern Europe owes much of its character to the result.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

In *NIMRUD AND ITS REMAINS* (Dodd, Mead, 2 vols., \$60.00), Professor M. E. L. MALLOWAN has produced a scholarly record of his long excavation of this Assyrian fortress town and has also provided, for the envious amateur, the next best thing to permission to loiter underfoot on an archaeological dig. His method is, I think, very nearly perfect for this sort of book. He begins with his reasons for examining Nimrud, describes local conditions, and then settles into a straightforward narrative of how the excavating was done and what was found. As each item turns up, Professor Mallowan digresses to explain what is known of this class of object and what his particular find implies. One learns, among other odd and amusing things, that Assyrian kings had trouble with their mail service (snow in the mountains) and their tax collection ("His Majesty's Commissioner of Inland Revenue was killed by the populace in Tyre"), and that the Phoenicians sold into Assyria Egyptian art works of total and splendid fraudulence. The remarkable ivory carvings found at Nimrud are beautifully reproduced, and the book carries a fine supply of maps, plans, and conjectural reconstructions, but no list of kings.

MICHAEL CHAPLIN'S *I COULDN'T SMOKE THE GRASS ON MY FATHER'S LAWN* (Putnam, \$4.95) is the autobiography of an allegedly reformed pot-smoking beatnik, and most of it is infinitely less amusing than the title. It does reveal the confusion of mind that can overtake a young person maintained as a kind of domestic showpiece like modern paintings and antique furniture.

OMENSETTER'S *LUCK* (New American Library, \$5.95), by WILLIAM H. GASS, is a novel in which manner rather outweighs content. Mr. Gass's prose owes something to Joyce and a great deal to late Faulkner. I believe I also detect the subliminal presence of Laurence Sterne, W. S. Gilbert, and John Donne. This list does not include authors quoted or paraphrased with the intent to provoke recognition. Mr. Gass, in short, has made ingenious use of

much reading to create a style that is always striking and sometimes, when he depends on his own wit, strikingly original. The tale Mr. Gass tells represents the bitter incompatibility between the naturally good and happy man — the noble savage — and a society corrupted by greed, physical weakness, intellectual arrogance, and sexual frustration — the perverse parson. It seems to me I have met this theme before.

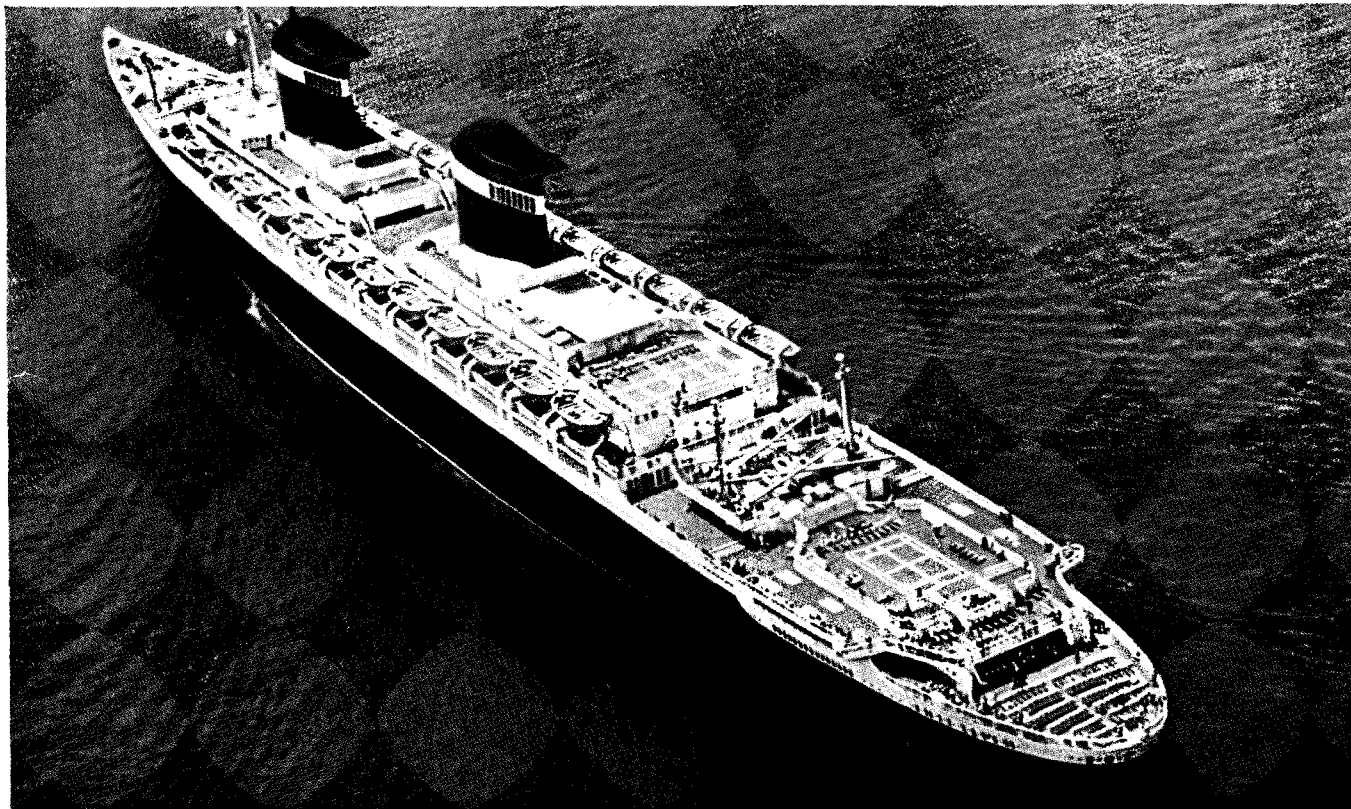
TARJEI VESAAS is a Norwegian author who has won the Venice Prize and the Nordic Council Literary Prize. His two long short stories, *THE SEED* and *SPRING NIGHT* (American-Scandinavian Foundation, \$5.50), have been translated by Kenneth C. Chapman, and like Mr. Gass's novel, they are concerned with evil and the devious complications of society. There similarity ends, for Mr. Vesaas presents no noble savages and sees evil as a natural force, like weather, which must be coped with when it appears. The disaster of *The Seed* starts off, in a scene of lumbering bucolic slapstick, with some hysterical pigs; and the little boy who, in *Spring Night*, is abruptly confronted with all the crises of adult life is inexperienced rather than innocent. Mr. Vesaas' blunt, unemotional style makes the outlandish plausible, and both these stories are, in retrospect, extremely outlandish combinations of comedy, brutality, and coincidence. They read like the most reasonable fact.

NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI, an Indian journalist, overhauls his country in *THE CONTINENT OF CIRCE* (Oxford University Press, \$7.00). The book is written with cantankerous elegance, is full of unorthodox ideas, and attributes India's troubles to the fact that most of its population consists of what are still, after more than 2000 years, displaced Europeans, their complexions, digestions, and wits deranged by the climate in which their ancestors misguidedly settled.

DAVID LAVENDER reconstructs the causes and early events of the Mexican War in *CLIMAX AT BUENA VISTA* (Lippincott, \$4.50). The story is intricate, involving political squabbles in both countries as well as the mutually improvised military campaign, and Mr. Lavender disentangles things with great skill until he reaches Buena Vista, which was fought on terrain calculated to defeat any author's powers of description.

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